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THE

PILGRIM FATHERS;

OR,

The Founders of New England

IN

THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

BY

W. H. BARTLETT,

AUTHOR OF "FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT."

With Illustrations.

LONDON:

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TO

DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS UNVARYING

KINDNESS

DURING A PERIOD

OF MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS.

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PREFACE.

Of the many heroical emigrations from our island home which have covered the face of the world with powerful colonies, and carried our language and literature to the remotest bounds of the earth, no one is perhaps more singular, and even romantic, than that of the band of sectaries driven forth in the reign of James I., on whom the veneration of their American posterity has bestowed the title of "THE PILGRIM FATHERS." Their story well exemplifies the providential law which evolves good out of evil. In an age when the doctrines of toleration were unknown, they were thrust forth from their native land, on account of their religious opinions, and compelled to carry them to the shores of the New World. Thus the harshness and intolerance of the rulers in Church and State became, in fact, the very instrument in producing a form of character, and bringing about a train of circumstances, which have planted on the shores

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of America a mighty republic, the proudest and most powerful offshoot of the mother country, whose institutions, moreover, as thus founded, are not without a powerful reaction upon her own.

The details of this story are almost unknown to the mass of English readers: on the other side of the Atlantic they are familiar to almost every child—at least, in the New England states—and numerous are the works that have been published in illustration of them. Many an American pilgrim has sought out the churches of Boston or Leyden where his pious forefathers worshipped, and endeavoured to trace out every footstep of their chequered career—from England to Holland, and from Holland again to the New World. But these publications and researches are almost unknown in England; and it has therefore occurred to the writer of this volume that it might not be altogether uninteresting to compress the scattered particulars of the tale into a continuous narrative, and to give it additional clearness by illustrations of the different localities connected with it. These he has accordingly sought out in England, Holland, and America; and it is from these pen-and-pencil memorials, and these alone, that his work can lay claim to any distinctive originality.

It is, indeed, but fair to state, that excepting these

results of personal survey, this work pretends to no merit beyond that of a careful compilation. The chief sources whence it is derived are the original chronicles of the Pilgrims, collected by Mr. Young, of Boston, to which, and to the valuable notes annexed to them, the principal obligation is justly due. The researches of Mr. Sumner, at Leyden, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, have also been freely used, and no less the valuable discoveries made in England by that distinguished antiquary, the Rev. Joseph Hunter. The latter are small pamphlets, and necessarily confined to but few readers. Much information has been gleaned from a pamphlet by the Rev. J. Waddington, of Southwark. Nor is the author less indebted to the excellent "Guide to Plymouth," prepared by Mr. W. S. Russell, keeper of the Old Colony Records, whom he has also to thank for much courtesy and assistance rendered during his visit to America.

While faithfully exposing the intolerance in Church and State—unavoidable, perhaps, in such an age—which led to the expatriation of the Pilgrims, the writer is anxious to disclaim any feeling of sectarian animosity, or to identify himself with the peculiar religious doctrines of the Pilgrims. Few members of the Church of England, we presume, will in these days approve of the severities which,

when the principles of toleration were unknown and the feelings of humanity less cultivated than at present, were exercised towards Dissenters. This work, unlike some that have been written on the subject, has no theological purpose or predilection. Its sole aim is to do justice to the greatness of soul displayed by the founders of New England,—to their piety, their patriotism, their heroism, their practical wisdom. They were men who accomplished a great purpose, of whom the nation that drove them forth may justly be proud; and it is time to cast aside the lingering prejudices generated by political and religious animosity, and to enrol their names among the best and worthiest whom this country has ever produced.

CHAPTER I.

The Pilgrims in England.

ORIGIN OF THE PURITANS.—SCHISM IN THE CHURCH.—RISE OF THE INDEPENDENTS.—CONGREGATION AT SCROOBY.—WILLIAM BREWSTER.—RICHARD CLYFTON.—JOHN ROBINSON.—WILLIAM BRADFORD.—MYLES STANDISH.—NOTICES OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.—SCROOBY—AUSTERFIELD.—STANDISH AND DUXBURY.—PERSECUTION AND SUFFERINGS OF THE INDEPENDENTS.—RESOLUTION TO EMIGRATE.—DISAPPOINTMENT AT GRIMSBY.—IMPRISONMENT AT BOSTON.—NOTICES OF THAT TOWN, ITS CHURCH, OLD BUILDINGS, ETC.—EMIGRATION OF WINTHORP.—FINAL ESCAPE OF THE PILGRIMS TO HOLLAND.

The origin of the sect or party called *Puritans*, who, after a long and doubtful warfare against arbitrary power, at length in England subverted the monarchy and overturned the Church, and in America laid the foundation of the most mighty republic the world has ever known, may in fact be traced as far back as to the first protest against the errors of Catholicism in the days of Wickliffe, although their full development was not reached until after the period of the Reformation.

When Luther first began to thunder against the papacy, Henry VIII. earned from the Pope the flattering title of Defender of the Faith, by the zeal with which he replied to the attacks of the great Reformer. But as pride and passion were the mainsprings of this monarch's actions, it was not long before the refusal of the Pope to sanction his marriage with a fresh object of passion suddenly opened his eyes to the errors of the

Court of Rome. The supremacy of the pope was soon replaced by that of the arbitrary monarch himself, who now assumed the sole right of defining the belief and governing the consciences of his subjects. Thus while on the one hand he put to death Sir Thomas More and other Catholics, for their conscientious refusal to take the oath of supremacy, on the other he brought to the stake Anne Askew, and fellow-victims who avowed the tenets of the Reformers. But though the spell of blind subservience to Rome, the great bar to spiritual and intellectual enfranchisement, was thus for ever broken, and though the monastic system was overthrown, as yet the change made in the national religion or the feelings of the people was for a long time inconsiderable.

During the short reign of Edward VI. the work of remodelling the Church proceeded with accelerated impulse. The principle of the royal supremacy being retained, the great object was next to conciliate on the one hand such as still retained a strong attachment to the Romish ritual and ceremonies, and those, on the other, who desired to see every vestige of them swept away, in accordance with the tenets and practice of the reformed churches founded abroad by Calvin.

The result of this compromise was the actual constitution of the Church of England. In drawing up her Articles and formularies it was the object of the Reformers to combine what seemed excellent both in the old system and the new. Those prayers composed by saints of the early church, and which have never been exceeded by any uninspired pen, were translated from the Latin, and embodied in the new ritual for the benefit of the common people. In the rites and ceremonies a decent medium was observed between the gorgeous excess of Rome and the bald simplicity of Geneva. The surplice and a few simple vestments were still retained as decent and becoming. Indeed, in some few cases observances were still kept up which savoured more directly of the banished superstition—such as the sign of the cross in baptism, and the bowing the knee at the mention of the name

of Jesus. On the other hand, the Articles bore no less evident traces of the theology of Geneva, with which so large a body of the Reformers were then so deeply imbued.

Scarcely had the Church, as thus remoulded, become successfully established, and by the zeal and eloquence of its great leaders, such as Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and Hooper, made rapid progress in rooting out what yet remained in the public mind of lingering attachment to the old religion, than it was exposed, by the accession of Queen Mary, to the ordeal of a bloody persecution. Those prelates who remained and exposed themselves to its fury, were called upon to testify to their profession at the stake, and by their glorious deaths reflected a lustre upon the cause of the newly founded Church, and caused it to spread and take deep root in the affections of the English people. Many, however, sought refuge from the passing storm at Frankfort, Basle, Zurich, and Geneva, where they established Protestant congregations. In constant communion with the reformed sects in those places, not only did they become more attached to their simple austere ritual and to their democratic form of church government, but also in no small measure imbued, by contact with republican institutions, with a tendency to resist the encroachments of arbitrary power, no less in civil than in religious matters.

Upon the accession of Elizabeth, this body of exiles, active, zealous, and energetic, returned to England, bent upon the great design of extirpating from the constitution of the Church what they deemed the last degrading vestiges of popery, and remodelling it after the doctrines and practices of the continental reformers. Even when abroad, the new Book of Common Prayer, put forth by Edward VI., had been the subject of much acrimonious dispute. Those exiles who had retired to Frankfort contended for its authority, while those at Geneva were desirous of a model made in accordance with the practice of that church. On returning home, the first mentioned

party were installed in the chief places of the Church, as firmly bent upon maintaining the royal supremacy, and enforcing uniformity of belief and practice, as the others were determined upon effecting what they deemed a more sweeping reformation.

And now commenced a stern and unrelenting struggle, in which both parties, firm in their conscientious convictions, were ready, for what they deemed the truth's sake, alike to inflict or to endure the extremity of suffering, so that they could but silence, or if needful, even suppress their enemy. The High Church party, feeling themselves firmly entrenched in the height of power, in alliance with a monarchy almost absolute, and able to command the interference of the magistrate, resolved to admit no compromise with their opponents. The Puritans, on the other hand, exposed to the utmost rage of persecution, could only oppose to it an indomitable firmness and tenacity. But this relative position of the parties was merely accidental,—the principle that actuated them was alike in both. The doctrines of toleration were then unknown, and all sects would have considered themselves but lukewarm adherents to the cause of what they believed the truth, had they hesitated when in power to obtain its establishment by force. Both Prelatist and Puritan were in this respect alike, and when their position was at length reversed, and the latter party obtained the ascendency, they showed by the severity with which in England they avenged their sufferings upon the fallen Episcopalians, and in America by the rigour with which they put down all sects but their own, that they knew but too well how to copy the lesson taught to them by their persecutors. Indeed, Neal, their own historian, is compelled to admit that "both parties agreed too well in asserting the necessity of a uniformity of public worship, and of using the sword of the magistrate for the support and defence of their respective principles, which they made an ill use of in their turns, whenever they could grasp the power into their own hands."

In the first instance the Puritans had confined their complaints

to such trifling remains of the popish vestments as had been retained by Cranmer and the founders of the Church for the sake of decent solemnity. In these objections many of the bishops went along with them, and earnest protests were made to those in authority, that a conformity in this respect should not be insisted upon. But the Queen was so resolved to impose uniformity in discipline by her own prerogative, that she issued directions to Archbishop Parker to maintain the order required by law. This prelate needed no spur to carry out a measure congenial with his own wishes. The recusant clergy were summoned to subscribe an agreement to submit to the Queen's orders, and those who refused were forthwith ejected from their livings, and reduced to a state of destitution.

This severity produced the natural result, of widening the breach between the Puritans and their persecutors. Driven from their pulpits and their homes, they now began to travel the country and disseminate their views by preaching and issuing pamphlets, in defiance of fine and imprisonment; and finally they began to break off from the Establishment in large numbers, and set up separate places of worship in accordance with their own views. This attempt to evade the rigour of ecclesiastical discipline was only met with more stringent severities. Under the act compelling attendance upon public worship, great numbers of the separatists were brought before the Commissioners, and punished with fine and imprisonment. The publications of the suffering and exasperated sectaries now became more fierce and scurrilous, and a warm controversy was kept up between their leaders and those of the Episcopalians. The latter, stimulated by the Queen, and finding that they could not silence their opponents by argument, resolved to crush them by still heavier penalties. Among the first sufferers was John Udal, who, for refusing to swear to answer any questions inculpatory of himself or others, was, though he had taken the oath of allegiance, sentenced to death as a felon, and only escaped

execution by dying in prison. And such continued to be the condition of the Puritans during the remainder of Elizabeth's reign.

Upon the accession of James their spirits rose, but only, after a short interval, to give way to the most bitter disappointment. They flattered themselves that as the new monarch had been educated in Presbyterianism, and even written in defence of its doctrines, they might expect no less than toleration, and possibly attain ascendency. The truth, however, was that James hated both Presbyterians and Puritans with a perfect hatred. He could never forget that the former body had been largely concerned in the sufferings of his unhappy mother,—how they had browbeaten and hedged him in during his stay in Scotland, and in a manner compelled him to write in favour of a system which it is evident his heart abhorred. These vexations, moreover, had abundantly demonstrated to him that the spirit which animated the disciples of Knox and Calvin tended as naturally towards republicanism, as that which animated the bishops was firmly allied to monarchy.

The Puritans lost no time in presenting to the King a petition, signed by eight hundred and twenty-five ministers, praying for the removal of superstitious usages and other abuses which deformed the Church; to which the University of Oxford speedily issued a reply. This attitude of the rival parties opened a welcome opportunity for James to display those profound theological attainments, and that skill in managing a controversy, upon which he above all things prided himself; it furnished besides a no less propitious occasion to humble and confound the Puritans. He, therefore, in reply to the petition, proclaimed a conference between both parties, to discuss the disputed points, he himself taking the lion's share in argument, and also acting as umpire, no less qualified, as he flattered himself, for the office by his skill in polemic warfare, than authorized by his position of supreme head of the Church.

This conference was held at Hampton Court Palace. The

Puritans were represented by Dr. Rainolds and only three divines; while on the other side was an array of nearly twenty bishops, besides the lords of the privy council and their adherents, all eager to applaud to the echo the effusions of the royal wisdom. The Conference, it is needless to say, was a mere mockery. The complaint of the Puritans was too evidently well founded,—that the king sent for their divines, not to have their scruples satisfied, but his pleasure propounded; not that he might know what they could *say*, but they, what he would *do* in the matter. After they had opened the conference by enumerating their objections, and had been answered by the bishops, James himself took up the cudgels in favour of the latter. He overwhelmed the unfortunate Puritans, who dared not venture to reply, with a stupendous display of pedantry, encouraged by the sycophantic smiles of the prelates and courtiers, and browbeat and ridiculed them in the coarsest manner. One reason of his dislike, suggested no doubt by his Scottish experiences, he plainly avowed, was the tendency of Puritanism to oppose itself to arbitrary power both in Church and State. And it must be confessed that his aphorism, "No bishop, no king," was fully verified by the experience of his successor. "If," he said to them, "you aim at a Scottish Presbytery, it agrees as well with monarchy as God with the devil. I will none of that. I will have one doctrine and one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony." Finally, after venting sundry bitter sarcasms against his indignant yet trembling adversaries, he turned to Dr. Rainolds, and triumphantly inquired, "Well, Doctor, have you anything more to say?" The poor doctor, of course, could only bow in silence. Then telling them that had they argued thus vilely at college, they would hardly have escaped whipping, he broke up the pretended conference, and as he rose from his chair exclaimed, "If this be all that they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or yet do worse." During this scene the

bishops were in ecstasies. Bancroft fell on his knees, and blessed God for sending them such a king as since Christ's time had not been seen; and Whitgift and the courtiers declared that "undoubtedly his Majesty spake by the special assistance of God's Spirit." The mean, pedantic, narrow-minded buffoon retired amidst the applause which of all others was dearest to his heart—that of an approved master in the mazes of theological controversy. "I peppered them soundly," he cried in an ecstasy of conceit; "they fled me from argument to argument like school-boys." The Bishops were swollen with the insolence of triumph; the Puritans filled with indignation and despair.

From this period they appear to have given up all hope of effecting a reform in the Church, and although many yet entertained conscientious scruples against leaving her communion, a largely increasing number became separatists. The two parties henceforth diverged more widely in their principles, and the antagonism between them became envenomed. The cruel severity with which the Court party enforced conformity or punished separation, their evident tendency to approach nearer to the Romish ceremonies rather than recede further from them, their laxity of doctrine, and their desecration and violation of the Sabbath, tended to increase the aversion of the Puritans to constituted authority, to deepen their peculiar enthusiasm, and cast a still gloomier shade over their already austere demeanour.

In politics no less than religion the two parties continued to recede still further from each other. The Church clung more closely to the monarchy, and lending her whole influence to maintain its ascendency, identified herself with the cause of arbitrary power. The Puritans, on the other hand, became the advocates of civil, no less than religious liberty. They fell in, no less from conviction than from personal hostility to the adherents of the prerogative, with that rising party of patriots, who were bent upon resisting the encroachments of tyranny, and eventually

hurled it into the dust. The first, tenaciously conservative, after many shocks and vicissitudes still forms an integral part of the institutions of Great Britain. The last, republican in their tendencies, dissatisfied with the restrictions imposed upon them at home, carried their theories of government to the shores of the New World, and laid the foundations of a mighty commonwealth, which retains to this day deep and indelible traces of the parentage from which it sprung.

Nor in manners and deportment did there exist a less irreconcilable hostility. Under the Catholic system, the common people had been accustomed to manly sports and exercises, and to rustic games—some of which, indeed, such as bear-baiting, were at that day, though cruel, equally the favourites of all classes of society, as is the bull-fight in Spain at the present day. Many of the High Church party either winked at these things, as popular tastes which could not be immediately eradicated, or openly encouraged them in opposition to the Puritans. The very name of *Puritan*, on the other hand, had been contemptuously bestowed on the rising sect, from their pretensions to superior sanctity of life. Undoubtedly they regarded, and with no small reason, the popular tastes and amusements as being both low and brutalizing in their tendency, and inconsistent with the seriousness of a professing Christian. But in opposing them, they went unfortunately to the very opposite extreme. In the severe, but hardly overstrained language of Macaulay, " the dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles resembling those of the Pharisees, who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear lovelocks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the Faerie Queen. Rules such as these—rules which would have appeared insup-

portable to the free and joyous spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the serene and philosophical intellect of Zwingle—threw over all life a more than monastic gloom. . . . In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival by which the Church had, from the primitive times, commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath."

In returning from a visit to Scotland, where he was no less annoyed at the stubborn obstinacy of the Presbyterians than disgusted with the strictness of these Sabbatical observances, James, in passing through Lancashire, where the Catholics were and still are very numerous, received many petitions against this growing strictness of the Puritans as regards the Sabbath, which, it was affirmed, drove men to popery and the alehouse, where "they censured in their cups his Majesty's proceedings in Church and State." Accordingly, no sooner had the king reached London than, calling in the assistance of sundry bishops, he concocted his famous "Book of Sports," in which, with his vaunted sagacity, he set himself to discriminate those legitimate pastimes in which his good subjects were authorized and enjoined to indulge after divine service, from those proper only to be used for the rest of the week. Running, vaulting, archery and athletic sports were allowed, but bear or bull-baiting forbidden. Although Archbishop Abbot was known to be opposed, both from principle and policy, to the measure, his Majesty also insisted that the clergy should read the ordinance from their pulpits. It was regarded by the Puritans as a trap cunningly set to catch them. Such as from conscientious motives refused to comply were brought before the High Commission Court, and punished for their contumacy.

At length an increasing number of the Puritans, who, so long as they entertained a hope of remodelling the Church after their own fashion, had conformed to, if not approved of, its general form of government, that hope being no longer possible, began

to question its very framework, and boldly to deny all Episcopal jurisdiction and State influence as alike antichristian and pernicious. By degrees they attained clearer conceptions of religious liberty, terminating at last in what is now known as the *voluntary system*, or *Independency*. According to these new views, any congregation of believers freely associating together constituted a separate church, having the liberty to choose its own pastor or bishop, (for to this sense they restricted the meaning of the latter office,) appoint their own officers, and perform all the functions of self-government, with an absolute independence of all foreign control, whether ecclesiastical or civil. This system was originally called Brownism, after Robert Browne, a Puritan minister, by whom it was originated, or, at all events, chiefly promulgated.

He was a man of high family, related to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk. Like others of his brethren, he had at first confined his views to what he deemed the reformation of the National Church; but failing in this object, bitterly inveighed against it both from the pulpit and press. His high connexions saved him from the extreme penalty which his fiery temper and daring zeal would in all probability have brought upon him; but he was, nevertheless, a mark for persecution, and had, it is said, been in no less than thirty-two prisons, in some of which he could not see his hand at noonday. Flying at length to Holland, he became pastor of a Separatist congregation, with whom, however, he speedily quarrelled, and, returning to England, closed at length his erratic and troubled career by renouncing his nonconformity, and accepting a benefice in the Establishment he had laboured to destroy.

Whatever might have been the motive of this recantation, it is not to be wondered at that Browne should have been deemed a renegade by his party, and that they should have earnestly repudiated all connexion with him. But though his memory

was consigned to ignominy, the principles founded by him were cherished more warmly than ever. The tyranny of the bishops, anxious to weed out this novel and dangerous doctrine, served only to give it the deeper root. Congregations were secretly gathered together in the northern counties, and able and learned Puritan ministers who had embraced the new principles were chosen to preside over them.

Connected with this part of our subject the following notices, most obligingly communicated by the Rev. John Waddington (pastor of the Southwark church), and who has been long and successfully engaged in these inquiries, with a view to publication, will be read with considerable interest.

"The origin of the Pilgrim movement when traced to its various tributary springs, so long concealed, will be found richly to repay the utmost amount of care and diligence that can be devoted to the inquiry.

"The *Mayflower* was the *result* of a lengthened course of conscientious sacrifice and endurance for scriptural principles, commencing with the earliest days of the reformation in England. A Christian society, composed of artisans, whose names can be given from authentic documents, met, near the close of the sixteenth century, in the house of Roger Rippon, in Southwark, to spend their Sabbaths in the mutual exposition of the word of God, just as Thomas Man assembled with his brethren for the same purpose on the banks of the Thames, at the beginning of that century. Francis Johnson became the pastor of this little company, in 1592. The martyrs Henry Barrow, John Greenwood, and John Penry, were closely identified with him, and contributed much by their writings to its confirmation. At one time, when the majority of the members were in bonds, the church, by the connivance of the jailor, held its meetings for the reception of new members within the walls of the prison.

"Contemporaneously with this separatist church in the south of England a similar Christian association assembled in secret on

the banks of the Trent, in Lincolnshire—the successors of the Bible readers who met by stealth in that county in the days of Cardinal Wolsey.

"Immediately after the martyrdom of Penry, and at his dying request, the brethren in London conferred with their friends in the North, as to the measures they should adopt for their departure in a body to some distant country. A petition, still extant in the original, was presented to the Privy Council for this object, at the time, but with no immediate success.

"Francis Johnson went from the Clink prison, in Southwark, to accept the pastorate of the church in Amsterdam. John Smyth (a pupil of Johnson's), and a prisoner subsequently in the Marshalsea, in Southwark, was chosen pastor of the church at Gainsborough, in 1602. He corresponded with the church at Scrooby, before Robinson and Clyfton went there, at the house of William Brewster.

"Henry Jacob, who was immured in the same prison in which Barrowe, Greenwood, and Johnson had been in turn confined, went from the Clink to Leyden, and was the teacher of a small Christian society there, a short time before the arrival of Robinson and his company in that city. He returned from Holland to form a congregational church in Southwark, in 1616.

"John Lothrop succeeded him in Leyden, and the little church continued to exist there after the removal of the Pilgrims.

"The Mayflower sailed from the Thames, within sight of the place in which the separatists met in 1592, and amongst her passengers were members of the church who received their principles from the Pilgrim martyrs.

"On the removal of Jacob to America, John Lothrop took his place in Southwark, and in 1634 went, with thirty of the members, to Scituate, in New England; and, in conjunction with a number of brethren dismissed from Plymouth for the purpose, formed a church in that locality. The moral affinities between the two branches of the Pilgrim family might be traced much

further, and the whole subject elucidated by original documents; but for the present this brief outline may suffice. It may be mentioned that, in 1851, a lineal descendant of John Lothrop visited the church in Southwark—removed from Deadman's Place (the site of Barclay's Brewery), and now meeting in an obscure yard in Union-street, near High-street, Borough—soon to pass out of its possession, from the lapse of the lease. The present year, 1853, is the bi-centenary of John Lothrop's death."

Among these congregational churches in the North was one, which, under the venerable name of the "Pilgrim Fathers," has attained a celebrity of which its members little dreamed.

As to the place of their origin, Bradford, their historian, vaguely informs us that it was near "the joining borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire;" to which he adds, that their place of meeting was at "a manor of the bishop's," then occupied by Brewster.

It is to the critical acumen and persevering research of a distinguished antiquary, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., that we are indebted for a knowledge of the precise locality. He informs us, that after a diligent scrutiny he finds no place that answers this definition exactly, except Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, and the principal mansion of that village, the house which had been for centuries a palace of the archbishops of York, but which was in those days held under one of the many leases of episcopal lands granted by Archbishop Sandys. Certainly no spot could better answer to Bradford's description than this, since it is situated on the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, and only six miles from the nearest point in the county of Lincoln. "And," to use Mr. Hunter's own words, "that no hesitation may remain respecting this point, I shall anticipate what will hereafter come more fully before us, and state that we find a Brewster assessed to a subsidy, granted to Queen Elizabeth, on the township of Scrooby-cum-Ranskill, and that in 1608, when a fine was im-

posed upon William Brewster by the commissioners for ecclesiastical causes, he is described as being of Scrooby." A collateral, though unnecessary evidence, is found in the fact that the village of A*u*sterfield (incorrectly, as Mr. H. observes, spelt A*n*sterfield by the printer of Cotton's Magnalia), the birth-place and residence of William Bradford, is within two or three miles of Scrooby; and Bradford, we know, became a convert from listening to the preaching of Clyfton, who was the leading pastor of this little congregation.

The soul of this small but ever-famous confederacy was WILLIAM BREWSTER. He was a man of good family, and after receiving his education at Cambridge, probably at Emmanuel College, and there being, to use the language of his biographer, Bradford, "first seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue," he went up to London to seek employment at the court. Here he entered into the service of the unfortunate William Davison, Secretary of State, himself "a religious and godly gentleman, who found him so discreet and faithful as he trusted him above all other that were about him, and only employed him in matters of greatest trust and secrecy. He esteemed him rather as a son than a servant, and for his wisdom and godliness, in private he would converse with him more like a familiar than a master." The United Provinces were at that time hard pressed in the struggle against Spain, and a community of interest against the great foe of Protestantism led Queen Elizabeth to assist them with a loan, for which, however, she obtained security by the possession of three of their most important sea-ports, thence denominated "the cautionary towns." On this occasion Davison being sent abroad to conclude the negotiation, Brewster accompanied him as his confidential servant; and when the keys of Flushing were delivered up to him, after keeping them some time, he committed them to Brewster's charge, who the first night slept with them beneath his pillow. At his return, the States complimented Brewster with a golden chain, and his

master committed it to him, and commanded him to wear it when they arrived in England, as they rode through the country, until they came to the court.

But this full career of favour was abruptly arrested by the disgrace of his patron. Neither Davison nor Brewster—both of them men of high principle and unsuspicious temper—were proof against the insidious arts of a corrupt court, at a period when plots and intrigues, both foreign and domestic, kept all men's minds in a state of perpetual excitement.

Mary Queen of Scots having been tried and condemned, was anxiously awaiting the result at Tutbury Castle. The mind of Elizabeth was scarcely less agitated; and, while personal resentment and state policy led her to desire the death of her rival, she seemed to shrink from the last decisive step, or, conscious at least of the odium such a measure could not fail to draw upon her, she sought to devolve it upon her agents. Sending privately for Davison, she ordered him to draw the death warrant, and having signed it herself, sent him to the chancellor to affix the signature of the Great Seal. When the tragedy was over, the queen affected vast indignation at what she called the precipitancy of the unfortunate secretary, of whom she had made so unworthy a tool; and, throwing him into the Tower, deprived him at once of his office and of the greater part of his estate. Brewster did not shrink from the side of his unhappy patron, but continued to render him all possible service in his hour of distress. His own aspiring prospects, if he had any, were blighted; but it is probable that this instance of the duplicity of the great, and the slipperiness of court favour, deepened that sense of the world's vanity with which, as a religious man, he was already impressed, and determined him to retire from its more active scenes to seek a more congenial sphere of occupation.

He went down to his estate in the country, where he lived "in good esteem amongst his friends and the good gentlemen of those parts, especially the godly and religious." He had already,

in all probability, become a zealous Puritan; and the activity which he had displayed in the civil service, was now transferred to the propagation of his favourite views. To quote the words of Bradford, "He did much good in the country where he lived, in promoting and furthering religion; and not only by his practice and example, and provoking and encouraging of others, but by procuring of good preachers to all places thereabouts, and drawing on of others to assist and help forward in such a work, he himself most commonly deepest in the charge, and sometimes above his ability. And in this state he continued many years, doing the best good he could, and walking according to the light he saw, until the Lord revealed further unto him." That persecution helped forward his enlightenment, or at least tended to increase his detestation of spiritual domination, and to drive him to the utmost possible extreme from a Church which scrupled not to practise it, we have the express assurance of his biographer. "And in the end," continues Bradford, "by the tyranny of the bishops against godly preachers and people, in silencing the one and persecuting the other, he and many more of those times began to look further into particulars, and to see into the unlawfulness of their callings, and the burden of many antichristian corruptions which both he and they endeavoured to cast off."

The pastors at first chosen to preside over the congregation were John Smyth and Richard Clyfton, both Puritan ministers who had renounced their connexion with the Church of England. Smyth is supposed by Mr. Hunter to have been formerly curate of Gainsborough, in the neighbouring Lincolnshire, and is described by Bradford as "a man of able gifts and a good preacher." Clyfton, also, Mr. Hunter has ascertained to have been a Puritan minister in the Church—first vicar of Marnham, near Newark, and afterwards rector of Babworth, near Retford, not far from Scrooby, and from this spot "the influence of his ministerial services radiated through the country round."

One of those most deeply impressed with the preaching of

Clyfton was the youthful WILLIAM BRADFORD, a native of Austerfield, a small village within a walk of Scrooby. He was sprung from the ranks of the yeomanry, a class of small landed proprietors, then far more numerous and important in England than at present, and among whom the best of the national characteristics were to be found—independence, industry, and manly self-respect. Bradford was quite young when he lost both his parents, who left him for his station a considerable inheritance. His early years were spent in the labours of the field, and he received the scanty education then bestowed on the children of farmers. But Bradford was not an ordinary yeoman, nor, like the great majority of his class, was his mind confined exclusively to the monotonous routine of a husbandman's existence. From the first he had a natural thirst for knowledge, and amidst the toils and trials which surrounded him for many years in Holland, found time not only to master the language of that country, but also French, Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew, which he studied the more "that he might see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in all their native beauty." A natural seriousness of temper, deepened perhaps by an attack of illness, which for a long time sequestered him from active occupation, led him to give earnest heed to the spiritual exhortations of the separatist divines, to adopt with enthusiasm their theological views, and to mould his life according to their peculiar practices.

These influences, if they rendered him intolerant on some points, could not but raise the general tone of his character, and develop his remarkable qualities. He was one of the leading men in the Scrooby congregation, the most trusted in distress and difficulty, and he finally became the venerated governor of the infant state in America, which he had so greatly assisted to found.

The society soon received an accession to the number of their pastors in the person of the Rev. John Robinson, who became permanently associated with them, and, from his influence

and his writings, has been justly considered as the apostle of Independency. His birth-place is unknown, though he is believed to have been a native of Lincolnshire. He too had been bred a son of the Church of England, and had received his education at Cambridge, either at Emmanuel College, the great nursery of the Puritan ministers, or, as others contend, at Corpus Christi College. After his ordination, he began his ministerial labours in the neighbourhood of Norwich, as Mr. Hunter has ascertained, at a place called Mundham, where, participating in the Puritan opposition against the ceremonies enforced by the hierarchy, he was at length suspended from his functions. Hereupon he retired to Norwich, and gathered around him a little congregation of Puritans, among whom he some time laboured, exposed to the most harassing annoyances. Yet his attachment to the Church appears to have been deep, and it was not without many struggles that he resolved to renounce her communion. His adversary, Joseph Hall, scrupled not indeed to declare that the refusal of Robinson's request for the mastership of the hospital at Norwich, was, if not the mainspring, at least the immediate cause of his secession. But it is far from likely that the possession of this office, had he obtained it, would have prevented an ultimate breach with the ecclesiastical authorities. Robinson indeed admits, that light broke in upon him by degrees—that he hesitated to outrun those of his Puritan brethren who could still reconcile themselves to remain in the Establishment—and to commit himself to the principles of Independency; but no one can doubt that his conviction of the righteousness of that cause was as sincere, as his devotion to it was ever after firm and unfaltering.

After resigning his Cambridge fellowship, he went down awhile into his native county. The world was all before him, and his future career dark and uncertain. His only course was to ally himself with one of the persecuted congregations of the Independents, and share their reproach and proscription. By

what train of circumstances he fell in with that of Scrooby is unknown to us; but it is supposed that he joined them in 1604, and was associated with Smyth and Clyfton in the oversight of the church. Upon Smyth's going over to Amsterdam, Robinson remained with Clyfton's flock, and when that venerable man also emigrated, the oversight of the little congregation was exclusively committed to his hands.

The harassing persecution to which they were exposed must have greatly tended to strengthen their bond of union. A pastor was then required, not only to watch over the spiritual, but also the temporal condition of his people. He was called upon to be their adviser, when fined or imprisoned for conscience sake, to comfort them under the malicious vexations of their enemies, and sustain their fainting courage when threatened with worldly ruin in the maintenance of their principles. Nobly did Robinson fulfil the important duty devolved upon him, and deep was the gratitude and affection of his flock. The voluntary compact between them, far from becoming impaired, seems only to have gathered strength during the anxious and trying years which they were destined to pass together in exile.

The works, and especially the letters of Robinson, abundantly testify that he was a man of gentle and beautiful character, with comparatively little of the harshness and bigotry which characterised so many zealots in that age of controversy. For one who held the tenets of Calvin, and had himself, if not originated, yet become identified with, the principles of a new system, he may to a certain extent even be called liberal. "The Lutherans," he observed, "cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it, and the Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things." He willingly allowed members of such churches as he deemed evangelical in principle, though differing in church order from his own, to communicate

with it, and even wrote in reproof of certain Independents who had censured their brethren for occasionally attending the ministry of the Church. But we must not indeed imagine, as some appear to have done, that he supposed the principles of Scriptural truth were open to perpetual improvement, or that he foresaw more than he would have approved of,—*i.e.* the ultimate results, whether good or evil, of the right of private judgment for which he so strenuously contended.

A passing notice is here due to the *alma mater* of so many of the New England worthies. The university near Boston received the name of Cambridge, after that at which its founder Harvard and most of the Puritan ministers were educated. Emmanuel College was the principal nursery of this sect. It was founded in 1585 by Sir Walter Mildmay. "Coming to court," says Fuller, "after he had founded his college, the queen (Elizabeth) told him, 'Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation.' 'No, madam,' saith he, 'far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.'" Whatever might have been the property of the seedling, the fruit at least fully justified her Majesty's anticipation; for of those preachers who, after vainly seeking to revolutionize the Established Church, repaired to America to carry out their theories, the far greater portion were educated at this foundation.

Emmanuel College is far from being among the most splendid colleges at Cambridge, nor does it present much to gratify the eye of the visitor. The principal court is chiefly of modern architecture. On one side is the hall, which was not built till the time of Cotton, and consequently after that of Robinson, probably under the mastership of Thomas Nevile, who added largely to the college, and formed this court, which was called after his name. The interior of the hall displays some square-headed and mullioned windows of the original foundation, but

the ceiling and ornaments appear to be of a date posterior to the rest. On the walls are a series of portraits, (there are none, however, of the leading Puritans;) and in a chamber behind is preserved that of the founder, Sir Walter Mildmay. The library is a beautiful apartment, and is said to be particularly rich in the department of theology, and to possess a valuable collection of letters written by the early Reformers. There is also a picture gallery, containing portraits of many worthies connected with the foundation. The most ancient part of the college is that, however, behind the entrance court, built of red brick edged with stone, the style peculiar to the days of Good Queen Bess. There is a venerable appearance about this part of the fabric, heightened by an avenue of trees which cast their tremulous shadows over the time-worn and somewhat gloomy walls, which probably afforded shelter to Robinson and the rest of his Puritanical colleagues.

The spots of interest connected with the Scrooby church are all comprised within a very small circuit of Bawtry, in Yorkshire —a small town on the great north road—alive, before the establishment of railroads, with all the bustle of a great thoroughfare,

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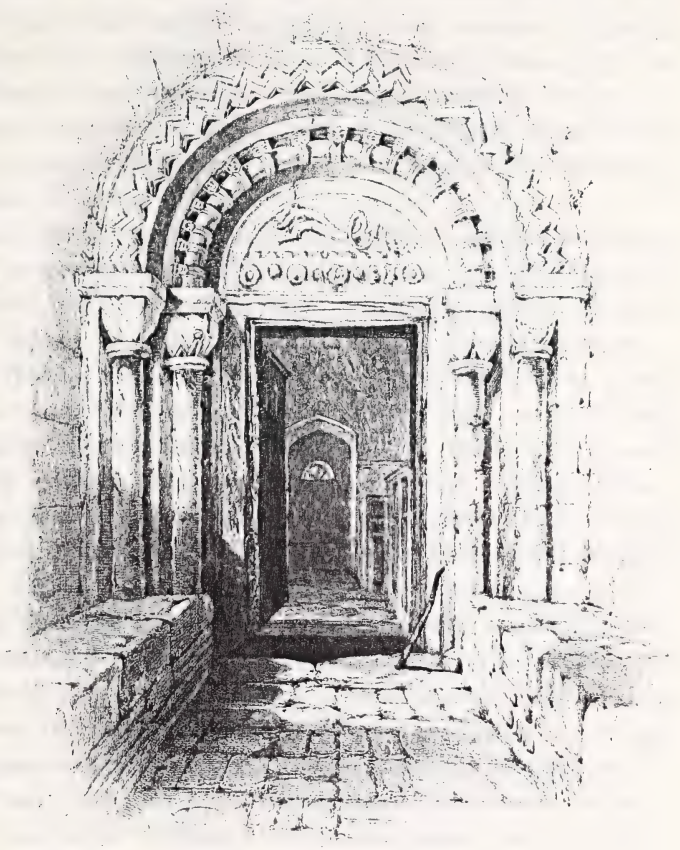
but now so quiet and forlorn, that boys may be seen playing at cricket in the street; while the neighbouring farmers, or commercial travellers, "few and far between," alone darken the doors of inns formerly resounding with custom, but now rapidly falling to decay. Making one of these our head-quarters, our first excursion was to Austerfield, the birth-place of William Bradford. On gaining the railroad, which commands the neighbouring level, we paused to cast a glance over its general character. It is one of those rich pastoral districts common enough in merry England, which, having no marked features of hill and dale, the hand of industry has so covered with exuberant crops of corn, neatly divided by green hedgerows, that the eye rejoices to look upon it, and its aspect of peaceful serenity sinks into the heart. In its centre, and occupying the lowest level, yet but little beneath that of the surrounding corn-fields, is a tract of rich marsh land of vivid green, enlivened with grazing groups of cattle. The glassy stream of the Idle winds through the plain, after a fashion which beseems its name, in slow and mazy coils between the villages of Austerfield and Scrooby, the former concealed among trees, but the latter marked out by the graceful fabric of its church, rising above the green level with its gray, sky-pointing spire. Thus peaceful and unpretending is the physiognomy of this nursery of the pilgrims!

A sign-post bearing the inscription, "Foot-path to Austerfield," indicated the nearest course, and I pursued one of those pleasant byeways peculiar to England, sometimes closely passing between green hedges, at others striking across fields of rustling corn, adorned with patches of brilliant poppies, or through bean-fields, which when swept by the wind give out an odour delicious as the choicest parterre. It was one of those fresh bright days when the silvery clouds are driven along the sky by a pleasant breeze, and when the rapidly fleeting shadows, cast by them, chase each other playfully along the waving surface of the corn-fields. The lark, high in the heavens, trilled out her joyous music, rising

higher and higher, till the notes were but faintly audible in the sunny sky, and then rushing down nearer and nearer to the earth with fresh bursts of her inexhaustible melody. On gaining a rising ground, the birth-place of William Bradford appeared below—a hamlet of the most humble description, simply a double row of rustic cottages, old-fashioned and mossy, but with their geraniums in the windows, and bright patches of flowers in the little gardens, displaying that neatness and instinctive rural taste peculiar to the better class of English husbandmen. In one of these peasant nests abode the old sexton, whom I forthwith sought out. He was a venerable man, bending beneath the weight of seventy years; yet still hale and hearty, his cheek, like that of "Adam" in "As You Like it," resembled "a winter apple, frosty but kindly," and his antiquated garments, patched and darned as they were by the labour of his aged helpmate, had an air of neatness and propriety. Under his guidance I proceeded to the church, (see title-page,) which, like the village, is of the smallest possible dimensions, but of most venerable antiquity, its foundation dating probably from the eleventh to the twelfth century. The grass of the churchyard is almost deep and rich as moss, with a few grave-stones scattered over, among which I sought in vain for any belonging to the Bradfords, the majority of whom no doubt still continued to attend that church, his secession from which drew down upon the youthful Bradford so much obloquy and persecution.

Within a modern porch thrown out for convenience, is a very curious old door of early Norman date, as its heavy massive capitals, its irregular zigzag moulding of all sizes and shapes, its fish-head ornament, and, what was doubtless intended as the *chef d'œuvre* of the sculptor's skill, a basso relievo of the old enemy of mankind, under the guise of a serpent with expanded mouth and grinning fangs, do all evidently testify.

The interior of the church answers in every respect to its humble external appearance. The flags, broken and irregular,



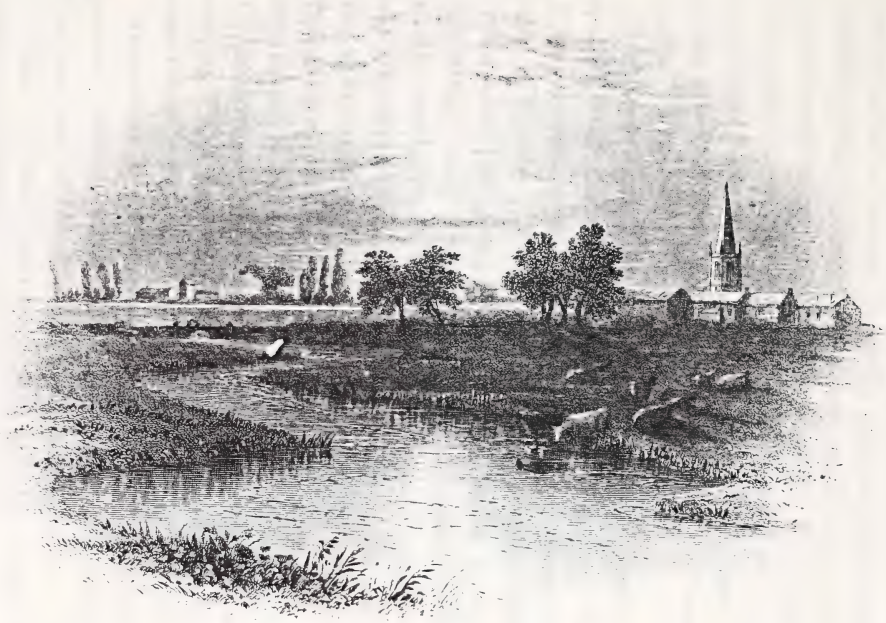
are worn by the feet of many generations—the pews are of the roughest carpentry; yet all is neat and decent, and impresses the beholder with a feeling of solemn respect. The chancel is separated from the nave by a round-headed arch, supported on pillars like those of the door; and within the communion rails is an old oak chest, which contains the registers and records so diligently explored by Mr. Hunter, in quest of information concerning the Bradfords of past days; for it may be here observed that no one of that family is now to be found at Austerfield, though there are persons bearing the same name at Rossington and Harwarth, within a few miles distant.

The following particulars derived from these registers at Austerfield, respecting Bradford's relations, are from Mr. Hunter's valuable pamphlet. From these the family appears to have been among the most respectable of the class of yeomanry. "A William Bradford was living at Austerfield, in or about 1575, when he and John Hanson were the only persons in that township who were assessed to the subsidy. Bradford was taxed twenty shillings land, and Hanson on sixty shillings goods. These seem to have been the two grandfathers of the future governor. "William Bradfourth, the eldest," was buried January 10th, 1595-6, when his grandson was about six years old. Three Bradfords appear in the next generation, named William, Thomas, and Robert, of whom only the baptism of Robert is found in the register.... William married on June 28th, 1584. Alice Hanson, and William, the future governor of Plymouth, were the youngest of their three children found named in the register, the elder being Margaret Alice, the former of whom died a few days after her birth. William's father was buried on July 15th, 1591, leaving him an infant of about two years old to the custody of two of his uncles.

From the will of one of these guardians, who calls himself "Robert Bradfurth, of Austerfield, yeoman," we derive some curious glimpses of the condition of this class, who in the reign

of Elizabeth, ranked next to the acknowledged gentry, the men who used coat-armour of right. They were people who lived for the most part on lands of their own. To his son Robert he gives "his best iron-bound wain, the cupboard (or parlour) of his house, one long table with a frame, and one long form, with his best yoke of oxen." Also, "the counter where the evidences are, besides a corslet, with all the furniture thereto belonging." The residue of his property he divides equally among his four children, whom he leaves to the care of certain guardians. One of these was named Silvester, a divine at Alkley, near Austerfield; and from *his* will it would appear that, besides a fair estate, he possessed a library of English and Latin books, when they were exceedingly scarce in England. He left to the poor scholars of the grammar-school at Rossington, his Cooper's Dictionary, to be chained to a stall in the church, and used as long as it will last. It is with reason supposed by Mr. Hunter, that William Bradford may have had access to this library, which probably tended to give him the studious turn to which we have already alluded. "And one thing," he observes, "is clear, that the Bradfords of Austerfield, during the eighteen years that he who was afterwards the Governor of New Plymouth was living with them, associated with the very best of the slender population by whom they were surrounded."

Returning from Austerfield to Bawtry, I strolled out in the evening to Scrooby, which is about a mile south of the town. Here is a bridge over the Idle, which flows with scarce perceptible current across the rich grassy plain. This, now reclaimed, was formerly marshy, affording a favourite retreat for abundance of wild fowl, and other game, well justifying the predilection of the archbishops of York, who preferred this to all their other hunting-seats. Leland describes Scrooby Palace as "a great manor standynge withyn a mote, and builded ynto courtes, whereof the first is very ample, and all builded of tymbre, saving the front of the haule, that is of bricke, to the wych



ascenditur per gradus lapidis." From Domesday Book, it appears that the prelates of York had free warren here as early as the 17th of Edward II. In the reign of Henry VII., Scrooby was the favourite seat of Archbishop Savage, and in Elizabeth's time regarded as a more desirable residence than Southwell. Archbishop Sandys is supposed to have resided here; and there is a monument to his daughter in the church. He demised it to his son, Sir Samuel Sandys, after whose time it was neglected, and fell into decay, and its park converted into a farm. It was at this period, as Mr. Hunter supposes, that it was rented and occupied by Brewster.

Mr. Hunter recals another interesting fact connected with this now obliterated manor-house:—" When Wolsey was dismissed by his tyrannical master to his northern diocese, he passed many weeks at Scrooby. It is a pleasing picture which his faithful servant Cavendish gives of him at this period of his life—'ministering many deeds of charity, and attending on Sundays at some parish church in the neighbourhood, hearing or saying mass himself, and causing some one of his chaplains to preach to the people; and that done, he would dine in some honest house of that town, where should be distributed to the poor a great alms, as well of meat and drink, as of money to supply the want of sufficient meat, if the number of the poor did so exceed of necessity.'" A few years later, King Henry VIII. slept in this house for one night, during his northern progress in 1541.

Not a wreck of this sumptuous building now remains, but its position is evidently discernible; and in the annexed view, the farm-house with a row of willow-trees marks its site. Thither I pursued my way, past the mill, and by a few latticed cottages; and, knocking at the door of one of these, the porch of which was overhung with roses that scented the whole neighbourhood, I inquired for the old hall. The door was opened by a respectable old man, who, on learning my object, put on his hat, and said that he would show me the way. We passed a

wicket gate, and entered a large enclosure covered with the finest turf, divided from the gardens of the village by what, though dry, had evidently once been a moat. My guide informed me that there were some old men who could remember it filled with water; "but," he added, "it is now dry, and in it you are walking wi' an oud butcher." We perambulated the entire area of the square, one side of which is bounded by the river, and another by the railroad. Almost in the centre stands a noble group of sycamores, marking, as I understood, the site of the principal buildings, and, with the beautiful church in the background, forming a very pleasing picture. We hunted out some fragments of richly-carved woodwork, which had doubtless formerly adorned the halls of state, and had now descended to the "base uses" of propping up the roof of a cow-house. Beyond these insignificant relics there was no trace of the stately "Manor of the Bishops," where these lordly prelates, attended by a splendid retinue, went forth to hawk and to hunt, and returned to feast and to revel, in its days of pride; and where, in its decay,—strange contrast!—the little band of sufferers for conscience sake, stealing by by-paths from the neighbouring villages, assembled under the hospitable roof of Brewster to practise in secret that form of worship which the persecution of their enemies prevented them from celebrating openly. This now vacant spot was the nucleus of the Pilgrim Church; and here was linked and rivetted that solemn fellowship, and unity of purpose and spirit, which subsisted through manifold perils, until it had laid the foundations of a mighty empire on the distant shore of America.

One of the most prominent individuals hereafter connected with the Pilgrims—although he did not join them until their retreat to Leyden—was Captain Myles Standish, a man whose iron nerve and dauntless energy of character went far towards carrying the infant society through the perils with which it was menaced;—short of stature, but sinewy and robust, and with a

constitution of iron and an intrepidity that no peril could quail. His temper is said to have been somewhat too soldier-like—"sudden and quick in quarrel;" but, on the other hand, his promptitude and decision in an alarming crisis proved, probably, the very salvation of the colony. He was an offshoot of one of the oldest families in Lancashire—the Standishes, as we are informed by local historians, having flourished there from about the time of the Conquest, and, as will be seen from the following details, played no obscure part in English history.

John Standish was one of the king's servants, and one of the first who wounded Wat Tyler after he had been felled by the Lord Mayor of London, for which he was knighted, together with the Mayor and citizens. (4th Richard II.)

Sir Ralph Standish was a commander under Henry V. and VI., in the French wars, and fought at the battle of Agincourt; and Sir Alexander Standish was knighted for his valiant behaviour at Hutton Field, in Scotland, 1482. Ralph Standish, of Standish, married Philippa, daughter of Henry duke of Norfolk, and, being found in actual rebellion against his Majesty King George, his estate was seized; but he escaped with his life, and his estate was afterwards restored.

Henry Standish, of this family, a Franciscan friar, Bishop of St. Asaph, 1519, was esteemed a very learned man. He accompanied Sir John Baker, ambassador to Denmark from 1526 to 1530, and was one of the bishops who assisted and directed Queen Catherine in the suit concerning her divorce from Henry VIII.

Myles Standish inherited in a preeminent degree the military spirit of his ancestors, but nothing else; for, according to Morton, "he was heir-apparent unto a great estate of lands and livings, surreptitiously detained from him; his great-grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish." Compelled thus to seek his fortune, he chose the profession of arms, and served in the troops sent over by Queen Elizabeth to

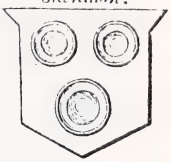
assist the Dutch in maintaining their struggle for liberty and Protestantism against the Spaniards. Here he fell in with the Pilgrims, and, though not a member of their church, yet, admiring their principles, and attracted by the love of adventure, he resolved to cast in his lot with theirs, and share their enterprise to America.

There are many memorials of the Standishes still existing. From the windows of my quiet retreat at Newchurch I could see Standish church and the long ridge of Rivington Pike above Duxbury, a land-mark to all the country round. A very short run on the railway brought me to the manufacturing town of Wigan, where one of the streets still retains the name of "Standish Gate." Soon after, we were deposited at the Standish station—a little Gothic cottage, with its neat garden and trailing flowers, such as can only be seen in England. Scarcely a stone's throw distant is the rectory—one of the best in Lancashire, and the advowson of which has belonged to the Standishes for 700 years. It should be remarked here that there are two branches of this family—the one at Standish, and the other at Duxbury—and that there has been no end of litigation and dispute with regard to the property, so that, as an old man in the neighbourhood observed, "it seemed as if there were a spell hanging over it." Passing the rectory-house, we soon reached the church, which stands adjacent to the town on a bold rising ground, commanding what must once have been a magnificent prospect. But the aspect of this district has greatly altered since the days of Myles Standish. The manufacturing system, which has since attained such stupendous development, was then in its infancy, and where tall chimneys and coal-pits vomit forth clouds of sable smoke, there was nothing but the greenness and freshness of pastoral nature. The parish of Standish abounds in these pits, which are a considerable source of wealth; and nothing can be more dingy than the town, unless, perhaps, its still more dingy denizens, who, begrimed with the

smoke and coal-dust of the pits, seem as though they had just emerged from the infernal regions.

Standish church is handsome and extensive, and bears on its battlements the shield of the family, which consists simply of three standing dishes argent, on a field azure. We were disappointed at not meeting with any monuments of its more illustrious members. We glanced for a moment at a picturesque old cross and stocks in the market-place—the latter, as we were assured, not having been made use of for fourteen years. Hence we proceeded across meadows and through groves to Standish Hall, the ancient seat of this branch of the family, who are Roman Catholics; and it was here that the "Lancashire plot" of 1694 was concocted, for replacing the Stuarts on the British throne. Of the old hall, which was in the timber style peculiar to this part of England, but a mere fragment is remaining; the rest is modernised, and contains numerous family portraits of warriors in corslet and buff, lawyers with peaked beards and starched ruffs, and handsome courtiers with slashed dresses and flowing lovelocks.

Standish.

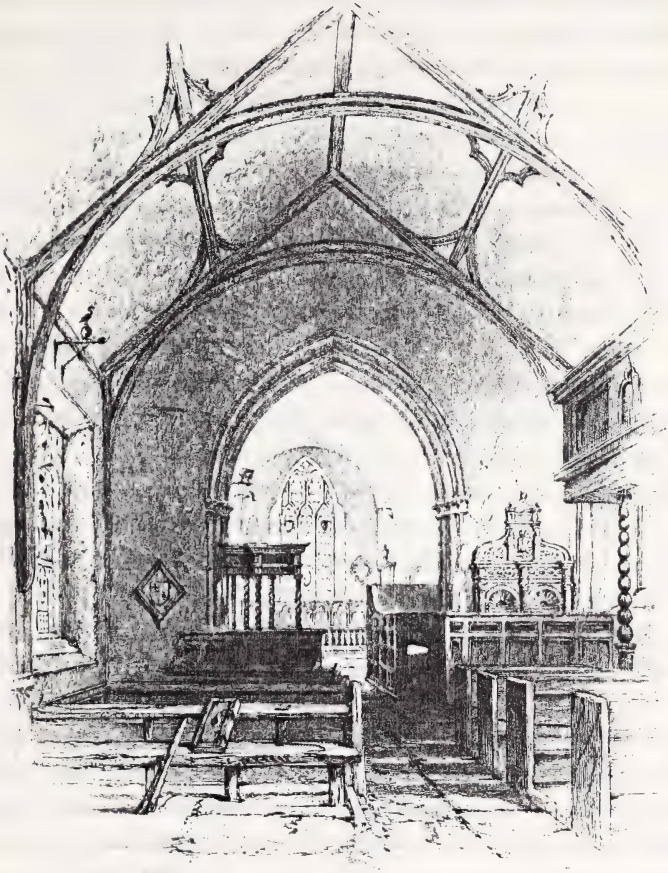


As Myles Standish, however, gave the name of Duxbury to his estate in America, it is evident he must have sprung from the branch of the family settled there, whose burial-place is Chorley old church, about four miles distant. Thither we accordingly repaired, and found a picturesque ancient edifice, the chancel of which was appropriated to this family, bearing on the exterior buttresses the above-mentioned armorial bearings.

Inside the church is the Standish pew, capacious enough to contain a large family, and having a very unique ornamental screen, elaborately carved in oak with quaint figures and scutcheons, while between the supporting columns two seats of honour for the master and mistress of the family. The chancel window bears the arms of the Standishes, and the Widdringtons, with whom they intermarried. But here, also, with the exception of a modern tablet, we were disappointed at finding no monuments of consequence, though informed that the vaults below contained the ashes of many generations of the Standishes of Duxbury.

There is a curious memorial concerning this church in the MSS. of the British Museum. "Be it known to all men, that I, Thomas Tarleton, vicar of the church of Croston, beareth witness and certify, that Sir James Standish, of Dokesbury Hall, hath delivered a relyck of St. Lawrence's head in the church of Chorley, the which Sir Rowland Stanley, knight, brother to the said James, and dame Jane his wife, brought out of Normandy, in the worship of God and St. Lawrence for .... said church to the intent that the oversaid Sir Rowland Stanley and his wife, the said James and his wife, may in the said church be prayed for, &c. Written at Croston, 2nd day of March, 1442, 21st Henry VI."

Saint Lawrence's head has disappeared, and masses are no longer offered up for the souls of the pious donors. Yet Chorley still possesses a "relyck"—no doubt equally authentic—in the shape of several bones, white with antiquity, preserved in a



STANDISH CHAPEL

recess to the right of the chancel window. From their great size they have been popularly supposed to belong to some famous saint or giant; but science has dispelled the illusion by pronouncing them to be the uppermost joints in one of the hind limbs of either *horse* or *cow* species; but what the animal had done to deserve canonization must ever remain a mystery.

Within two miles of Chorley is Duxbury Hall, a splendid modern mansion which has succeeded to the ancient one, containing a fine collection of Spanish and Italian pictures, and a whole-length portrait of Louis Philippe, presented by himself to Mr. Frank Hall Standish, the present proprietor of the estate, who, it should be observed, assumed the name of Standish on succeeding to the property.

The park is bold and open, adorned with clumps of timber, and overlooked by the noble ridge of Rivington Pike, upon which is a beacon tower, which was kept in readiness to be lighted during the panic of a Spanish invasion in Elizabeth's reign, and also during the meditated attempt of Napoleon.

Here or in the neighbourhood were doubtless passed the youthful years of Myles Standish; and there can be no doubt that he often fondly reverted to them amidst the then dreary wilds of America, since he sought to preserve their memory by giving the name of "Duxbury" to the estate there allotted to him.

To turn from this digression touching the origin of the Pilgrims, and continue to trace their fortunes. The resolution of King James to *harry* the Puritans and Separatists out of the land was but too well seconded by the prelates and their agents, who seem to have exhausted every artifice of petty tyranny in the vain endeavour to crush the sectaries. Unhappily, in those evil days they had at their disposal an elaborate machinery of despotism—apparitors and pursuivants, and above all, the Court of High Commission, an ecclesiastical tribunal, twelve of whom were bishops, and the remainder their satellites and tools, who were empowered to detect heretics, punish absentees from the

established worship, reform all heresies and schisms, and oppress recusants with fine or imprisonment. They could compel the civil power to hunt up and drag before them their victims, whom they would then entangle with a series of artful questions and cross-examinations, to wrench from them an avowal of their most secret thoughts. From tyranny thus omnipresent, there was no escape for the unhappy dissenters. For a while they contrived to elude, in some measure, the watchful scrutiny of their foes, and "for about a year kept their meetings in one place or another, exercising the worship of God amongst themselves, notwithstanding all the diligence and malice of their adversaries." But the latter, provoked at their escape, redoubled their exertions to ferret them out, and followed up the scent with the bloodhounds of ecclesiastical tyranny. "They were hunted and persecuted on every side," says Bradford, who shared himself the bitterness of these trials, "so as their former afflictions were but as molehills to mountains in comparison to those which now came upon them. For some were taken and clapped up in prisons, others had their houses beset and watched night and day, and hardly escaped their hands, and the most were fain to fly and leave their houses and habitations and the means of their livelihood."

The little band, after long holding together amidst this harassing persecution, were at length driven to despair. Conformity or ruin was the inevitable alternative if they remained in England. They had heard that the members of Smith's church, and many from London and other parts of the land, had fled to Holland, in which country, although still struggling against the Spanish power, Catholicism was overthrown, and, with the introduction of the reformed religion, freedom of conscience was accorded to all men. Seeing that there was no hope of abiding peacefully in their native country, by a joint consent they resolved to abandon it, and to take refuge in Amsterdam.

This resolution, we may be sure, was not taken without

deep and bitter concern. They deeply loved their native soil, and to leave it was a sad wrench from all, save conscience, that was best and dearest to them. And far from having the ordinary motives that compel men to emigrate, such as the pressure of poverty or the desire to better their condition, they could look for nothing but increasing embarrassment and distress. Bradford, who had himself everything to lose, gives a lively picture of the state of their own feelings and the astonishment of their neighbours. "Being thus constrained to leave their native country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance—it was much—and thought marvellous by many. But to go into a country they knew not but by hearsay, where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death—especially seeing they were not acquainted with trades nor traffic (by which the country doth subsist), but had only been used to a plain country life, and the innocent trade of husbandry. But these things did not dismay them (although they did sometimes trouble them), for their desires were set on the ways of God, and to enjoy his ordinances. But they rested on his providence, and knew whom they had believed."

Trying as was this voluntary exile, it was no easy matter to carry it into execution. The malignity of their enemies was satisfied with nothing less than their entire suppression—to suffer them to escape abroad was to "scotch the snake, not kill it." From their safe retreat in Holland the sectaries might launch forth, as in truth they did, pestilent and schismatical publications, they might hold secret correspondence with the malcontents in England, and foment the growing spirit of disaffection against tyranny in Church and State. Long after the Pilgrims and their followers had laid the foundations of a new

polity in America, the watchful eye of Laud was ever upon them; and he endeavoured to prevent the continual emigration of the Puritans, and to introduce into the newly-founded state the authority of the same arbitrary tribunals with which he harassed them at home. Every possible effort was therefore made to prevent the embarkation of the fugitives. "And thus," continues Bradford, "although they could not stay, yet were they not suffered to go, but the ports and havens were shut against them, so as they were fain to seek secret means of conveyance, and to fee the mariners, and give extraordinary rates for their passages. And yet were they oftentimes betrayed, many of them, and both they and their goods intercepted and surprised, and thereby put to great trouble and charge, of which I will give an instance o two and omit the rest."

Of all the seaports on the eastern coast, the most convenient for Holland, and at that time the most important, was Boston, situated amidst the rich level fens of Lincolnshire, intersected by ancient dykes formed by the Romans, and communicating with the sea by the sluggish river Witham. Its origin is remote and obscure; but it had grown up to consideration so early as the year 1204, for, as its chronicles narrate, "when the *quinzième* was levied (a duty which was raised on the fifteenth part of land and goods at the several ports of England), the merchants of Boston paid 780*l.*, and London paid 836*l.* The capital paid the largest sum of any port, and Boston was the second in amount. The advantages which it possessed as a seaport and place of trade brought over the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who established their guild here. In 1359 Edward III. assessed eighty-two towns to provide ships and men for the invasion of Brittany. Boston furnished to this navy 17 ships and 361 men—a greater number of vessels than was supplied by Portsmouth, Hull, Harwich, or Lynn."

It was with the wealth accumulated during this period that the Bostonians erected their parish church, the finest in all England,

with the lofty tower, which was visible for leagues over the surrounding fens, and which served as a landmark to mariners out at sea. But this prosperity was already declining in the days of the Pilgrims. "About 1470, in consequence of some dispute, the Hanseatic merchants quitted Boston, and the trade of the place began immediately to decline. While a further blow to its importance was occasioned by the dissolution of the monasteries, several of which were contained within its circuit."

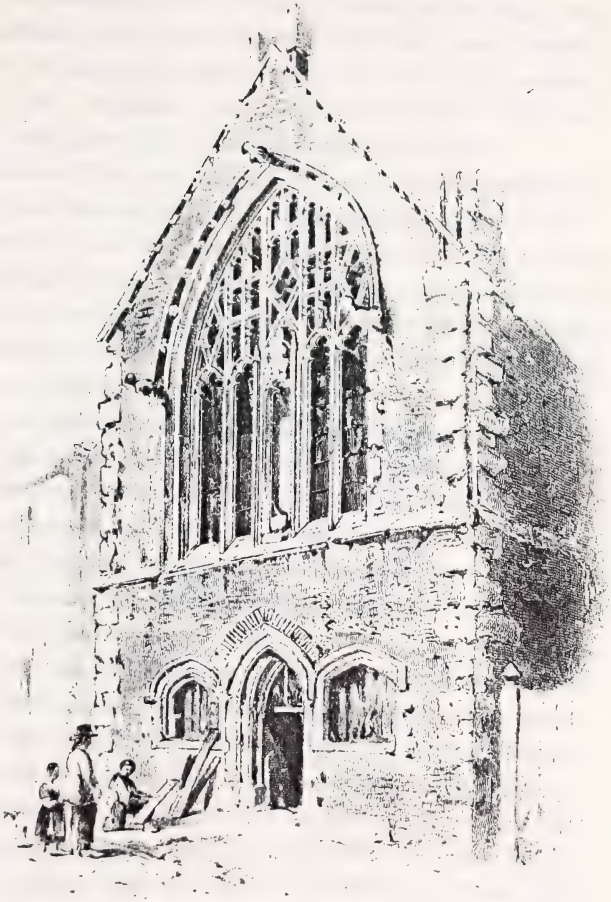
To Boston, then, the principal company of the emigrants turned their eye, and secretly hired a vessel to take them over to Holland. Brewster seems to have had the conduct of this business, and of the arrangements relative to the embarkation. He had himself collected his books and valuables, and the remainder of the company such articles as could be carried over, the rest having, most probably, been sold to gather a scanty store of funds to meet the first exigencies of their new position in Holland. And now, abandoning for ever their native villages, they repaired as secretly as possible to the appointed rendezvous. The master had agreed to be ready on a certain day, and to take them and their goods in at a convenient place. Here they were first to experience that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." Having reached Boston, they found the captain had not yet arrived, and were compelled to remain in that town, sadly reducing their scanty funds, and exposed to the continual risk of discovery. At length the captain made his appearance, but only to betray them. Under cover of night they, with all their goods, embarked, fondly supposing that the bitterness of death was passed; when the ship was suddenly boarded by the searchers and other officers, with whom the captain had complotted beforehand. They were then turned out into open boats, where the mercenary officials, well aware of the helplessness of their situation, rifled and ransacked them, even to their very shirts, in quest of money,—the persons of the women being subjected to the same indecent scrutiny.

The unfortunate band were then carried into the town, where they were made a spectacle and wonderment to the multitude which came flocking on all sides to behold them; and at last, "being by the catchpole officers rifled and stripped of their money, books, and much other goods," they were carried before the magistrates and put into ward, and messengers sent off to inform the Lords of the Council of their capture, and to inquire their pleasure concerning them.

The magistrates appear to have sympathized with the unfortunate sufferers, and to have mitigated their condition as far as they could; but it was not till after a month's imprisonment that the greatest part were dismissed and sent back, baffled, plundered, and heart-broken, to the places they had so lately left, to endure the scoffs of their relatives and the rigour of ecclesiastical discipline. Seven of the principal men, as ringleaders, were still kept in prison, and bound over to the assizes. Of these Brewster was the principal sufferer, both in property and person, the books that were in the boats being his, though some may have belonged to Bradford, who, as a youth of eighteen, was more leniently dealt with than many, and suffered to depart home, only with increased determination to renew his attempts at escape, in which the next time he was happily successful.

Boston may well claim a few brief notices in this place, not merely as being the scene of this remarkable incident in the eventful course of our Pilgrims, but also as the town whence departed the great majority of the second emigration under Winthrop, which founded in Massachusetts bay a city of the same name, which has since become far more famous than its original.

From their villages on the borders of Yorkshire it is most probable the Pilgrims would take the same road followed by the writer, over the fens of Lincolnshire, past the noble towers of its cathedral city, seated on a lofty ridge overlooking a vast extent of country, and along the course of the drowsy river Witham,



flowing with scarce perceptible current through the rich levels, where in that day the wild fowl screamed amidst the sedges and pools which have now given place to the most luxuriant crops in the world. Nothing would chequer the dull expanse, save here and there the lofty spire of a distant church, or a huge and frowning baronial tower like that of Tattershall, until Boston tower came in sight—the first object to catch the morning beams, and the last from which the sunset dies away—the loftiest and most graceful of which the island can boast.

Boston is one of the most curious old towns in England, with a large irregular market-place, and other open spaces, with pens for folding cattle—this being in the very centre of a rich agricultural and grazing district. It was a brilliant morning when we arrived, and the crowded market-place, with its quaint antique houses, overlooked by the tall tower of the church, strongly reminded one of the picturesque cities of Flanders. The streets were all in a swarm with broad-shouldered bull-headed farmers, of the true old breed, and their rosy-cheeked comely wives and daughters bustling about at the grocers' and haberdashers'. Itinerant auctioneers, perched on stalls, were putting up the most splendid bargains of gay-coloured waistcoats and brass buttons, and dresses of flaming patterns for the girls. The doorways of the inns swarmed with the burley race, mighty in their potations, and the court-yards were crammed with rusty old gigs and carts, in which they had repaired from their farms. Once a-week the town is thus aroused from the drowsy quietude of an old decayed place. The once flourishing port of Boston was fast declining in the reign of Elizabeth, and towards the middle of the eighteenth century it had sunk into great decay, through the ruinous state into which the river and haven had fallen in consequence of neglect and mismanagement, and from errors committed in the execution of works of drainage. Foreign commerce has, indeed, pretty well abandoned Boston to retreat to its Transatlantic namesake, but the corn and cattle trade is

still important, and gives occupation to a considerable number of small coasting vessels.

In perambulating the town, we fall in with many memorials of what it was in the days of the Pilgrims. There is the old Town-hall, in which it is most probable that Brewster and his company were brought up for examination before the magistrates, and perhaps imprisoned also. This is an edifice in the later Gothic style, in which brick and stone are picturesquely blended together. Not far distant, and near the corner of the market-place, is a very large old row of timber houses, falling rapidly into decay, a characteristic specimen of the street architecture of the middle ages. The old pointed brick tenement, with its peculiar way of arranging the brick-work, is decidedly foreign in style, as are indeed many other houses scattered about the town, the fashion probably being introduced by the Hanse merchants.

But the glory of Boston is its church, which, though but a parochial one, is larger and finer than many cathedrals. "It is dedicated," to quote a few details from Mr. Britton's Architectural Antiquities, "to St. Botolph, an abbot of the seventh century, whose memory was long held in great veneration amongst our ancestors, as the numerous ecclesiastical foundations bearing his name testify. There was formerly another church in Boston dedicated to St. John, which Leland tells us was originally the mother church, this of St. Botolph being only a chapel of ease to it. St. John's has long since been demolished, but the cemetery is still used; it was standing in Leland's time, though St. Botolph's, he says, 'is so risen and adorned, that it is the chiefest of the toune.' The foundation, it seems, is very ancient. The church of St. Botolph, in Boston, was given to the great Benedictine abbey of St. Mary, in York, by Alan Rufus, Earl of Brittany, in the reign of William the Conqueror. It remained in the patronage of the abbot and convent till the reign of Edward IV., when they exchanged it with the crown

for the release of a part of a certain pension paid to them by the Duchy of Lancaster. The knights of St. John of Jerusalem soon after procured it of the king, in exchange for some lands in Leicestershire, and petitioned for the rectory to be appropriated to their order, the better, as they alleged, to enable them to support the heavy expenses they were burdened with, viz. in keeping hospitality, repairing their conventual church and belfry, for the maintenance of divers priests and clerks to celebrate the divine office, &c. Accordingly it was so ordained in 1480, by Thomas Rotterham, Bishop of Lincoln, with the king's consent, a vicarage being then founded, with a stipend of fifty marks, and the vicar to have the rector's manse, near the church, for his residence. The mayor and burgesses are now patrons, the advowson having been granted to them at the dissolution of the monasteries."

The annexed view will render unnecessary any minute description of the architecture. The great feature is the tower, respecting which the following old account is generally received as authentic:—"The foundation whereof on ye Monday after Palm Sunday, An^o. 1309 in ye 3rd year of Edward ye 2d, was begun by many miners, and continued till Midsum^mer foll^g, when they was deeper than ye haven by 5 foot, where they found a bed of stone upon a spring of sand, and that upon a bed of clay whose thickness could not be known. Upon the Monday next after the Feast of St John Bap^t, was laid the 1st stone by Dame Margery Tilney, upon wch she laid £5 sterl^g. Sr John Truetdale then Parson of Boston gave £5 more, and Richd Stevenson a merch^t of Boston gave also £5, wch was all ye gifts given at that time."

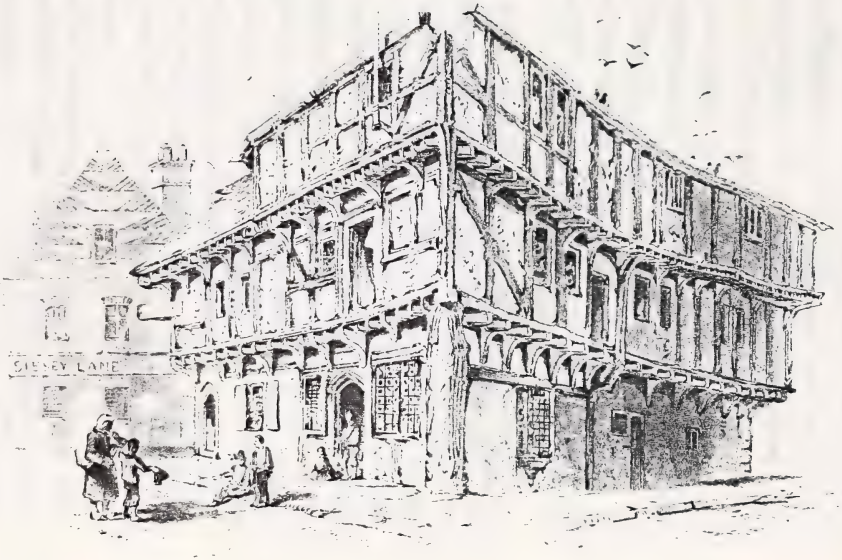
We thus find that three orders of the community concurred in the pious work of beginning this noble tower—the gentry, the church, and the merchants. The Tilney family probably contributed largely, as well as the "Marchauntes of the Stiliard cumming by all Partes by Est," who according to Leland were

wont greatly to haunt Boston, "and the grey freres take them yn a manor for Founders of their house."

The outline of the tower, which is 262 feet 9 inches high, is most graceful, and is beautifully terminated by the lantern, formed by arches turned diagonally over the angles of the tower, reducing the upper part to an octagon. Though now open to the sky, it was formerly roofed, and divided into two floors. The masonry is admirable, scarcely any crack or flaw being perceptible; the latter defect, indeed, being amply provided for by the immense foundation, the courses of which have been found to extend under the river.

This lantern, no doubt, served as a sea mark, and was lighted at night, like a similar one at York, which had anciently "a large lamp hung in it in the night time, as a mark for travellers to aim at in their passage over the immense forest of Galtree to that city," and, like the original steeple of Bow Church in Cheapside, furnished nightly with five lanterns, that those approaching London might the better find their way. What a totally different state of things does this single circumstance open to us! What plunging and floundering amidst the miry Lincoln fens; what sticking fast of wains and carts in the dark; what perilous tricks from the will-o'-the-wisp, amid these then treacherous and pathless bogs, on the dreary nights of the "good old times," when the lantern of Boston steeple rose like a Pharos above the surrounding levels;—when the northern forests swarmed with robbers, and Finchley Common and Hounslow Heath were rarely passed without a challenge from some mounted "gentleman of the road!"

Some curious particulars, showing the different value of money and changes of occupation since those days, are to be gleaned from the accounts of Louth steeple, another Lincolnshire church, which almost rivals that of Boston. We find, for instance, a payment to one "Robert Boston *for the Holy Ghost appearing in the kirk roof*, 2*s*." the cheapest work of art perhaps


SISSEY LANE

on record. And when part of the said church was blown down during a storm, it was repaired by one "Thomas Egglefield, *freemason and steeple mender*," a business now become as obsolete as that of a barber surgeon.

From the galleries of the tower is obtained a curious bird's-eye view of the town, with its open market-places, its intricate by-lanes, its red-brick houses, its quaint old roofs and gables, and long sinuous streets winding out into the green marshes. The Witham traverses it in lazy meanders; a few coasting vessels are working up and down, and its quays are overhung with enormous piles of warehouses, looking antiquated enough to have belonged to the Hanse merchants, in which is stored the corn collected from the rich district around. Its course is then to be traced across the rich green marshes, until it mingles with the German ocean.

The interior of the church is vast and imposing, from its general scale and proportions rather than the perfection of any particular part. It has been shorn of much of its original beauty by the progress of time and change. In the days of Catholic supremacy, the windows were filled with stained glass, of which none is now remaining, and the altars in different parts were swept away at the time of the Reformation. The choir has also greatly suffered in all its details. But it is satisfactory to know that the building is now undergoing a thorough repair and restoration—so far, at least, as is conformable with the simpler rites of Protestant worship, and bids fair to regain very much of its original magnificence.

But there are other interesting associations with Boston than those connected with the Pilgrim Fathers—the pioneers of the New England emigration: for no sooner had they showed the way, and opened the path, than others prepared to follow. Shortly afterwards, Winthrop and a large company of Puritans, mostly of higher condition and fortune than the poor weavers who took refuge at Leyden, clubbing together a large sum of

money, and fitting out a fleet of ships, sailed for the shores of Massachusetts Bay, where they laid the foundation of a city which has since become one of the most famous in America. To this city they gave the name of BOSTON, out of regard to several of their most prominent members who lived in this town and neighbourhood. Of these, Mr. Young particularly mentions Thomas Dudley, Richard Bellingham, John Leverett, with his father Thomas, William Coddington, and Atherton Hough. The three first-named were governors of Massachusetts, and Coddington was the father of Rhode Island. Hough was mayor of the borough in 1628; Bellingham was recorder; and Thomas Leverett an alderman. Probably there is no town in England that has sent forth so many of its best and worthiest citizens to the great work of colonising America as this of Boston.

The spirit of Puritanism appears to have been kept alive in the place chiefly through the agency of the celebrated John Cotton. Like Robinson, he was also bred at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow. He was afterwards presented to the vicarage of Boston by the mayor and aldermen: here he laboured for upwards of twenty years, with the greatest acceptance among the people. So remarkable, indeed, were his abilities, and so great his usefulness, that, though he was known to be disaffected towards the prelatical ceremonies, yet the well-known Dr. Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, himself so persuaded King James, that he allowed him to go on without interruption in his ministry, "which was very marvellous, considering how the king's spirit was carried out against such men."

It was during Cotton's ministry that Winthrop and his company took their departure for the New World. Like the Pilgrims who had gone before them, they could not abandon their native land without the bitterest anguish. It is said that, shortly before they sailed, they assembled with their friends at a farewell dinner; but the feelings of Winthrop were so overcome by the thought of their speedy separation, that, instead of pledging the

company as usual in such cases, he burst into a flood of tears—and thus "set them all a-weeping with Paul's friends, while they thought of seeing the faces of each other no more in the land of the living." In his parting discourse, Cotton said to the exiles, "Be not unmindful of our Jerusalem at home, whether you leave us or stay at home with us. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." Their real feelings will appear in their farewell declaration to their brethren:—"We esteem it an honour to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear Mother, and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears of our eyes, ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom and sucked it from her breasts." This, however, can only fairly be understood as alluding to the Puritanical portion of the Church, since it was from their rooted aversion to the Prelatical party that Winthrop and his companions determined to emigrate; and as soon as they were settled in the New World, they speedily cast off all allegiance to the ecclesiastical establishment of England, and framed churches for themselves after the fashion of the Plymouth settlers.

Cotton himself was destined to follow them within a short time afterwards. For upwards of twenty years he had been allowed to preach unmolested in the sumptuous church of Boston, but Laud had now determined to enforce conformity, and pursuivants were sent to convene him before the Court of High Commission. He fled to London, and by the assistance of his friends eluded the search of the ecclesiastical bloodhounds. They had orders, however, to spare no efforts to apprehend him, and for this purpose went down to the Isle of Wight, where they expected that the ship would touch: but in the meantime he had been smuggled on board in the Downs, and finally succeeded in making his escape to America, where he became "a burning and a shining light" in the midst of the newly-founded

community, as a quaint inscription to his memory sufficiently evidences :—

> "A living, breathing Bible, tables where
> Both covenants at large engraven were.
> Gospel and law in 's heart had each its column—
> His head an index to the sacred volume ;
> His very name a title-page ; and next
> His life a commentary on the text.
> O what a monument of glorious worth
> When in a new edition he comes forth !
> Without errata may we think he'll be,
> In leaves and covers of eternity."

But to resume the thread of our story. The first disappointment of the fugitives, bitter as it was, could not restrain them from making fresh attempts to escape. The year after their Boston failure, they met with a Dutch skipper at Hull, having a ship of his own belonging to Zealand, and secretly agreed with this foreigner to convey them thither—hoping, with Bradford, who was evidently an eye-witness and sharer of the whole affair, "to find more faithfulness in him than in the former, of their own nation." Moreover, to avoid the risks of a large seaport, they bargained with him to take them on board at a lonely common on the flat coast, somewhere between Grimsby and Hull. Every precaution was taken to avoid surprise ; the men were to steal their way to the appointed rendezvous by land, while the women and children, with the goods, were to be conveyed thither in a small bark. On reaching the spot the ship had not yet come up, and, as the sea was rough, and the women and children were suffering greatly from sickness, they prevailed with the seamen to put into a small creek for shelter, where at low water the vessel lay upon the mud. Here they remained in the utmost anxiety till the next day, when the ship made its appearance. But this trifling delay proved fatal to the scheme ; for during the interval the gathering had by some means attracted notice, and information had been given to the magistrates. As

the tide was out, and the small bark could not go off to the ship, the skipper sent to fetch off the passengers, but scarcely had he got the first boat-load on board, and was preparing to go for others, when he suddenly perceived in the distance a tumultuous gathering of horsemen and footmen armed with guns and bills, raising the hue and cry, and hurrying down to the shore to apprehend the unhappy fugitives. At this sight, the panic-stricken Dutchman swore a tremendous oath, and, fearing to be implicated in the consequences, and having the wind fair, hastily weighed anchor, hoisted sail, and his ship was soon a speck on the horizon. The agony of those on board was intense, principally on account of their wretched wives and families, thus left without protectors, and made prisoners before their very eyes; also at finding themselves thus carried off without even a change of raiment or hardly a penny in their pockets. But still more deplorable was the case of these forlorn women—some frantically weeping for their husbands carried off in the ship, others sunk in the stupor of despair, or distracted by the screams of their poor children, half-frozen and terrified out of their lives. Some few of the men remained behind to protect them; but the greater part, on catching sight of the approaching posse, consulted their safety by flight. "The women," says Bradford, "being thus apprehended, were hurried from one place to another, and from one justice to another, until, in the end, they knew not what to do with them: for to imprison so many women and innocent children for no other cause than that they would go with their husbands seemed to be unreasonable, and all would cry out at them; and to send them home was as difficult, for they alleged (as the truth was) that they had no homes to go to—for they had sold or otherwise disposed of their lands and livings." Thus haled about from justice to justice, and from constable to constable, they endured a world of misery and privation; until their persecutors being wearied out, they were suffered to escape, and at last found another opportunity of rejoining their relatives in Holland.

Perhaps it was almost a mercy that these poor women were delayed behind, for the ship that had carried off their husbands was beaten about for fourteen days, and driven to the coast of Norway by a tremendous tempest, in which they narrowly escaped foundering. So severe had been the storm that, on reaching the land, the people came running down to congratulate them upon their escape. There is little doubt, as before said, that Bradford, who, young as he was, appears to have been married, was among the number of those on board, and scarcely had he escaped the perils of the sea, when he was menaced with imprisonment on shore, one of the passengers having maliciously misrepresented him as a criminal fugitive from England. As soon, however, as the Dutch magistrates learned that he had sought their shores in quest of the religious liberty denied him at home, they dismissed him with every honour, and he repaired to Amsterdam in quest of his fellow-fugitives.

Such were a few of the trials and distresses—for we are assured there were many a bitter stroke of which no account was preserved—endured by the Pilgrims in their endeavour to effect their escape from England. The cruelty of their sufferings, and the constancy with which they endured them, made, we are assured, a deep impression upon many witnesses, and induced them to make searching inquiry into the pretensions of those who persecuted them. Their cause became famous, and many a convert was thus won over, who, but for the tyranny of the bishops, would have remained either hostile or indifferent. And though some few among them at first shrank back from these trials, yet others came on with fresh courage to "confirm the feeble hands, and strengthen the feeble knees;" so that—in spite of all attempts to prevent them—one by one, or in small parties, they slipped through the fangs of their tormentors, and eventually, to their no small comfort, met together on the shores of Holland.

CHAPTER II.

The Exiles in Holland.

STATE OF HOLLAND AT THE TIME OF THEIR ARRIVAL.—STRUGGLE WITH SPAIN.—AMSTERDAM.—ITS COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER.—JOHNSON'S CHURCH.—DISSENSIONS.—POVERTY OF THE PILGRIMS.—THEIR REMOVAL TO LEYDEN.—RECENT SIEGE OF THAT CITY.—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH.—ROBINSON, THEIR PASTOR.—DESCRIPTION OF LEYDEN.—UNIVERSITY.—PILGRIM LOCALITIES.—STATE OF THE PILGRIMS AT LEYDEN.—BREWSTER, A PRINTER, HUNTED DOWN BY JAMES I.—ARRIVAL OF WINSLOW AND STANDISH.—HENRY JACOB.—CONDITION OF THE PILGRIMS.—THEIR POVERTY.—PROPOSALS TO EMIGRATE.—DISCUSSIONS.—FINAL RESOLUTION.—NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—PURCHASE OF THE SPEEDWELL.—DEPARTURE FROM LEYDEN.—THEIR COURSE TO DELFTHAVEN.—FINAL EMBARKATION FOR AMERICA.

The fugitives for conscience sake, whose further adventures we are now to trace, had fled from England at a most remarkable period, for the agitation had already commenced which, in the following reign, was to convulse the country and turn its peaceful fields into an arena of civil conflict. The Dutch, though enjoying a temporary truce, were at that time in a state of hostility with Spain. Their protracted and tremendous struggle against the most powerful monarch of Europe had already been maintained for some time. Myles Standish, as before observed, was among the English soldiers sent over by Elizabeth to the assistance of the Dutch. One of the most terrible scenes of that drama had just been enacted at Leyden, which had sustained one of those fearful sieges which will never be forgotten

in the annals of freedom. The struggle between the Dutch and Spaniards is indeed one of the most wonderful in the history of the world. We see a simple, unwarlike people, occupying a country which, by dint of wonderful energy, they had almost reclaimed from the sea, and by laborious industry had converted into a garden of fertility. Stimulated by their position to maritime enterprise, they had become enriched by commerce, and Amsterdam was now among the principal marts in Europe. Already jealous of their civil liberties, the impulse given by the Reformation had emancipated their minds, and rendered them impatient of spiritual domination. The invasion of their civil rights, the establishment of the dreaded Inquisition, the occupation of the country by Spanish soldiers—the lawless ministers of a cruel despotism—drove into stern and determined rebellion a peaceful people, who sought only to enjoy the fruits of industry and commerce. When thus aroused, history has no record of a resistance more obstinate, of sufferings more terrible, or of a triumph more glorious than theirs. To affront an enemy so formidable as Philip II., the successor of Charles V., the most powerful monarch in Europe, possessing the boundless resources of the New World, might well appear to be madness, and nothing but the unconquerable spirit of liberty, the dogged obstinacy of men—aye, and of women—resolved to perish amidst the morasses of their native land rather than endure the yoke of a foreign despot, could have maintained the long and arduous, and seemingly hopeless contest.

It is well observed, however, by Schiller, in his "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," that, "much combined to break the power of Philip, and to favour the progress of the infant state. Had the whole weight of his power fallen on the United Provinces, there had been no hope for their religion or their liberty. His own ambition came to the assistance of their weakness by tempting him to divide his strength. The expensive policy of maintaining traitors in every cabinet of Europe, the support of

the League in France, the revolt of the Moors in Granada, the conquest of Portugal, and the magnificent fabric of the Escurial, drained at last his apparently inexhaustible resources, and prevented his acting in the field with spirit and energy. The German and Italian troops, who were allured to his banner only by the hope of gain, mutinied when he could no longer pay them, and faithlessly abandoned their leaders in the decisive moment of action. These terrible instruments of oppression now turned their dangerous power against their employer, and wreaked their vindictive rage on the provinces which remained faithful to him. The unfortunate armament against England—on which, like a desperate gamester, he had staked the whole strength of his kingdom—completed his ruin: with the armada sank the wealth of the two Indies and the flower of Spanish chivalry.

"But in the very same proportion that the Spanish power declined the Republic acquired fresh vigour. The breaches which the new religion, the tyranny of the Inquisition, the furious rapacity of the soldiery, and the devastations of a long war, unbroken by any interval of peace, made in the provinces of Brabant, Flanders, and Hainault, at once the arsenals and the magazines of this expensive contest, naturally rendered it every year more difficult to support and recruit the royal armies. The Catholic Netherlands had already lost a million of citizens, and the trodden fields maintained their husbandmen no longer. Spain itself had but few more men to spare. . . . Wholly different was the posture of affairs with the rebels. The thousands whom the cruelty of the viceroy expelled from the Southern Netherlands, the war of the Huguenots from France, as well as all whom the constraints of conscience drove from the other parts of Europe, —all these flocked to unite themselves with them. The whole Christian world was their recruiting-ground. The fanaticism both of the persecutor and the persecuted worked in their behalf. The enthusiasm of a doctrine newly embraced, revenge, want, and hopeless misery, drew to their standard adventurers from

every part of Europe: all whom the new doctrine had won—all who had already suffered, or had still cause of fear, from despotism—linked their own fortunes with those of the new Republic. Every injury inflicted by a tyrant gave a right of citizenship in Holland. Men pressed forward to a country where Liberty raised her inspiriting banner, where respect and security were ensured to a fugitive religion, and even revenge on the oppressors. If we consider the conflux of all people to Holland in the present day, who, on their entrance upon her territory, are reinvested in their rights as men, what must it have been then, when the rest of Europe groaned under a heavy bondage—when Amsterdam was nearly the only free port for all opinions? Many hundred families sought refuge for their wealth in a land which the ocean and domestic concord powerfully combined to protect. The republican army maintained its full complement without the plough being stripped of hands to work it. Amid the clash of arms, trade and industry flourished; and the peaceful citizen enjoyed in anticipation all the fruits of liberty which foreign blood must first purchase. At the very time when the Republic of Holland was struggling for existence, she extended her dominions beyond the ocean, and was quietly occupied in erecting her East Indian empire."

At the singular and critical period thus finely described by Schiller, the Pilgrims arrived to swell the number of refugees, but brought nothing with them save their poverty and their enthusiasm. Bradford well describes the astonishment with which they were struck at the strange and foreign aspect of everything around them. "They saw many goodly and fortified cities, strongly walled, and guarded with troops of armed men. Also they heard a strange and uncouth language, and beheld the different manners and customs of the people, with their strange fashions and attires, all so far differing from their plain country villages, wherein they were born and bred, and had so long lived—as it seemed they were come into a new

world." As an instance of the triumph of industry and perseverance against the most formidable natural obstacles, the very appearance of the country itself must have surprised them as much, perhaps, as anything else. There were the extensive Polders, or vast level tracts of the richest land, intersected by endless canals and ditches, with whole regiments of windmills constantly at work to drain off the superfluous waters, and adorned with numerous flocks and herds, which in after times served as models for the pencils of Paul Potter and Cuyp. And the wonder was that all this was below the level of the sea, protected from its inroads by a long range of sandbanks called Dunes, or by stupendous embankments, which, maintained with incessant watchfulness and care, would nevertheless sometimes give way, and spread devastation and death over an extensive and smiling tract of country. In going from place to place they would walk along whole leagues of artificial dykes, raised with incredible labour, high above the level of the surrounding plains; or glide along glassy canals, bordered by rows of willows, and from which, as they passed through the numerous towns and villages with which the country was studded, they might peep down into the very interior of the houses. The inhabitants themselves might well seem to be an amphibious race, as much under water as on firm land, and in a certain fishiness of complexion almost justifying such satirical descriptions as that in which Butler thus cleverly caricatures the land and its denizens—

> "A country that draws fifty foot of water,
> In which men live as in the hold of nature,
> And when the sea does in upon them break
> And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.
>
> * * * *
>
> That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
> And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
> A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
> In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Or that of Marvel, full of the same malicious exaggeration—

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the offscouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead,
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Or shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle shell.

* * * *

Glad then as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore,
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreese.
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away,
Or than those gulls which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new catchèd miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground,
Building their watery Babel far more high
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their Mare Liberum,
A daily deluge over them does boil,
The earth and water play at level-coyl.
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossess'd,
And sat, not as at meat, but as a guest."

On approaching "the city of refuge" from the sea, they were doubtless struck with its numerous men-of-war and merchant vessels, of the build and appearance of which, with their lofty sterns and prodigious lanterns, but little altered during another century, the pictures of Vandevelde exhibit to us so perfect a resemblance. Through this forest of masts appeared Amsterdam, then one of the chiefest marts of Christendom, and which must have presented the most cosmopolitan appearance of any city in Europe. A Dutch writer in giving a description of it, thus

exclaims with justifiable patriotism:—"Amsterdam, a name immortalized in history, a name which shone brilliantly on the map of the world, in America, in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. New York, in America, was founded by the Dutch at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and bore the name of New Amsterdam, until taken by the English in 1664; and the principal island of the group of the Friendly Isles in the Pacific was called Amsterdam, having been discovered by Tasman. Six centuries ago it was merely a poor village inhabited by fishermen, but being liberated from the thraldom of the barons, began to flourish under the protecting *ægis* of the Counts of Holland. In the early part of the fourteenth century, it carried on a considerable commerce, and between the sixteenth and seventeenth had become, with the exception of Antwerp, the first commercial city of the Netherlands. The taking of Antwerp by the Spaniards caused an influx into Holland of all the rich merchants of that city who had embraced the reformed religion. In less than thirty years, from 1585 to 1612, the city was enlarged threefold, and in 1658 had attained its present vast extent." It was, therefore, fast rising to the zenith of wealth and splendour at the period when the Pilgrims arrived there. Accustomed to the monotonous life of their obscure villages, they must at first have felt lost and bewildered in the midst of the busy scene. In the docks they would gaze upon vessels from all parts of the known world, and in the streets they would jostle against natives of every country in Europe. The city itself was a wonder—a second Venice. Its site was originally a salt marsh, and every building had to be raised on piles, which, driven through layers of peat or soft clay, reposed upon firm earth, forty or fifty feet below the surface, so that the entire city rested upon a foundation of timber. It was of crescent form, the curve facing the land, the base resting on the river Y, which communicates with the Zuyder Zee. This space was intersected with great parallel canals, each two miles in length, and a multitude of smaller ones divided it

into nearly a hundred islands, and traversed by nearly three times as many bridges. The appearance of these canals, half blocked with shipping or barges, with the crowded quays which bordered them, pleasantly overshadowed by rows of trees; the lofty houses upon these quays—which might vie with any in Europe for size and splendour, while far surpassing them in neatness and cleanliness; the mingling of many costumes; the noise and bustle of a mighty commercial city,—all this must for a while have amused their minds, and have blunted the bitter sense of banishment from their native land.

Small time, however, had the Pilgrims to dwell upon the novelty of the objects around them, for their scanty resources were rapidly ebbing away. "These," continues Bradford, and no doubt feelingly also, "were not the things they much looked on, or long took up their thoughts, for they had other work on hand, and another kind of war to wage and maintain. For though they saw fair and beautiful cities, flowing with abundance of all sorts of wealth and riches, yet it was not long before they saw the grim and griseled face of poverty coming on them like an armed man, with whom they must buckle and encounter, and from whom they could not fly." But few of them, we have reason to believe, possessed any property at home, or the little they had must have been eaten up by the expenses of their emigration. Brewster himself, originally a man of substance, had become so greatly reduced by the assistance he had rendered to others, and by the charge of a numerous family, that he was obliged, like the rest, to labour for his subsistence. But the worst of all was, that having mostly been bred up husbandmen, they were at first unfit for the occupations of a commercial city, and must have had great difficulty in obtaining employment. In accommodating themselves to this new state of things, they no doubt suffered many privations; but in this struggle with poverty, "armed with faith and patience against him and all his encounters," says Bradford, "though they were

sometimes foiled, yet by God's assistance they prevailed and got the victory."

At this period a considerable number of English had settled in Holland. By a condition of the alliance between Queen Elizabeth and the Dutch, which caused English troops to be sent over into Holland, chapels for them were provided by the government, in which the service of the English Church was performed. Besides these, others were set apart, with a liberal policy continued to this day, for the use of English and Scotch merchants who had settled in the country. But beyond these regular congregations, supported by the Dutch government, there were others privately formed by the constant influx from England of sectarians of every shade, driven by persecution from their native soil. Holland had thus become proverbial as the nursery of new religions, a harbour for fanatics and setters up of strange gods, of turbulent, unsettled, quarrelsome zealots. Again, to quote Marvel:—

> "Hence Amsterdam, Turk, Christian, Pagan, Jew,
> Staple of sects, and mint of schism, grew
> That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
> Opinion, but finds credit and exchange."

"As soon," says Bradford, "as Mr. Robinson, Mr. Brewster, and other principal members were come over, (for they were of the last, and stayed to help the weakest over before them,) such things were thought on as were necessary for their best settling and ordering of the church affairs." In carrying out this work they now enjoyed the fullest latitude. The Protestant religion was established in Holland, in a form differing slightly from that adopted by the Pilgrims themselves; but the Dutch moreover enjoyed the honourable distinction, then made a reproach to them, of granting unlimited toleration to every sect. As a constant stream of Separatists had for many years repaired from England, there had been already established a church at Amsterdam for

some years, while a second had been formed only a short time before the arrival of Robinson and his flock. It now fell out, as was too often the case. Relieved from the external pressure of tyranny which had hitherto compelled them to make common cause, these churches began to quarrel among themselves. The most trifling difference of opinion begot acrimonious dispute, and this little handful of fugitives were speedily rent asunder with intestine discord.

This Separatist or Independent church at Amsterdam had originally been founded in 1593 or 1594, or as some suppose 1600, under the pastorship of Francis Johnson and Henry Ainsworth. Its composition seems to have been unfortunate from the first, and it was speedily a prey to dissensions, which afforded a gratifying spectacle to its enemies. Sometimes a question of discipline, sometimes a question of dress, would suffice to rend asunder the ill-compacted society. When Smyth came over to Holland with several of his followers, he at first joined himself to it, but shortly becoming an adherent of Arminianism and objecting to infant baptism, seceded from the congregation. The venerable Clyfton came over not long after Smyth. "He was then," says Bradford, "a grave and fatherly old man, having a great white beard; and pity it was that such a reverend old man should be forced to leave his country, and at those years go into exile. But it was his lot, and he bore it patiently." Ainsworth and Johnson disagreed about church government, and formed two separate churches; and as Clyfton agreed with Johnson, he associated himself with him in the management of his congregation.

The quarrels in Johnson's church were carried to such a height that he was at length obliged to excommunicate his own brother and his own father. He had, it appears, married a young widow, who had been the wife of a merchant, and with whom he received a considerable property. "She was," to use Bradford's words, "a grave matron, and very modest both in her apparel

and all her demeanour, ready to any good works in her place, and helpful to many, especially the poor, and an ornament to his calling." Yet because "she wore such apparel as she had been formerly used to, which was neither excessive nor immodest, for their chiefest exceptions were against her *wearing of some whalebone in the bodice and sleeves of her gown, corked shoes*, and other such like things as the citizens of her rank then used to wear"—upon grounds thus frivolous, and probably instigated by private pique, and envy putting on the semblance of godly zeal, her own relatives raised an outcry against her as a backsliding and worldly-minded sister. She endeavoured, it seems, "in order to avoid offence, to reform the fashions of them so far as might be without spoiling of her garments. Yet it would not content them unless they came full up to their size. And so the church did after long patience towards them, and much pains taken with them, excommunicate them for their unreasonable and endless opposition; and such was the justice thereof, as he (Johnson) could not but consent thereto." "Such," adds the narrator, "was the strictness or rigidness of some in those times, as we can by our own knowledge show in other instances." And then he goes on to cite the following; and who after reading it can consider Macaulay's picture of the Puritans and Separatists at all overcharged?—

"We were," says Bradford, "in the company of a godly man that had been a long time prisoner at Norwich for this cause, and was by Judge Cooke set at liberty. After going into the country he visited his friends, and returning that way again to go into the Low Countries by ship at Yarmouth, and so desired some of us to turn in with him to the house of an ancient woman in the city who had been very kind and helpful to him in his sufferings. She knowing his voice, made him very welcome and those with him. But after some time of their entertainment, being ready to depart, she came up to him and felt of his band, (for her eyes were dim with age,) *and perceiving it was somewhat*

stiffened with starch, she was much displeased, and reproved him very sharply, fearing God would not prosper his journey. Yet the man was a plain countryman, clad in gray russet without either welt or guard, (as the proverb is,) and the band he wore scarce worth threepence, made of their own homespinning; and he was godly and humble as he was plain. What would such professors, if they were now living, say to the excess of our times?"

Such was the scandalous state of dissension when Robinson came to Amsterdam; and fear lest he should be dragged into it doubtless suggested a speedy escape from the scene of discord. And thus, after about a year's stay, he removed with his flock to Leyden, where it is believed that a few fugitives from England had already preceded them.

This city, as already stated, had not long before sustained one of the most famous sieges ever recorded in history, the horrors of which are only surpassed by the account given by Josephus of the sufferings of his countrymen during the attack upon Jerusalem by Titus.

After a blockade of almost five months, says a local guide-book, from October 1573 till March 1574, the Spaniards commenced more active operations. The cruel Duke of Alba had been succeeded by Requesens, who was disposed to substitute clemency for force; but finding that the people were determined never to yield up their religious liberty, he devolved upon Valdez, one of his chief officers, the task of reducing them to obedience. This general entrenched himself to the teeth round Leyden, constructing a line of forts which, connected with each other, completely encircled the devoted city. The citizens had neglected to lay in stores of provisions, and now no supplies could reach them through the lines of the Spaniards—the stock in the city was speedily consumed, and the most fearful of all miseries stared them in the face. Bread was speedily exhausted—the flesh of horses, dogs, and obscene animals was eagerly devoured; roots,

weeds, and every substance upon which human life can possibly be sustained or protracted—though in agony—were sought out with the avidity of famine. Several thousands perished from actual starvation, and the contagious maladies engendered by extreme want. The position of the governor, John Van der Does, and of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werff, conferred but a pre-eminence of sorrow. Insupportable misery at length provoked an outbreak of sedition. A band of starving wretches beset the house of Van der Werff, and tumultuously cried out for surrender. "Dear fellow-townsmen," was the reply, "I can offer you but my own flesh; I know that death awaits me at the hands of the enemy; and were I less assured of this, I should still prefer it to an act of perjury. To die would be sweet—if by dying I could save yourselves and your fellow-citizens!" These words produced a revulsion of feeling, and inflamed to the utmost the resolution of the citizens. They rushed to the walls, exclaiming to the Spaniards, "We will eat our left hand, and fight you with our right. We will burn down the city rather than surrender it to you!"

Large collections of provisions had been made for the relief of the besieged, but the Spaniards were masters of all the canals, and not a mouthful could find its way into the famine-haunted city. One desperate expedient alone remained—that of breaking down the dykes and letting in the sea, and thus invoking one enemy to get rid of another more cruel and implacable. The Prince of Orange called an assembly of the States, and proposed to them this final resource, and in accordance with the national proverb, "Better a country desolated than conquered," it was resolved to put it into execution. The dykes were accordingly opened, the whole country inundated; but for a long while a contrary wind kept back the advance of the waters, which could not attain a sufficient depth to float over the shallow expanse the flat-bottomed boats in which provisions were to be conveyed into Leyden.

The Spaniards, at first alarmed by the spreading flood, became reassured when they found it only reached a certain level, and still firmly maintained themselves in their entrenchments. In this state of agonising suspense the besieged remained till the long deferred moment of their deliverance approached. A strong north wind forced up at high tide the rivers and canals, swelling the immense accumulation of waters; and then suddenly veering to the south-west, converted the country round Leyden into a vast lake, in which the isolated encampments of the Spaniards seemed about to be swallowed up. To add to their consternation, they now beheld the approach of the fleet of boats, commanded by Admiral Boissot, manned by hardy and daring Zealanders, scarred with wounds received during the war of independence, and bearing on their hats the devices, "The Turk rather than the Pope!" "Long live the Gueux in spite of the Mass!" The besiegers now abandoned their forts, and fled in terror along the dykes and causeways. Multitudes were drowned in the wilderness of swampy waters; others, pursued by the Zealanders, were dragged down from their precarious footing with long poles armed with hooks, and remorselessly put to death. A thousand Spaniards were computed to have perished in this disastrous retreat.

In the midst of this extraordinary scene, the fleet of boats advanced in triumph to the gates of the city, and the canals that intersect it were speedily crowded with them. The starving people rushed down with frightful eagerness to seize upon the provisions. Some expired from joy—many sunk exhausted before they could reach their deliverers—others perished by a too free indulgence in food, which their famished and weakened bodies were unable to support. Amidst the ebullition of gratitude, the burgomasters and populace hastened to the great church, and offered mingled psalms and tears to Heaven for their remarkable deliverance. But nothing could obliterate to the survivors the gloomy recollection of those fearful months

during which they had seen six thousand of their dearest relatives perish by the lingering agonies of starvation.

The Prince of Orange received the news of this deliverance while attending service in the great church of Delft. Soon after he entered the city, and according to a tradition, the truth of which has been questioned, offered the citizens either to release them from certain onerous taxes, or to give them a University. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that this edifice was inaugurated on the 8th of February following, only four months after this memorable siege.

The Pilgrims are supposed to have removed to Leyden about the close of the year 1608. The city was at that time recovering from its disasters, and even enjoying a high degree of prosperity. The same guide informs us that after the pacification of Ghent, in 1576, had for a while re-established internal concord, and banished the theatre of war from Holland, Leyden began to gather new life. A crowd of industrious fellow-citizens from the southern provinces, expelled by the Spaniards for their religious opinions, fled towards the north; and of these, Leyden received a considerable number. It is from this moment we may date the great prosperity of its manufactures of cloth, which kept on increasing constantly, until, in the midst of the seventeenth century, Leyden had become the Leeds or Manchester of that period. Its population, which during the siege amounted only to fourteen thousand souls, numbered almost eighty thousand at the epoch of the peace of Westphalia. Twice did it become necessary to enlarge its boundaries (in 1616 and 1645), and Leyden was, after Amsterdam, the greatest city of the province. Bradford indeed remarks, that "wanting that traffic by sea which Amsterdam enjoyed, it was not so beneficial for their outward means of living and estates. But being now here pitched, they fell to such trades and employments as they best could, valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever; and at length they came to raise a competent

and comfortable living with hard and continual labour." Bradford himself appears to have learned the art of silk-throwing from a French refugee, and thus to have obtained the means of support. The position of Brewster was more trying, owing to the greater refinement of his earlier life and habits, which must have given a double edge to hardship and privation. But here his education served him well; for being master of Latin, he was able to teach many students who desired to learn English—by drawing rules to learn it by after the Latin manner; and for this purpose many Danish and German students, many of them of high families, resorted to him after their studies were concluded. He also set up a private printing press, at which it is most probable that the works of his colleague Robinson were printed, as well as numerous Puritan books and pamphlets, which were too obnoxious to King James and the bishops for any printer at home to undertake, and which being thence sent over and privately disseminated, no doubt tended to undermine the tottering fabric of Church and State. So great was the irritation of the King at these clandestine attempts, that his ambassador at the Court of Holland, Sir Dudley Carleton, was ordered to seek out and have him apprehended, as the Dutch were at that time, from motives of policy, desirous of keeping up a good understanding with James. Brewster found it necessary to transport himself and his family to London, where he remained so closely hidden that all attempts to discover him were ineffectual.

As soon as the Pilgrims had established themselves in Leyden, a call was given by his congregation to Robinson, formally to assume the office of pastor, which he had hitherto exercised without a direct appointment. According to his views, the ordination was effected by his own church, Brewster being at the same time appointed as elder. After six years had elapsed since the commencement of his ministerial labours, and having doubtless in the meantime acquired the Dutch language, he was

at length received as member of the University. This fact was ascertained by Mr. Sumner, of Boston, during his valuable researches at Leyden, published in the Massachusetts' Historical Collections. The copy of his admission is as follows:—

1615.	Joannes Robintsonus.	Anglus.
Sept. 5th.	Ann. xxxix.	
Coss. permissa.	Stud. Theol. alit Familiam.	

This privilege exempted him from the control of the town magistrates, besides entitling him to half a tun of beer every month, and about ten gallons of wine every three months.

That the intellectual attributes of the English preacher were regarded by the Dutch professors as of a superior order, appears from the flattering request preferred to him, to defend the cause of Calvinism against the arguments of Episcopius, considered the most able advocate of Arminianism. The Dutch Church was at that time rent in twain by this controversy, and it is certainly not a little surprising that the Calvinistic professors of Leyden should have selected a stranger as the champion of their views. Robinson at first modestly refused, but afterwards consented, and a three days' dispute was crowned with what his friends declared to be a complete triumph. A few years after, the celebrated "Synod of Dort" was convened to settle this much agitated question; the Arminians were declared in error; but still continuing to maintain their principles, the secular arm was called in to punish their obstinacy. They were required to subscribe to the creed of their opponents, and those who refused were driven into banishment. Robinson followed up his victory over Episcopius by a written defence of the doctrines of the Synod, although the whole tenor of his life forbids the belief that he could have approved of these acts of persecution. His pen was, besides, incessantly active in defending his favourite tenets against the aspersions of his Episcopal adversaries. Such was the object of his answer to the censorious epistle of Joseph

(afterwards Bishop) Hall, and his defence of separation from the Church of England in reply to Bernard. He was besides prolific in essays and treatises, which embody much practical and spiritual wisdom, and was esteemed even by his opponents "the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever that sect possessed." And one distinction must not be forgotten, because it stamps the gentle and generous character of the man. In an age when theological disputes were waged with the bitterest rancour, and the spiritual gladiators bespattered each other with a whole vocabulary of abuse, the controversial writings of Robinson exhibit as little of the prevailing infection as it was possible for one in his situation not to contract.

But it is not by his writings that the pastor of Leyden will be remembered by posterity; like so many others of the same stamp, they have become all but obsolete, or are at best referred to by the curious student of theological controversy. In the silent and unobtrusive labours which nourished and built up his people in the midst of exile and distress, which gave comfort to hearts often ready to sink amidst their trials, and courage to undertake in the face of herculean difficulties a noble and heroical enterprise,—in these is to be found his lasting monument. If the confidence, affection, and veneration of his flock be any test of character, we may infer from the many incidental expressions of their feelings, so frequently scattered through different writings, that he was indeed the father of his people.

Let us now turn aside from the current of our story, and devote a few pages to the chief sojourning place of the Pilgrims while in Holland.

In the midst of the district of the Rhineland—a vast expanse of the richest meadows in the world, adorned with seventy villages—stands the ancient city in which our fugitives found a refuge for twelve years; the most peaceful, perhaps, of any in their chequered and trying career. Its form and outline will

be better gathered from the annexed map, than from verbal description.

1. St. Peter's Church. 2. St. Pancras Church. 3. Town Hall.

The Rhine—or rather the diminished branch of that mighty river, which remains after the separation of the Waal and the Leck—divides itself a little above Leyden into two branches, which re-unite in the centre of the city, at the foot of the ancient castle called the *Burg*, on an artificial mound supposed to have been a look-out station in the time of the Romans. These two branches are called respectively the Old and the New Rhine. From these streams other canals circulate in different directions through the interior of the city, dividing it into a perfect maze of islands of all shapes and sizes, connected together by bridges. The walls are no longer standing, but a winding canal surrounds the city, on the outer side of which is a broad promenade, commanding beautiful views over both town and neighbourhood. So much for the general topography of Leyden. We will now proceed to throw together a few notices of its most prominent objects.

As we perambulate the city, its grass-grown quays, shaded with trees, and the dull quietude of its slimy canals, have an air of drowsiness and decay. The by-streets seem falling into ruin, and the lower class of inhabitants sunk in poverty; and the population, thinly scattered, seems shrunk too small for the extensive circuit over which it straggles. The main street, however, is one of the finest in Holland; and the houses bordering the canal called the Rapenburg, on which the University stands, may vie with any in Europe for scale and elegance. Everywhere we see traces of the proverbial cleanliness of the Dutch. The stony pavement of the main streets, and brick foot-paths, are kept scrupulously clean: the panes of the windows, the brass handles of the doors, are burnished into an intensity of lustre. Half the time of the servants seems taken up with the work of purification; and the unwary stranger in sauntering

about is constantly exposed to a shower-bath from the machines, which like fire-engines, worked by the nervous arm of a Dutch

frau, throw up columns of water against the windows and brick-work of the houses,—or to a chance salute from some twirling mop, or a sudden shock from one of the endless pailfuls with which the foot-pavement is being deluged.

In order to obtain a general view of the city, one cannot do better than ascend the belfry of the Town-Hall. This edifice

stands in the centre of the *Breestraat*, or noble street, the principal one in the city. The date of its original erection is doubtful, but it must have been in existence before the sixteenth century, since it blew up in 1481 with thirty-six persons. After having been re-built, it was entirely re-modelled in 1597. The *façade* is very picturesque, the principal entry being formed by a stone staircase, which conducts to a very spacious hall. Between this staircase and the guardhouse is the entrance doorway to the hall of the tribunal, and the interior staircase, by which there is an ascent to the different meeting rooms of the magistrates. The pavement before this door is arranged in circular form, so as to represent in large letters the Dutch words, "Niet sonder God," (not without God,) and the year 1574, with the arms of the city. Above the entrance door we read these words:

"Bewaart Heer *Hollant*
En salicht *Leyden*."

(Lord, save Holland, and bless Leyden),—and the following acrostic, making the year of the siege 1574:—

"Na sVVarte hVngersnoot
GebraCht hadde te doot
Bi naast ses dVIsend MensChen.
ALs't GODT den Heer Verdroot
Gaf hI Vns VVeder broot
Soo VeeL MVI CVnsten VVens Chen."

(After the dreadful famine had killed more than six thousand people, the Omnipotent was wroth: He gave us bread to satisfy our need). This acrostic has the peculiarity that its 129 letters answer to as many days as the siege lasted, (from 26th May to the 3d of October, 1574.)

The memory of this event is further kept up by several pictures in the Council Chamber and the Burgomaster's Hall. There are to be seen the portraits of Van der Does and Van der Werff. The countenances of these heroes have nothing warlike, but appear kindly and benevolent—not without a shade of sorrow at the miseries they had endured and witnessed, at the same time full of that calm inflexible determination so characteristic of the Dutch. A large picture by Van Bree, of Antwerp, represents the famous interview between Van der Werff and the rioters to which we have already alluded; and there is another old one which gives a painful idea of the scene within the city when the provisions arrived—crowds rushing with all the eagerness of starvation to obtain a share. Others represent passages of domestic suffering, and the whole certainly bring up most vividly before the mind the terrible incidents of the siege, and the persons of the principal actors. There is besides a curious specimen of the style of Lucas van Leyden—a Last Judgment, in three compartments—well worthy of the connoisseur's attention.

The ascent to the bell-tower, which is small and of no great

height, by ladders and wooden stairs, is by no means the easiest in the world, nor did we get up without receiving sundry scratches and contusions, but the scene from above amply repaid us for these trifling inconveniences. Here the entire city and its environs for miles around are unrolled before us, and some portion of this view we have endeavoured to transfer to the annexed engraving. Immediately at our feet is the ponderous roof of the Town-Hall, with its quaint old windows and vanes, to the right is the main street. The New Rhine is seen sweeping through the centre of the city, as far as the wooded mount called the *Burg;* but the other branch, the Old Rhine, is concealed by the houses. The two principal churches—the oldest being St. Peter's, in which Robinson was buried, the other dedicated to St. Pancras, in which is the sepulchre of Van der Werff—lift their huge mass above all inferior buildings. Hence we obtain a capital idea of the curious variety of houses—a large proportion of picturesque old gables, of red brick fantastically inlaid with stone work, olden as the time of the siege, and many of which must have no doubt served as habitations for the Pilgrims. Hence too we peep down into the narrow alleys and by-lanes, amidst which the plague found its most congenial haunts, and trace the sinuous course of the rivers and canals, bordered with tall trees, and enlivened with old-fashioned schuyts, with gilded vanes and bright-coloured streamers. Beyond the limits of the city are outspread the Polders—a perfect level sea of verdure, delicious for the eye to rest upon, dotted with endless windmills and villages, towers and spires rising out of tufted groves, speckled with interminable flocks and herds, and extending beyond the distant cities of Delft and the Hague, till lost in bluish haze. Memory is easily carried back to the period of the great siege, when the wide-spread expanse was converted into a vast lake, across which the fleet of boats advanced to the assistance of the beleaguered city.

While gazing on this landscape—where the ever-living freshness of nature and the grey hues of antiquity, the memory of by-gone times, and the fugitive brilliancy of the passing hour, mingle so beautifully together—the chimes burst forth;

> "Low and loud, and sweetly blended,
> Low at times, and loud at times,
> Changing like a poet's rhymes."

The half-mournful, half-lively notes trembled in the air, vibrating around the old vanes and gables, sometimes breaking out into thrilling peals, and then dying away in melancholy cadence upon the distant air. Charles Lamb has said that the music of bells is nighest to that of heaven, and one might almost wish to live in Holland to enjoy the pleasure of hearing them every hour.

After descending from this elevated post, the next object that drew our attention was St. Peter's Church, the burial-place of Robinson, who, as will be mentioned hereafter, died in 1625, some years after the body of the Pilgrims had removed to America. This church is of very ancient foundation, having, as is supposed, been built in 1121. Externally it is a vast, ponderous pile, with little architectural beauty, and what symmetry it possesses marred by a number of small houses built up against it. Through one of these, being the abode of the verger, we obtained access by sundry windings and turnings to the interior of the sacred edifice. Its size is enormous, the nave having two aisles on each side; yet, like the exterior, it has little to recommend it on the score of beauty. In the days of Catholic supremacy, its immensity was relieved with statues and pictures; but all these evidences of idolatry were ruthlessly swept away at the Reformation, and the building, neatly whitewashed—to use the words of Andrew Fairservice—appeared "as crouse as a cat with a' the fleas kaimed off her."

Here I had amusing evidence of the utter absence of a feeling

of sanctity attached to Protestant churches in Holland. The woman who showed it, on finding that I should be some time inside, coolly handed in some chairs from her kitchen, and bringing out a basin of water and a barrel of potatoes, went on peeling the latter with the greatest phlegm imaginable. The shirts and breeches of her youthful heir were meanwhile hung out to dry on a string suspended between two ornaments, where they had not improbably been washed before; and presently the young hopeful, in his wooden shoes, came in clattering from school, and romping about; the sacred edifice thus serving at once for kitchen, wash-house, drying-ground, and play-ground, and heaven only knows what other profane purposes beside!

We owe the knowledge of Robinson's burial-place to the persevering researches of Mr. Sumner. It appears from the letter of Roger White to the American Pilgrims, quoted by him, and dated Leyden, April 28th, 1625, that the venerable pastor was gradually declining for several days before his death, "feeling little or no pain, yet sensible to the very last," and that he expired on the 1st of March. He distinctly states that he was free of the plague which was at that time raging in Leyden, so that his friends were enabled to have free access to him. In Blossom's letter to Bradford, we read that "he was taken away as fruit falleth before it was ripe, when neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end. The Lord even then took him away, as it were in his anger; whom, if tears would have held, he had remained to this day." Winslow, in his apology, declares that "the University and ministers of the city accompanied him to his grave with all their accustomed solemnities, bewailing the great loss that not only that particular church had whereof he was pastor, but some of the chief of them sadly affirmed that all the churches of Christ sustained a loss by the death of that worthy instrument of the Gospel." Although Winslow was in America at the time of his writing, and could therefore only have spoken by information, we should yet have

imagined that his information would have been correct; and when we consider that Robinson had obtained the freedom of the University, and had become a prominent character through his controversy with Episcopius, undertaken at the request of the leading Dutch divines, such funeral honours might reasonably enough have been rendered by them. Mr. Sumner, however, expresses his doubts as to the fact, especially as the plague was raging in the city, and public funerals were suspended.

The account of Mr. Sumner's discoveries is best given in his own words:—

"It was not without some difficulty that I found at Leyden the place of Robinson's grave, being misled at first by the statement of Prince, that he was buried in a church which had been granted to his congregation. Having sought at the Stadt House and at other places for some record, without success, I at last, in a small closet attached to the cathedral church of St. Peter, full of old dust-covered volumes, fell upon one which contained a record of the receipts of the different churches in Leyden from 1619 to 1629. Most of these receipts were for burial-fees; and on looking over the lists of each church for the year 1625, the year of Robinson's death, I found the receipt for his interment at the Peter's Kerk, the church in which I then was. The title of this manuscript volume is 'Blaffaarden van de Hoofd-Kerken, ad 1619 tot 1629;' and the receipt for Robinson's burial, an attested fac-simile of which I send with this, is in the following words:—

"1625, 10 Mart. } Openen en huer van Jan Robens, engels predekant . . 9 florins.

"Open and hire for John Robens, English preacher. . 9 florins.

"This sum of nine florins is the lowest paid for any person whose burial is recorded. Mr. Van Peeker, who, under the

Director-General at the Hague, is the administrator of the affairs of the churches in Leyden, and who is well acquainted with the mode of interment at different periods, informed me that this sum was paid only for the hire for a few years of a place immediately under the pavement, in one of a large number of square pits, containing space sufficient for four coffins. At the end of seven years, these bodies were all removed. For tombs which were walled up, the prices paid were much higher. The profession of each person buried is named in the register; and those against whose names the receipt of nine florins is put were, I found, invariably persons in the humblest walks of life, journeymen weavers, &c.; while others, who are noted as mechanics or artisans, were buried in places of fifteen and eighteen florins. While looking over this record, Mr. Van Pecker remembered that, previously to 1812, there had been in the hands of the secretary of the Kerkmeesters a Gravenboeck, or general record of burials in Leyden. During that year, this book was deposited among the archives at the Stadt House, where it now is. The record of Robinson's interment, as it appears there, I shall give in a note, merely mentioning here, that, while the day of his death is stated in Roger White's letter to be the 1st of March, the day of his funeral appears by the Gravenboeck to have been the 4th of March, and the day on which the interment fees were paid appears by the church receipt-book to have been the 10th of March."

The record in the Gravenboeck, or Book of Interments, thus alluded to by Mr. Sumner, is as follows:—

"1625.

"4 Maart.—Jan Roelends, Predicant van de Engelsche Gemeente, by het Klockhuijs,—begraven in de Pieter's Kerk.

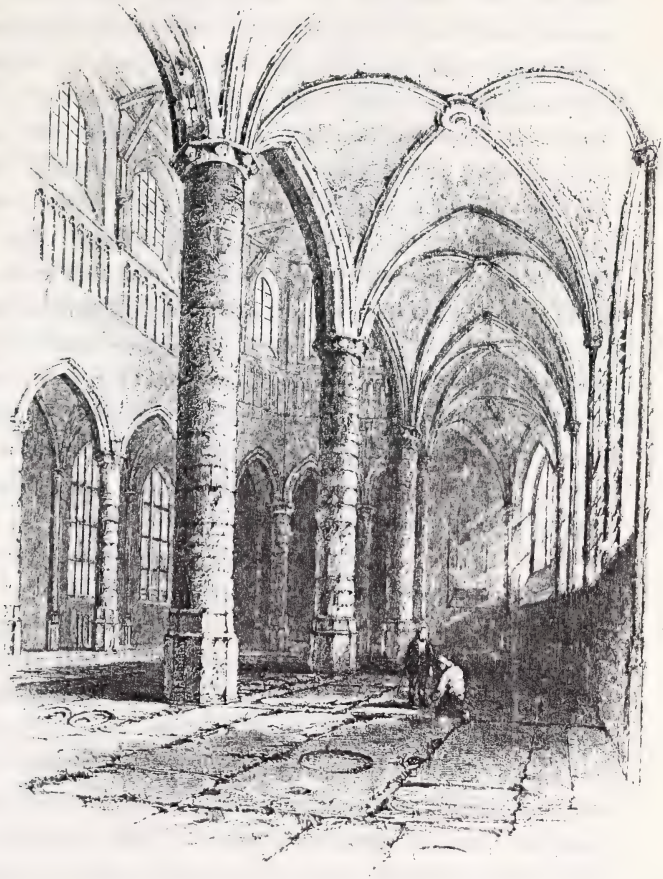
"Translation.

"John Roelends, Preacher of the English sect, by the Belfry,—buried in the Peter's Church."

Mr. Sumner points out a singular error committed by Prince, who says,—"When I was at Leyden, in 1714, the most ancient people, from their parents, told me that the city had such a value for them (the Pilgrims) as to let them have one of their churches, in the chancel whereof he (Robinson) lies buried." It is hardly necessary to point out that the largest church in the city, capable of holding many thousand people, could never have been granted to a small and obscure congregation of foreigners, even if, as will presently appear, it were not extremely questionable whether they ever received the grant of a place of worship.

The aisles of St. Peter's Church are paved with tombstones, many of which have the armorial bearings of noble families, and not a few cover the remains of distinguished members of the University; but the footsteps of centuries have obliterated the inscriptions upon many, and it is but little probable that any ever bore the name of Robinson. This church also contains the monuments of many eminent men, such as Boerhaave, Camper, and Scaliger, one of the most illustrious ornaments of the University.

It may well be supposed that the first place sought out at Leyden by the American pilgrim, would be the church where his venerated forefathers worshiped. He inquired very naturally for the old English church,—and three small chapels, the St. Catherine's Almshouse, the Faly de Bagyn Hof, and the Jerusalem Hof, were shown as the genuine localities. Mrs. Adams, the wife of President John Adams, wrote thus in 1786: "I would not omit to mention that I visited the church at Leyden, in which our forefathers worshipped when they fled from hierarchical tyranny and oppression. I felt a respect and veneration upon entering the doors, like what the ancients paid to their Druids." Pity that so much genuine enthusiasm should have been directed to a mistaken object, but there can be little doubt that such is really the case. For so faint was the im-



LEYDEN.

pression left by a handful of obscure sectaries, that their separate existence had become forgotten, the very Professors remembering nothing of them; and they had become confounded with another and distinct congregation of English Presbyterians, established at Leyden under the patronage of the Dutch Government, almost at the very time the Pilgrims themselves came there. To this congregation, as Mr. Sumner ascertained, from examining the minute local histories and records, the abovementioned chapels were granted — conclusively proving that they never could have been in the occupation of the Pilgrims. And, besides the absolute want of any positive evidence to show that any other was ever granted, it is, in itself, highly improbable that such should have been the case. When the Pilgrims were under the special ban of King James, and endeavours were being made to seize the person of Brewster, it is hardly to be supposed that the Dutch, who were on political grounds desirous of conciliating the English monarch, should have openly given them any countenance, or allotted to them a church or chapel. It has with far greater probability been conjectured that Robinson's house, which is described as being "large" by Bradford, was the place where they assembled for their religious services.

And where then was Robinson's house, thus interesting by so many associations? All that is known of it seems to be summed up in Mr. Sumner's extract, from the burial record already cited, viz. that it was by the "Klokhuis" or Belfry; and that gentleman observes that Robinson's house was "probably taken down a few years after his death, as a row of small buildings now occupies its site, which were put there about the year 1650." Elsewhere he observes, "that near the Belfry of Leyden there was a large square, on one side alone of which were a few houses, so that such a direction was perhaps sufficiently explicit." Singularly enough, I could hear of no such building in Leyden as the "Klokhuis," or, in French, "Clocher;" it is not to be

found on the map of the city, nor did I see any edifice that appeared to answer to the purpose. I am therefore inclined to think it must either have been pulled down, or that the tower of St. Peter's Church, now fallen down, was the belfry alluded to. In front of this church there is a square, full of trees and houses only on one side of it, though a public office occupies the other. It is, I fear, as impossible with certainty to discover the house of Robinson, even if left standing, as it is to fix upon his grave.

The "Jerusalem Hof," which so many have supposed to be the genuine Church of the Pilgrims, is situated on a small canal, called the Broedertges Gracht, and has on its front wall the arms of the Brewers. It was granted, Mr. Sumner observes, to the English Presbyterian Church in 1622, three years before the death of Robinson, and he justly observes that had it been previously in possession of the Pilgrims, it is improbable they could have been driven out of it to make room for another. It may be added, that though there is a printed list of the Presbyterian preachers, no notice of Robinson or his congregation could be discovered in the records.

A brief notice is due to the University, of which Robinson became a member. Founded, as already stated, shortly after the memorable siege, it soon became famous throughout Europe. Most of its eminent men are known only to Dutch literature and science; but Boerhaave, the Hippocrates of late years, Camper, whose discoveries formed a prelude to those of Cuvier, Arminius, Episcopius, Grotius, Vossius, Descartes, Scaliger, and Salmasius, enjoy an European reputation. The buildings of the University show but poorly after the splendid foundations of Oxford and Cambridge, but the Museum of Natural History is one of the most complete in Europe; that of Egyptian and other antiquities, situated in the Breedstraat, is well worthy of inspection. There is also a curious collection illustrating the state of Japan. The Botanical Gardens have been greatly enlarged, and

form a delightful and instructive promenade. The existence of this University gives a tone of refinement to Leyden, as many families of high respectability have settled there, in order to avail themselves of its educational advantages.

Before leaving Leyden, we walked out to those spots in the environs connected with the great siege. Leaving the city by the Witport, we followed the outer side of the canal encircling the town, which, as before observed, is now laid out as a public walk, elevated some trifling degree above the level of the neighbouring marshes. It is bordered by one of those stagnant ditches—in Holland perfectly innumerable—covered with green, and adorned with flowering reeds, and white and yellow lilies. Numerous pleasure gardens, laid out with shady plantations and tufts of roses and carnations, abut upon this ditch, and there is invariably a trim pleasure-house or pavilion directly overhanging it; the sight of stagnant water, and the smell arising from it, being, as some facetious traveller has observed, no doubt peculiarly congenial to the constitution of a Dutchman. In about a quarter of an hour we reached a spot called Lammen, where stood the last entrenchment from which the half-drowned Spaniards beat a retreat. Hence retracing our steps to the promenade, we continued to follow it for a considerable distance, crossing both branches of the Rhine, and then turning down a lane, soon reached the "Spaniard's Bridge," as it is called, from being the advanced post of the enemy in that direction.

But to return to the Pilgrims. During their sojourn at Leyden, they were joined by two personages destined henceforth to occupy an important position in their affairs. The first was Captain Myles Standish, whose origin and character have been already noticed, and who, falling in with Robinson and his flock, was induced, either from sympathy with their principles, or by the love of stirring adventure, to cast in his lot with them, and accompany them to the New World. The second was Mr. Edward Winslow, a gentleman of good family at Droitwich, in

Worcestershire, who with his wife happened to be travelling on the Continent, and who, already in all probability a Puritan, arrived at Leyden in 1617, where he became an influential member of Robinson's church, three years before their departure for America.

Among the friends and associates of Robinson, when at Leyden, was Henry Jacob, who had also been a minister of the English church, and beneficed at Cheriton in Kent, and had like him become a convert to the doctrines of the Independents. It would appear that a body of these separatists had been formed in Southwark, whose pastor, John Greenwood, was thrown into prison for his principles. Being one day visited by his friend and fellow-collegian, Henry Barrowe, the jailor turned the key upon them both. Barrowe was then carried before the commissioners appointed by Archbishop Whitgift, and persisting in the assertion and defence of his principles, became a fellow-captive with Greenwood. Twice were these resolute confessors taken to the foot of the gallows, but refusing to recant, were finally executed at Tyburn. Another martyr to the same cause was John Penry, executed at Southwark in 1593. These cruelties were of no avail, for others were ready to take up the same cause with unflinching courage. Such was Francis Johnson, who while in prison wrote a treatise in honour of separation. Jacob, who had written in defence of the church, engaged in controversy with Johnson, and at length became a convert to his principles. He visited Robinson, who no doubt confirmed him in his views, and returning to England, collected together the scattered members of the Southwark congregation, and formed a fresh church after the Independent model, which has subsisted to the present day. He escaped the fate of his predecessors, and after remaining in Southwark eight years, at length joined the Leyden pilgrims, and died among them.

What was the state of the English exiles during their twelve years' residence in Holland? The most probable supposition

would be, that although, free from the persecution they were exposed to in England, they might relatively—and Bradford says they did—"continue many years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet and delightful society, and spiritual comfort together in the ways of God;" yet that their worldly circumstances were for the most part bordering on indigence and privation. If, when at Amsterdam, they had to fear the "grim and grizelled face of poverty," it must have required a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door at Leyden. This is, indeed, plainly stated by Bradford as one of the reasons which led them to desire a removal. "They found," he says, "and saw by experience, the hardness of the place to be such as few in comparison would come to them, and fewer that would bide it out and continue with them; and this because they "could not endure the great labour and hard fare, with other inconveniences, which they underwent and were contented with." But though they loved their persons, and approved their cause, and honoured their sufferings, yet they left them as it were weeping, as Orpah did her mother-in-law Naomi, or as those Romans did Cato in Utica, who desired to be excused and borne with, *though they could not all* be Catos. Many, indeed, preferred prisons in England rather than liberty in Holland *with these afflictions.* Moreover, those who bore up against their trials while in the strength of manhood, yet were overtaken by old age, which "their great and continual labours, with other trials and sorrows, hastened before the time;" so that it was too evident, in a few years more, they "would scatter by the pressure of necessity, or sink under their burdens, or both." A melancholy picture this indeed!

That they enjoyed the respect and confidence of the town's people for their honest, hard-working qualities, we have the evidence of Bradford, who also tells us that, shortly before they came away, the magistrates gave honourable testimony to their peaceable disposition, by thus reproving the French Protestants:

"These English," said they, "have lived among us now this twelve years, and yet we never had any suit or accusation come against any of them; while your strifes and quarrels are continual." Yet that, further than this approval, they received any special protection or favour, would be very improbable, inasmuch as the animosity of King James pursued them to their retreat, and by the influence which he exercised through his ambassador over the magistrates, would have prevented any open recognition or patronage on their part.

Besides the pressure of poverty, they had the grief to see that as their children grew up, they began unavoidably to imbibe a tincture of the manners prevailing around them—far freer than was agreeable to their rigid notions of separation from the pleasures of the world. If we may judge from the favourite representations of Dutch masters, though painted at a somewhat later date, the boors of Holland were as much addicted to drinking and revelry as the peasantry of England; and to live

amidst such scenes and groups as the pencil of Teniers has here depicted, must have vexed the austere spirits of the Pilgrims as

much as the wakes and bull-baitings of the mother country. Some of the younger members, perhaps, recoiling from their extreme strictness as an insupportable yoke, became dissolute and reckless, and a sorrow and scandal to their families. Another cause of concern was, that the Sabbath was so loosely observed in Holland. It is well known that the Protestant churches of the Continent permitted a part of that day to be devoted to exercise and recreation; and we have already said that the heads of the Church of England had published a "Book of Sports," prescribing what amusements should be held lawful after service. But this was a laxity of practice which shocked the ideas of the Puritans and Separatists, formed as they were rather after the Old than New Testament model, and they dreaded its contagious influence upon the morals of their own children. It became evident, in short, that if they desired to transmit to their descendants that policy and those manners to which they were devotedly attached, they must withdraw to a scene where they could do so without any fear of interruption.

This desire was strengthened by a most honourable motive—patriotic regard to the country which had driven them forth. Persecuted as they had been at home, and even followed across the sea by the spiteful animosity of James, they were yet proud of the name of Englishmen, and justly feared lest their descendants should gradually be absorbed amidst a nation of foreigners, until all trace of their origin was dissipated. "Lastly," (and which was not the least,) to use the words of Bradford, "a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or, at least, to make some way thereunto, for the propagating and advancing the Gospel of the kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for performing of so great a work."

Moved by considerations thus urgent, many of the leading men had long nourished a project for emigrating to some part of America, where they might lay the foundation of a state to be

modelled after their own peculiar policy, and where the language and laws of their native land might happily be perpetuated. No sooner was this design made known, than it threw the little community into a state of the greatest excitement. On one hand, the sanguine and adventurous endeavoured to stir up their brethren to undertake so glorious an enterprise; but on the other, the imagination of the timid pictured a long catalogue of the most formidable obstacles. The perils and fatigue of a long voyage across a stormy ocean, to which it was feared the more aged and delicate might prove unequal, were alone enough to deter them; but, supposing the voyage to be happily accomplished, they would then be only on the threshold of their troubles. Famine, nakedness, and cold, the deleterious influence of a different air and an inferior diet, and, above all, the dread of the savage tribes, of whose barbarous cruelties too many instances had already been given in the plantation of Virginia, filled their minds with dismal and terrifying anticipations. Finally, the great expense to be incurred—their past experience of the misery of a removal—and the apprehension lest, after all their sacrifices, the enterprise should, like so many preceding ones, turn out a failure—increased their reluctance to undertake this second and more distant emigration.

At length, however, the bolder counsel prevailed, and the majority determined to embrace it. But whither to go, was the next question. The Dutch, it is said, on learning their intention to emigrate, were so loth to part with such useful and peaceable refugees, that they offered to settle them upon the soil of Zealand; or, if they persisted in their desire to go abroad, offered them favourable terms to join their infant settlement of New Amsterdam, now New York, at the mouth of the Hudson river, discovered in 1609 by Henry Hudson, an English captain. Sir Walter Raleigh depicted Guiana in colours so glowing—as a paradise where nature produced spontaneously all that was necessary for human enjoyment—that the

imagination of not a few was dazzled with the splendid picture. But the more sober among them reflected that a tropical climate was enervating to the English constitution, and that besides they would be in too close proximity to the Spaniards, the natural enemy of all Protestants. The settlements in Virginia were next proposed, but in them Episcopalianism had been exclusively established by law; and it was justly objected that they might as well or better return to England to the tender mercies of the king and bishops, than expose themselves to their fury in a distant land, where, if persecuted, they could meet neither succour, nor defence, nor refuge. Every way they seemed hedged in and crippled. A single opening at length appeared—it was to settle in some place by themselves, within the territory of the Virginia Company, and to obtain from his Majesty, if possible, a special dispensation of freedom of religion in this their new abode. This resolution being taken, Robert Cushman and John Carver, two influential members whose names for the first time come forward in the story, were sent over to London to negotiate with the Virginia Company.

The sea-board of North America had been parcelled out by James to two separate Companies, one of which had liberty to colonize from the 34th to the 45th degree of latitude, and the second Company from the 38th to the 45th. It was to the first Company that the agents of the Pilgrims applied, and far from meeting with any difficulty, were welcomed by them as a very desirable body of settlers. But it was far otherwise when they sought to obtain a special promise of liberty of worship from the king; for James's hatred to Puritans and Separatists had attained the very climax of bitterness, and the most vigorous edicts had lately been issued against them. It was hardly then to be expected that he should concede to a body of men, already the special objects of his dislike, a privilege which he had resolutely denied to them in England. Sir Edwin Sandys and other leading personages connected with the Company, used all their influence to induce the Secretary of State and the Archbishop of

Canterbury to soften the inflexible resolution of the king; but all that could be obtained was a verbal promise, that "provided they carried themselves peaceably, no molestation should be offered them on religious grounds." To many this tacit assurance of immunity seemed far from satisfactory; but by others it was justly observed that if the king and council should desire to persecute them, "a seal as broad as the house floor" would be but a sorry protection, and that here, as in all instances, they must rely on the guidance of Providence.

Here we light upon another curious link traced by the critical research of Mr. Hunter. It would clearly appear that there was a family connexion between Brewster and Sir Edwin Sandys, "which," as he observes, "may account for the zeal which Sir Edwin showed in the cause when Brewster applied to him for assistance in 1617, when Sandys was treasurer, or at least an influential member, of the Virginia Company. It was then chiefly by Sir Edwin's influence at court that the difficulties were overcome, and the church then at Leyden obtained the king's permission to remove to New England, and live there as subjects to his Majesty, but with the full permission to enjoy all possible religious freedom. This early connexion of Brewster with the family of Sandys shows us the fitness of the selection of him by the church to negotiate the business in London, if we may not even go so far as to presume that Brewster saw, in the influence which Sir Edwin Sandys possessed in the affairs of the Virginia Company, that a favourable moment had arrived for gaining the permission which it was known the court was too unwilling to grant. Sir Edwin Sandys," adds Mr. Hunter, "was a person of a deeply religious turn of mind, and at the same time what in these days would be called *a liberal,* both in theology and political science. In the next generation his family were among the sternest opponents of the measures of the king. How heartily he entered into the design appears from a letter to Robinson and Brewster, dated November 13th, 1617, printed in

Hubbard's History. 'And so I betake you, with the design which I hope verily is the work of God, to the gracious protection and blessing of the Holy Ghost.' "

Through the influence of Sir Edwin Sandys, the Secretary of State, Sir Robert Naunton, was induced to apply to King James, entreating him to give his countenance to the Separatists, skilfully representing to his Majesty the political advantages to be derived from his compliance. James said that it was a good notion, and then asking what profits might arise from the scheme, it was answered, Fishing; to which he replied, with his ordinary asseveration,—" So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the apostles' own calling." And not only was it apostolic, but profitable withal,—the cod fisheries, both by the French and English, having hitherto been the chief inducements for visiting the northern coasts of America, upon which none but small fishing stations had yet been established. And thus it long continued to be after the settlement at Plymouth. There is an anecdote to this purpose of one who was addressing some of the northern settlers in a religio-patriotic vein, when he was drily interrupted by one of the hearers—" Sir, you mistake the matter; you think you are speaking to the people of the Bay—*our* chief end here was to catch fish."

The affair was not settled without much anxious correspondence and negotiation. A statement of their religious views, conforming in the main to the French Reformed Churches, but distinctly asserting the main principle of Congregationalism, was submitted to the Privy Council. To the Company was sent also a declaration of their motives and expectations, so interesting that we shall quote it in full:—

I. " We verily believe and trust the Lord is with us, unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials; and that he will graciously prosper our endeavours according to the simplicity of our hearts therein.

II. " We are well weaned from the delicate milk of our mother

country, and inured to the difficulties of a hard and strange land, which yet in great part our hourly patience overcomes.

III. "The people are, for the body of them, industrious and frugal, we think we may safely say, as any body of people in the world.

IV. "We are knit together as a body in a more strict and sacred bond and covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we do hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by every, and so mutual.

V. "And, lastly, it is not with us as with other men, whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again. We know our entertainment in England and Holland. We shall much prejudice both our arts and means by removal, where, if we should be driven to return, we should not hope to recover our present helps and comforts, neither indeed look ever to attain the like in any other place during our lives, which are now drawing toward their period."

At length this long and weary business, further protracted by dissensions in the Virginia Company, drew to a close. A patent was granted under their seal, and certain conditions mutually agreed upon. These bore very hard upon the poor exiles, and that they should have been obliged to submit to them sufficiently proved the scantiness of their resources. Each adult was to be rated at the value of ten pounds, and that sum to be accounted a single share. At the expiration of seven years, the capital and profits were to be equally divided between the adventurers, even including the houses and lands of the planters. This last condition was very distressing, but peremptorily insisted on by the merchants, and "necessity having no law, the emigrants were constrained to be silent."

The terms agreed upon were as follows :—

I. The adventurers and planters do agree, that every person that goeth, being sixteen years old and upwards, be rated at ten pounds, and that ten pounds be accounted a single share.

II. That he that goeth in person, and furnisheth himself out with ten pounds, either in money or other provisions, be accounted as having twenty pounds in stock, and in the division shall receive a double share.

III. The persons transported and the adventurers shall continue their joint-stock and partnership the space of seven years, except some unexpected impediments do cause the whole Company to agree otherwise, during which time all profits and benefits that are gotten by trade, traffic, trucking, working, fishing, or any other means, of any other person or persons, shall remain still in the common stock until the division.

IV. That at their coming there, they shall choose out such a number of fit persons as may furnish their ships and boats for fishing upon the sea; employing the rest in their several faculties upon the land, as building houses, tilling and planting the ground, and making such commodities as shall be most useful for the colony.

V. That at the end of the seven years, the capital and the profits, viz. the houses, lands, goods, and chattels, be equally divided among the adventurers. If any debt or detriment concerning this adventure . . . . . [the rest wanting.]

VI. Whosoever cometh to the colony hereafter, or putteth anything into the stock, shall, at the end of the seven years, be allowed proportionally to the time of his so doing.

VII. He that shall carry his wife, or children, or servants, shall be allowed for every person, now aged sixteen years and upwards, a single share in the division, or if he provides them necessaries, a double share, or if they be between ten years old and sixteen, then two of them to be reckoned for a person, both in transportation and division.

VIII. That such children that now go, and are under the age of ten years, have no other share in the division than fifty acres of unmanured land.

IX. That such persons as die before the seven years be

expired, their executors to have their parts or shares at the division, proportionably to the time of their life in the colony.

X. That all such persons as are of the colony, are to have meat, drink, and apparel, and all provisions out of the common stock and goods of the said colony.

The difference between the conditions thus expressed, and the former before their alteration, stood in these two points: first, that the houses and lands improved, especially gardens and home fields, should remain undivided, wholly to the planters, at the seven years' end; secondly, that the planters should have two days in the week for their own private employment, for the comfort of themselves and their families, especially such as had them to take care for. The altering of these two conditions was very afflictive to the minds of such as were concerned in the voyage. But Mr. Cushman, their principal agent, answered the complaints peremptorily, that unless they had so ordered the conditions, the whole design would have fallen to the ground, and necessity, they said, having no law, they were constrained to be silent. The poor planters met with much difficulty both before and after the expiring of the seven years, and found much trouble in making accounts with the adventurers about the division, at which time, though those that adventured their money were no great gainers, yet those that adventured their lives in carrying on the business of the plantation were by much the greatest sufferers.

These preliminaries being settled, the question arose—Since all who were willing could not immediately get ready, which of them should go forth as pioneers to open a path for their brethren? A day was solemnly set apart for this selection, and Robinson took occasion to encourage and strengthen the aspirants. The youngest and strongest might naturally be expected to volunteer, and among these was William Bradford. As it was agreed that Robinson himself should remain at Leyden with those who were to be left behind, Brewster, though unordained,

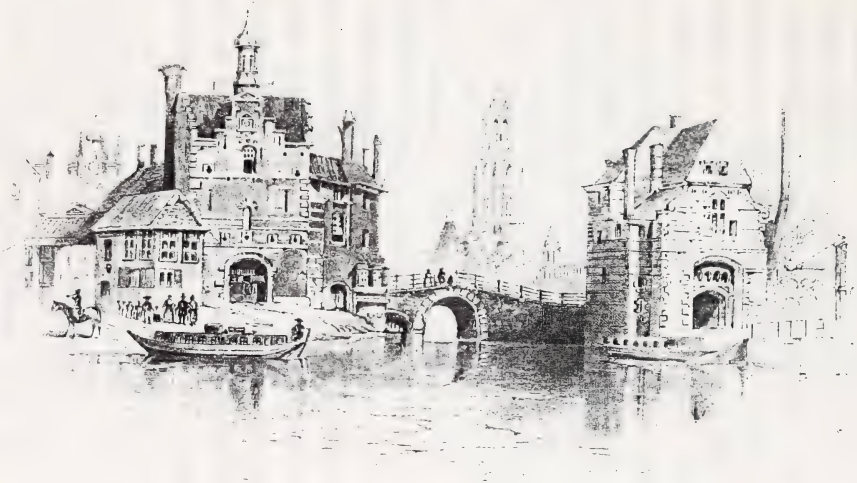
was chosen to fulfil the office of minister. Winslow and his wife, Carver, and Cushman, who had conducted the negotiations to an issue, and last, but not least, Captain Myles Standish, a man of courage and conduct, and a main stay in the event of hostilities with the Indians, prepared themselves for the arduous enterprise.

Those who had decided to go now threw their little property into the common stock, in order to meet the expenses of the voyage, and gathering together any articles of furniture endeared to them by old associations, held themselves in readiness to set out. The list included men of all ages, and of different ranks and circumstances. Thomas Weston, agent for the Merchants, now came from London to conclude the final arrangement; and Carver and Cushman were again sent over—the former to Southampton, the latter to London—to receive the necessary funds, and to make preparations for the voyage. Two small vessels had been purchased—one in Holland, called the "Speedwell," of only sixty tons burthen, partly to serve as a transport, and partly as a fishing boat, for service in America; the other, called the "Mayflower," of a hundred and eighty tons burthen, was to await their arrival in England, where it was probable they would be joined by a few of their fellow-separatists from London.

All things being at length arranged, those who had decided to go prepared for their long voyage. The brief notices of the parting scene given by Winslow and Bradford, eye-witnesses and sharers of its bitterness, possess a biblical simplicity and pathos far beyond the most laboured description. "So being ready to depart," says the latter, "they had a day of solemn humiliation, their pastor taking his text from Ezra viii. 21: 'And there, at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast, that we might humble ourselves before our God, and seek a right way for us and for our children, and for all our substance.'" Winslow further narrates, that "when the ship was ready to carry us away, the

brethren that stayed at Leyden feasted us that were to go at our pastor's house, being large, where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts as well as with the voice, there being many of this congregation very expert in music, and indeed it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard." "And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with the most of their brethren out of the city, unto a town sundry miles off, called Delfthaven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. So they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place near twelve years. But they knew they were PILGRIMS, and looked not much to those things, but lifted their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

On their way from Leyden to the place of embarkation, the Pilgrims must have passed directly through the fine old city of Delft. Twenty years ago the writer found its gates still standing, and committed them to his sketch-book; and they are now produced as a curious specimen of the old Dutch fortifications, and as a halting-place of the exiles on their melancholy way, exactly as it was in their time—the canal being that which passes through the city from Leyden to Delfthaven. These ancient gates, of mingled brick and stone, and pierced above and below with holes for musketry, with machicolations and portcullises, recall the terrible days of the Spanish struggle. There is a painting of them in the gallery at the Hague, showing a third gate, demolished at the time of the author's first visit; and, since that time, the whole have been swept away. These gates are besides curious, as showing the style of architecture introduced by the Hollanders into America. Such were the gables that adorned the cities of New Amsterdam and Fort Orange (New York and Albany) in the primitive days of the Dutch dominion; and some lingering traces of them are still to be seen in those cities—relics of the olden time, which the antiquary delights to hunt out. The elegant tower of the New Church,



built in 1381, and rising to the height of three hundred feet, appears in the background of the view; and within the edifice repose the princes of the illustrious House of Orange. The Old Church, a ponderous edifice, is also comprised within the picture. It contains the tombs of two famous Dutch admirals: Peter Hein, who captured Bahia in 1624, and in 1628 intercepted the Spanish fleet, laden with the treasures of America; and a still greater sailor, Martin Van Tromp, idolized by the Dutch sailors, and called by them their grandfather, who worthily contended with Blake and the English for the empire of the seas, and was at length killed in combating them, in the year 1653.

Just under the old gate, a treeschuyt or canal-boat is about to take its departure. This is the old mode of travel, most probably adopted by the Pilgrims; and lazy as it is, it is still the best way to see what is characteristic in Holland. The barge is drawn by a horse, at the rate of about five miles an hour; and as the canals invariably pass through the towns, there is a constant succession of interesting objects. The rich meadows, enamelled with flowers, covered with cattle—the endless windmills—the country houses, each with its "lusthaus" or pleasure pavilion, overhanging the water, its plantations of roses and tulips—the quaint old streets, so exquisitely clean, bordered with rows of spreading trees—the lofty towers and steeples—produce together, as the traveller glides almost noiselessly through the glassy water, a constant series of gay and pleasurable impressions. But very different were the feelings of the Pilgrims, as they looked their last upon these scenes! and too fast to them the progress of the slow-toiling barge, for it bore them to the spot where they were to part with their companions! and sad the parting glance of that pleasant land, with its serene and happy quietude, when they thought of the wild ocean, and the savage solitudes for which they were about to exchange it!

And thus they pursued their way to Delfthaven, or the haven of the city of Delft, about fourteen miles from Leyden, on the

river Maese, by which it communicates with the sea. It is now a quiet, old-fashioned place, of but little commercial importance. The "haven" consists of a long canal, bordered with trees, running back from the river, which, as represented in the engraving, is lined by picturesque old houses, with pointed gables and arched doorways, many of them bearing the date of their erection, about half a century before the departure of the Pilgrims. Thus the objects before us are almost identical with those upon which they gazed as they entered the place from Leyden. The Maese appears in the distance beyond the bridge, and the small Dutch vessel which happened to pass at the time is quite as large as the "Speedwell," and probably not unlike her in build.

"When they came to the place," to pursue the narrative of Bradford, "they found the ship and all things ready; and such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them; and sundry also came from Amsterdam to see them shipped, and to take leave of them. That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day, the wind being fair, they went on board and their friends with them, when truly doleful was the sight of the sad and mournful parting." Bradford speaks of the sighs, and sobs, and prayers, and of the tears that gushed from every eye; but Winslow gives the deepest impression of their agony, when saying, "they were not able to speak to one another, for the abundance of sorrow to part." The Dutch who stood on the quay as spectators could not refrain from tears, and long afterward preserved the memory of this pathetic scene. "But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loth to depart, their reverend pastor, falling down on his knees and all they with them, commended them with most fervent tears to the Lord and his blessing; and then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leave of one another—which proved to be their last leave to many of them."

The "Speedwell" was by the side of the quay, the sails were spread to a favourable breeze, and the ship slipped out of the canal into the open Maese. Those on board gave a parting salute—a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance—to their friends, who following them to the end of the quay, continued to wave their hands until the bark faded on the distant horizon. They thence returned in heaviness to Leyden. An old mill, on the point of land that juts out into the river, marks the spot whence they must have watched the departing vessel.

The "Speedwell" continued her seaward course along the green and level shores, until, passing the tall church of the Brill, and the low sand-banks at the mouth of the Maese, she emerged into the open sea, and the shores of Holland rapidly receded from the straining eyes of those who went forth on a second exile.

CHAPTER III.

The Settlement in America.

ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.—THE "MAYFLOWER."—FINAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE TWO SHIPS, AND DEPARTURE.—DAMAGE TO THE "SPEEDWELL."—PUT INTO DARTMOUTH.—A SECOND TIME INTO PLYMOUTH.—FINAL RETURN OF THE "SPEEDWELL."—VOYAGE OF THE "MAYFLOWER."—ARRIVAL AT CAPE COD.—FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE COUNTRY.—LANDING AT PLYMOUTH.—SETTLEMENT THERE.—SUFFERINGS OF THE FIRST WINTER.—RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."—VISIT OF MASSASOIT, AND NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE INDIANS.—ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE "FORTUNE."—SCARCITY OF PROVISIONS.—ILLNESS OF MASSASOIT.—DISCOVERY OF INDIAN PLOT—ITS SUMMARY SUPPRESSION BY STANDISH.—BRETHREN AT LEYDEN.—LETTER OF ROBINSON—HIS DEATH.—NOTICES OF PILGRIM LOCALITIES IN AMERICA.—PLYMOUTH.—LEYDEN-STREET.—BURIAL-HALL.—COLES-HILL.—LANDING-PLACE.—DUXBURY HILL.—STANDISH SPRING.—TOWN BROOK.—BILLINGTON SEA.—CAPE COD.—PROVINCE-TOWN.—PILGRIM HALL—ITS CONTENTS.—FURTHER NOTICES OF BRADFORD AND CARVER.—SUFFERINGS AND HARDSHIPS OF THE PILGRIMS—THEIR CHARACTER AND WORK—THEIR INSTITUTIONS.—PRESENT CONDITION OF PLYMOUTH.—CONCLUSION.

With a fair breeze and flowing sail, the Pilgrims soon came in sight of the white cliffs of England, and the reflection must have been bitter indeed, that they were to obtain this momentary glimpse of their native land, only to take leave of it for ever. Driven forth from their homes by persecution, and unable to maintain their ground in Holland, they were now to undertake a long voyage across a stormy ocean, to seek in the American forests a home for their old age, and a sepulchre to receive their bones.

The "Mayflower," the larger ship, which, as before mentioned, was hired to convey them across the Atlantic, had gone round from London to Southampton to await their arrival, and to that port the "Speedwell" was accordingly steered. After a short and prosperous voyage, she ran up the beautiful estuary of the Southampton Water—bordered with rich woods, among which peeped forth, as they approached the town, the grey ruins of Netley Abbey, and shortly after, they beheld the old walls and towers of Southampton, and the "Mayflower" lying at anchor in front of them.

Few vessels have obtained so great a distinction in the annals of maritime adventure as the little "Mayflower." At the time she was built the commerce of England, though steadily on the increase, and greatly to be augmented during the following reign, could bear no comparison with that of Holland. We learn from a work drawn up by Sir Walter Raleigh, and presented by him to James I., soon after his accession, (as quoted in the Pictorial History of England,) that the ordinary trade carried on by the Dutch with England, employed not fewer than five or six hundred Dutch ships, but not a tenth of that number of English. But besides, whenever there was in England a dearth of wine, fish, or corn, it was the custom of the Dutch immediately to load fifty or a hundred vessels with the particular commodity in request, and to despatch them to all the ports of this kingdom, to reap the harvest of the high prices. In a recent dearth of corn, Raleigh affirms that the merchants of Embden, Hamburgh, and Holland, had thus carried away in a year and a half, from the ports of Southampton, Exeter, and Bristol alone, nearly 200,000*l.*; and he thinks that, from the whole of the kingdom, they could not have obtained less than ten times that sum. In spite of Raleigh's representations but little improvement was effected in this reign, but the foundation of future greatness was laid, by the charter of several trading companies; such as the East India Company, the Levant or

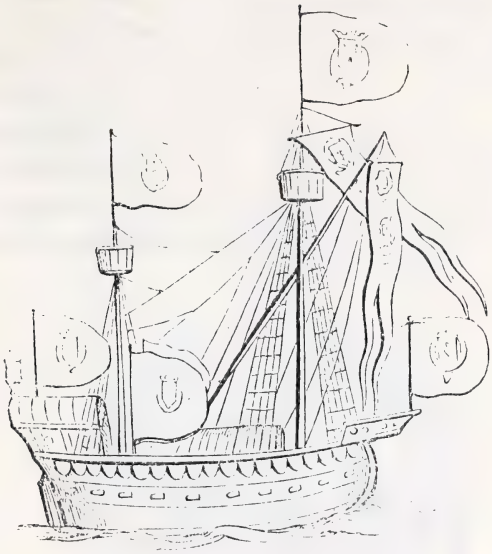
Turkey Company, and others, among which were the London Adventurers or South Virginia Company, and the Plymouth Adventurers, with whom our Pilgrims had recently entered into an arrangement.

The size of the vessels employed by these companies, with few exceptions, was still but small. At James's accession there were not above four hundred vessels in England of four hundred tons burthen. In their build, though very picturesque, they were tublike and clumsy—the shape of the hull being very broad-bottomed and capacious, while the lofty cabins, built up fore and aft on deck, must have caused them to roll heavily in bad weather. This style has now become obsolete in Europe, but may still be seen in the Arab vessels in the Red Sea and the Levant. After looking at various examples, we have found none more probably resembling the "Mayflower" than one copied from the maps of Abraham Ortelius, the famous geographer, and

engraved in the "Art Journal," to illustrate an interesting paper by Mr. F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

A second cut exhibits a somewhat similar ship, which con-

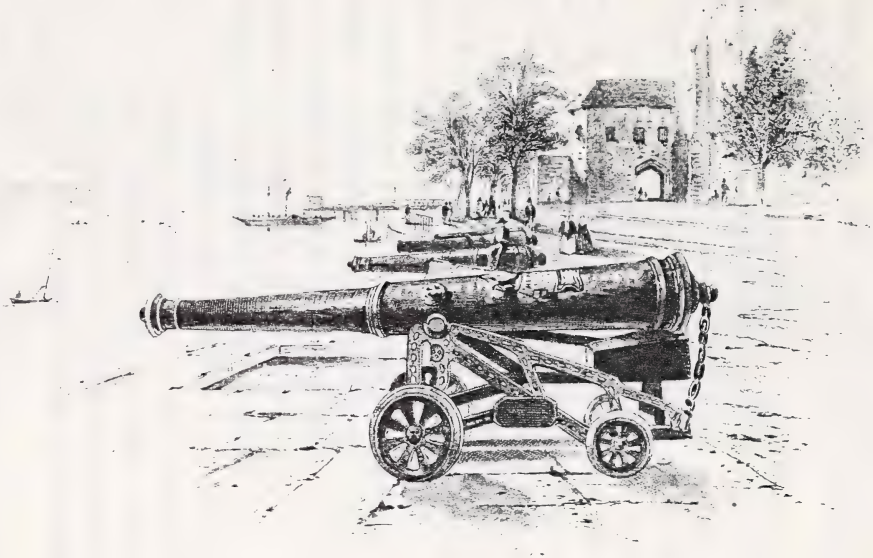
veyed the Duke of Anjou to Antwerp, on the occasion of his visit to that city in 1582.



Southampton is one of the most ancient towns in Great Britain, and to few pertain more interesting associations. The Romans had established in the immediate neighbourhood a station called *Clausentum*, of which some traces are still visible. The first authentic records of the Saxons speak of "Old Hampton" as a long-established place, but perceiving the superior advantages of the present site, they are supposed to have founded the existing town. In those days the Christian religion seems to have taken root, and monasteries appear to have been founded in the neighbourhood. The place suffered fearfully from the irruptions of the Danes; when their sway was established, Southampton became the frequent residence of Canute the Great; and on a point of land now covered by the new docks, the well-known traditional reproof to his courtiers is said to have been delivered. Here occurred the exploits of the celebrated "Sir Bevis of Hampton,"

a powerful Saxon lord, who opposed the Normans, and became the hero of so many metrical romances. Here Henry II. landed from France, on his way to perform penance at the shrine of the murdered Becket. During the wars with France the town was the scene of many stirring events. Whilst Edward III. was contending for the succession of the crown of France with Philip de Valois, 1338, fifty French galleys attacked the town, which was sacked and burnt. When Edward III. raised a fleet for the invasion of France, Southampton contributed twenty-one ships and five hundred and seventy-six sailors, and was appointed

the rendezvous for the western portion of the fleet; and hence sailed the troops who won the battle of Crecy. Both Richard II. and Henry made the fortifications their especial care; and in the reign of the gallant Henry V. sailed hence the second army, which gained the victory of Agincourt. Henry VIII. is said to have visited the town with Anne Boleyn; and here the emperor Charles V. embarked, after his visit to Henry's court, in 1522, being taken on board the fleet of the Earl of Surrey, Lord High Admiral, who had just made two successful attacks on the French coast. In July, 1554, Philip of Spain arrived here with his fleet, and proceeded to Winchester, where he was married to



Queen Mary. Here Elizabeth resorted for a while; and Charles I., while the plague was raging in London, came here to confer with the Dutch ambassadors. In short, a large proportion of our English monarchs seem to have been drawn hither, either by war or public business, or the delights of the chase in the neighbouring New Forest.

At the present day, Southampton is a gay, thriving town, about half divided between the pursuits of pleasure and business. It is the head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Club, and the station for the West India and other mail-steamers. It has far outgrown its original boundaries, but a large portion of its walls and gates are yet remaining, and a ramble round them will carry one back to the wars of the middle ages, and the time when the quaint-looking, high-sterned little "Mayflower" took in her cargo for the shores of America. One of the old towers bears the name of Edward the Black Prince. Here is the venerable old chapel called "Godde's House," wherein were interred the conspirators against Henry V., whose parting scene is immortalized by Shakspeare, and which was appointed by Queen Elizabeth as a place of worship for the fugitive Protestants expelled from the Netherlands. On the bank above the river, at a spot called "The Platform," is a curious old cannon, presented to the town by Henry VIII. Standing a little in advance of the old walls, it overlooks the broad, beautiful river, at the very spot where the "Mayflower" and "Speedwell," most probably, took in their passengers; and, save the erection of a steamboat pier, the features of the scene are but very little changed during the two centuries that have since elapsed.

Small as she was, the little ship which carried the Pilgrims and their fortunes was strong and staunch, and did good service in the cause of New England colonization. Mr. Hunter observes, that from Mr. Sherley's letter to Governor Bradford (Prince, p. 187), it appears that she was still employed in crossing between the two countries in 1629. A company of Mr. Robin-

son's church, who had remained in Holland to that year, were about to pass in it to America; and in the same author (p. 210) we find that the vessel arrived in the harbour of Charlestown on July 1, 1630, bearing on this occasion a portion of Winthrop's company of emigrants, who, incited by the success of the Plymouth pilgrims, laid the foundations of the State of Massachusetts. It would appear that there were several vessels bearing the same name, derived, most probably, from a familiar and delightful object, the fragrant blossom of the hawthorn, with which the hedges are covered in England in the "merry month of May." The same pretty name, it will appear, is given to the first flower which heralds the American spring.

On landing here the exiles from Holland found their brethren from London awaiting them, and after mutual congratulations, set to work to lay in the necessary stores, and make other preparations for their long and perilous voyage. While thus engaged, they received a further proof of the affectionate solicitude of Robinson, in a letter he had despatched after them from Leyden. "Loving Christian friends," thus he commences, "I do heartily and in the Lord salute you, as being those with whom I am present in my best affections, and most earnest longings after you, though I be constrained for a while to be bodily absent from you. I say constrained, God knowing how willingly and much rather than otherwise I would have borne my part with you in this first brunt, were I not by strong necessity held back for the present. Make account of me, in the meanwhile, as of a man divided in myself with great pain, and as (natural bonds set aside) having my better part with you." He then, in a strain of great tenderness and beauty, as foreseeing those evils most incident to such an enterprise, urges on them the necessity of mutual charity and consideration for each other's faults, warning them that "their intended course of civil community would minister continual occasion of offence, and be as fuel for that fire, except they diligently quench it with brotherly forbearance."

Above all, he entreats them, "with their common employments to join common affections, truly bent upon the general good," and to avoid all private and selfish ends. And, finally, "as men are careful not to have a new house shaken with any violence before it be well settled, and the parts firmly knit," he beseeches them to be careful "that the house of God be not shaken with unnecessary novelties or other oppositions at the first settling thereof." As in apostolic days the Epistles of Paul were promulgated for the edification of the churches to which they were addressed, so was this wise and affectionate letter of the pastor of Leyden read aloud to the assembled exiles, and the counsels which it conveyed sunk deeply into their hearts.

The emigrants were then regularly organized for the voyage, being first distributed for either ship, and an overseer and assistants being appointed to serve out provisions and attend to those under their charge. The larger number of course were put on board the "Mayflower." On the 5th of August they finally parted with their Southampton friends, and sailing down the river, and past the Isle of Wight and its picturesque rocks, the Needles, were speedily in the English Channel. But hardly had they got into the open sea when their disasters began. The master of the "Speedwell," who had been hired to remain a year abroad with the vessel, moved either by cowardice or dislike to the enterprise, pretended that his ship was so leaky that he durst not proceed further in her. As the "Mayflower" could not sail without her consort, both vessels went into the romantic harbour of Dartmouth, where a week was consumed in the repair of the "Speedwell," until that vessel was pronounced quite sound by the carpenters. Accordingly they again set sail, but ere they reached Plymouth the captain of the "Speedwell" declared that he was ready to founder, and going into that port, a fresh examination was made. Although no special cause could be discovered for these complaints, it was at length decided that the "Speedwell" should be sent back to London as unsea-

worthy, with such of her passengers as, being discouraged by their repeated hindrances, lost heart to persevere in their design, the remainder being transferred to the larger ship. A hundred passengers—many of them aged and infirm, children, women in an advanced state of pregnancy—were thus cooped up in a vessel of a hundred and eighty tons burthen. By this unworthy stratagem not only were many valuable hands lost to the company, and great inconvenience occasioned to the rest, but such serious delay had taken place, that it was the beginning of September before the "Mayflower," with its crowd of suffering passengers, could continue the voyage thus inauspiciously commenced.

A passing notice of Plymouth at that early period may not perhaps be here inappropriate. Though the last place, except Pembroke, at which a royal dockyard was established, it was from an early period the frequent rendezvous of the naval armaments of the country. In 1355 Edward the Black Prince, after having been detained forty days at "Sutton," by contrary winds, sailed from this port for France; and on his return, in 1357, after the battle of Poictiers, he landed there with his royal prisoners, the king of France, and the Dauphin his son. In 1470 the Earl of Warwick, called the King-maker, with the Earls of Pembroke and Oxford, landed at Plymouth in their expedition—which was attended with temporary success—to restore Henry VI.; and at Plymouth were fitted out the vessels with which the Earl of Cumberland, Sir Francis Drake, Gilbert, Hawkins, Carlisle, Grenville, and Cavendish proceeded on their voyages of discovery. When the Spanish armada passed the Sound, on the 20th July, 1588, a part of the English fleet, under the command of Lord Charles Howard and Sir Francis Drake, were at anchor near Plymouth; and it is said that Sir Francis was playing at bowls on the Hoe when he received intelligence of the enemy being in sight. Some of the Spanish ships entered a short distance within the Sound; and their admiral, the Duke of Medina

Sidonia, is said to have been so much pleased with the situation of Mount Edgecumbe, that he determined to make it his residence, when the forces under his command should have conquered England. As soon as the armada had passed, the English fleet proceeded to sea, and on the following day overtook the enemy, when Lord Howard encountered the Spanish vice-admiral. A running-fight was kept up until the 24th, when the Plymouth squadron being joined by another division off the Isle of Wight, the engagement became more general. It was continued at intervals till the 28th July, when the English assailed the enemy with fire-ships, as they lay at anchor off Calais, and on the two following days succeeded in totally dispersing the grand armada, which had been blessed and pronounced invincible by the pope. Plymouth on this occasion supplied seven ships and one fly-boat to the English fleet; a greater number than was sent by any other port, except London. In 1596, Plymouth was the rendezvous for the expedition against Cadiz, or Cales, as the town was then called, under the Earl of Essex and the Earl of Nottingham. The English having succeeded in taking Cadiz, the Earl of Essex knighted so many persons of "weake and small meanes," that a "Knight of Cales" became a proverbial expression for a poor gentleman.

Such was Plymouth when the "Mayflower" and "Speedwell" put in there. We find that our Pilgrims were "kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling," which circumstance, as well as this being the last place they visited in England, afterwards induced them to bestow the name of New Plymouth upon their settlement on the American shores.

At length, on Wednesday, the 6th of September, the wind coming east-north-east, the "Mayflower" proceeded on her solitary way. Impelled by "a fine small gale," the rocks of Cornwall faded from the sight of the Pilgrims, and they took their last look at the dear shores of England, which they were destined never to see again. The great solitude of the western ocean now

lay outstretched before them. At first they had fair winds, and sailed prosperously onward, but it was not long before the equinoctial gales set in, and the tremendous swell of the Atlantic threatened to engulf the little bark, a speck in the immensity of the waters. Those who have witnessed a "Nor'-wester" during the equinox, even in one of the splendid steamers of modern times, may form some idea of the terrors of such a scene to those on board a vessel like the "Mayflower." Still the little bark struggled gallantly onward with her precious freight, battling continually with contrary gales and fierce storms. Sorely shattered, her upper works strained and leaky, and one of the main beams amidships bent and cracked, anxious consultations were held between the seamen and passengers, whether it would not be better to put back; and but for the fortunate discovery of a large iron screw brought by one of the Pilgrims from Holland, which served to rivet the defective beam, it is very probable the whole enterprise might have been defeated. The ship still held on her course, struggling with head-winds and tempestuous seas, and often obliged to lie to for many days together. The misery of those on board during this protracted encounter with the elements was greatly aggravated by the discomfort of the vessel—so crowded, that even while the ship was drenched by continual seas, the shallop on deck was used as a sleeping place for some of the passengers.

Although only one death occurred during the voyage, that of William Batten, a youth and servant of Dr. Samuel Fuller, (counterbalanced by the single birth of a son to Stephen Hopkins, who bestowed on the child the appropriate name of "Oceanus,") yet there can be little doubt such privation and suffering undermined the constitutions of the weaker members, and paved the way for that terrible mortality which soon afterwards swept so many into an early grave.

Sixty-four days had thus been passed—long, dreary, doleful days and nights—when, early in the morning of the 9th of

November, the Pilgrims obtained their first view of the coast of America, a sight which caused them to "rejoice together, and praise God that had given them once again to see the land." To the tempest-tost passenger—suffering from confinement and closeness—the sight of any shore, however wild, and the aromatic smell that blows off from the land, are inexpressibly sweet and refreshing.

> "Lovely seems any object that shall sweep
> Away the vast—salt—dread—eternal deep!"

And thus we find that the low sand hills of Cape Cod, covered with scrubby woods that descended to the margin of the sea, seemed, at the first glance, a perfect paradise of verdure to the eyes of these poor sea-beat wanderers.

It had been the original design of the exiles, as before observed, to settle somewhere by themselves, within the limits of the Virginia Company's patent; and thus, after a consultation with the captain, the vessel was steered towards the mouth of the river Hudson, which they imagined to be only thirty or forty miles to the southward. But they had not sailed far in this direction before they were entangled amidst the dangerous shoals and breakers which extend to the southward of the Cape; a strong contrary wind springing up at the same time added to the peril of their position, and thus the captain resolved to put about and bear up for Cape Cod Harbour, where they arrived safely in the course of the next day.

The harbour which sheltered the shattered "Mayflower" was already known to early American navigators. It was first discovered on the 15th of May, 1602, by Bartholomew Gosnold, who gave it that name, from the abundance of cod he found there. Seven years later, on the 3d of August, 1609, Henry Hudson anchored at the north end of the headland, and his men went on shore, and brought off wild grapes and roses. He gave it the name of New Holland, by which it is represented in the Dutch maps of that day, the extremity being called White-point,

probably, as Mr. Sumner suggests, from the glaring sand hills which, low as they are, are visible in clear weather at an immense distance. The famous Captain John Smith, of Virginia renown, also surveyed the coast in 1614, and correctly describes the harbour as "sickle-shaped," like that of Messina in Sicily, to which indeed the Greeks gave the very same appellation.

On November the 11th, before they came to the harbour, Bradford remarks that, "observing some not well affected to unity and concord, but who gave some appearance of faction, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government and governors, as we should by common consent agree to make and choose; and set our hands to this that follows, word for word:—

"'In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, &c., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620.

Mr. John Carver	8	Mr. Samuel Fuller	2
William Bradford	2	Mr. Christopher Martin	4
Mr. Edward Winslow	5	Mr. William Mullins	5
Mr. William Brewster	6	Mr. William White	5
Mr. Isaac Allerton	6	Mr. Richard Warren	1
Captain Miles Standish	2	John Goodman	1
John Howland		Degory Priest	1
Mr. Stephen Hopkins	8	Thomas Williams	1
Edward Tilly	4	Gilbert Winslow	1
John Tilly	3	Edmund Margeston	1
Francis Cook	2	Peter Brown	1
Thomas Rogers	2	Richard Britterige	1
Thomas Tinker	3	George Soule	
John Ridgdale	2	Richard Clarke	1
Edward Fuller	3	Richard Gardiner	1
John Turner	3	John Allerton	1
Francis Eaton	3	Thomas English	1
James Chilton	3	Edward Dotey	
John Crackston	2	Edward Leister	
John Billington	4		
Moses Fletcher	1		101 "
John Alden	1		

This voluntary agreement has been denominated by American writers, "the birth of popular constitutional liberty," an abstract profession of democratic government, based upon equal laws, upon which the whole framework of American political institutions is founded. This seems to be a mistake, if it refers to the intentions of the Pilgrims. Nothing is more evident than that, in drawing up this document, they were merely defining what, in their position, it was absolutely necessary to do—their right to frame the best laws for their own internal government, always regarding themselves as subject both to the king and parliament of England. Practically, however, the giving to every man the right of voting,—the choosing of their own officers by the entire body, and the discussing their affair in town meetings—did really lay the foundation of a totally new system of government, upon the basis of a democratic equality and practical independence, over which the nominal sway of a distant power

could never exert any efficient or permanent control. Most probably the Pilgrims, in this instance as in others, little foresaw or contemplated the momentous results of an arrangement dictated at the time by mere necessity. Under their new agreement, John Carver was unanimously chosen governor for the ensuing year.

Although, in this secure anchorage, the poor exiles felt that the perils of the seas were at an end, yet the prospect before them was dreary and disheartening in the extreme. The wintry wind howled through the cordage of the battered ship, and whirled the last leaves of the red autumnal foliage along the desolate shore. Its icy blasts thrilled through the shivering frames of people enfeebled by sickness and confinement. They had originally intended to arrive on the coast much earlier; but the delays occasioned by the "Speedwell" had, by exposing them to the full brunt of the stormy season, greatly retarded the passage, and now winter was approaching, with neither shelter nor habitation to protect them from its inclemency. The dreary appearance of the country, in a state of primeval wildness, and without any trace of human life, must have been appalling to their spirits. The wide ocean separated them from their friends, and it must be long indeed before they could receive any assistance. And where were they to commence their settlement? The captain—whom many have suspected, though apparently without cause, of having treacherously taken bribes from the Dutch not to convey them to the Hudson River,—urged them to an immediate decision, reminding them that every day's delay consumed their slender stock of provisions; and even threatening, if they hesitated much longer, to put them and their goods ashore and return home.

As soon as they had cast anchor, the shallop was fitted out to explore the coasts for a suitable spot to settle in, and parties went on shore to fetch wood and water—being however, from the shallowness of the water, forced to wade through the icy brine

for a considerable distance. Fifteen men well armed set out to survey the immediate neighbourhood, but returned without discovering any trace of inhabitants. The repairs of the shallop seemed likely to take up so much time, that a party under the leadership of Captain Myles Standish, volunteered to undertake an exploration on foot, justly esteemed a service of some peril, and "rather permitted than approved." At length, on the 15th of November, the sixteen men, armed with musket, sword, and corselet, were put ashore. They advanced single file along the coast, and descrying certain Indians, endeavoured but in vain to track them till overtaken by night, when kindling a fire and appointing sentinels, they lay down and took their first night's sleep among the American forests.

Next day as soon as they could see, they continued to follow the traces of the Indians, rounding the head of what is now called East Harbour Creek, but all in vain, though they got entangled amidst thickets which tore "their very armour in pieces" in the chase.

The annexed cut gives a fair idea of the armour of this period; but it is most probable our Pilgrims had only a corselet

and head-piece, though Standish himself had a coat of mail. All of them seemed to have carried muskets or fowling-pieces. Suffering severely from want of water, they struck into a deep valley full of deer tracks, which guided them to some springs, where, says the narrator, "we sat us down and drank our first New England water, with as much delight as we ever drank drink in all our lives."

Continuing their toilsome progress, the pioneers came upon further traces of the Indians: the site of a house—an old ship's kettle brought from Europe—and a large basket full of Indian corn, which they carried away, intending to reimburse the owners—together with certain graves, which they forbore to examine, because "they thought it would be odious to them to ransack their sepulchres." In the course of their wanderings, they came to a tree where "a young sprit was bowed down over a bow, and some acorns strewed beneath it;"—a very pretty device, intended as they supposed to catch deer; and of the efficiency of which William Bradford furnished an illustration by accidentally treading on it, "when it gave a sudden jerk up, and he was immediately caught by the leg," no doubt to the great amusement of his comrades. Marching wearily through the sandy woods, or wading up to their knees in water, they at length drew nigh the ship, and on firing a signal, were conveyed "both weary and welcome" on board.

Nothing of note was discovered on this first exploration, and as the shallop was now ready, four and twenty of the Pilgrims, accompanied by "Master Jones" and some of his sailors, amounting in all to five and thirty men, set forth on the 27th of November more fully to examine the coast, and fix upon a settlement.

Dreary, indeed, was the weather when this second band set out on their cruise. The wind was contrary, and so boisterous, that the boat could not keep the sea, but had to be laid up for the night. The men were compelled to wade ashore above their

knees in water, and after marching several miles further, to bivouac for the night in the open air, exposed to a fall of snow and the keen frost, so that several who perished, as the chronicle informs us, soon after, "here took the original of their death."

Next morning the shallop overtook them, and, getting on board, they sailed with a fair wind to the mouth of Pamet River, and landing, spent the whole day in exploring its desolate shores, covered with several inches of snow. They continued to examine this neighbourhood next day, and, happily, found a fresh supply of corn, at the same spot where they had previously met with it. Here they sent back several who were too sick to proceed, and continued on their dreary way. Traces of the Indians were still numerous: they found paths beaten by their feet, lighted upon a grave containing the bones of one of their chiefs, and soon after came to several of their huts, but none of the inhabitants could they discover. Many of them, exhausted with this toilsome expedition, were in favour of settling at Pamet River, but this design was overruled. Their pilot, named Robert Coppin, who had been on these coasts before, in a whaling vessel, bethought him of a navigable river and good harbour on the other side of the bay, which they first resolved to examine. Ten of the staunchest men volunteered to go on this errand, including Standish, Carver, Bradford, and Winslow; and on the 6th of December they set sail. Their sufferings now became intense, the cold being so excessive that two of their number were taken ill, while the salt spray of the sea froze upon their clothes as it fell, so that they were speedily cased all over as in coats of iron.

They sailed along as far as a spot they called Grampus Harbour, now Wellfleet, and again went ashore; but though they saw evidences of Indian occupation, still they could fall in with none of the savages. That night they heard "a great and hideous cry;" the sentinels cried out, "Arm, arm!" and they fired off a couple of muskets; but as none replied, the noise

was supposed to be nothing more than the shrieks of wolves or foxes.

But the morrow told another tale, for in the dull, dark twilight, after they had, as usual, commenced the day with prayer, and were preparing to breakfast, the same fearful yell again burst upon their ear; and hardly had one rushed in with the cry of "Indians, Indians!" than the arrows came flying thick into the midst of them. Standish, having a piece ready, fired it off; the others rushed to arms, and returned the flight of arrows with a discharge of musketry. Nevertheless the Indian Sachem bravely stood three shots, the last of which appears to have taken effect, for he uttered a yell of agony—then the whole retreated into the woods, followed for some distance by the victors, who, after giving several hearty English cheers and firing a volley, at length betook themselves to their shallop. The scene of this skirmish they denominated "The First Encounter."

Again they sailed along the desolate coast, but saw neither creek nor harbour. The sea proved more inhospitable than the land. A heavy snow-storm came on, with torrents of rain; and amidst its blinding fury, which obscured all prospect, the gale increased—the sea got up—the rudder snapped with a sudden shock—and a sorry shift at steering was made with a couple of oars. The heavy waves threatened every moment to swamp the unmanageable shallop, and the fading light of a wintry day was about to abandon them on a perilous shore.

Coppin, the pilot, suddenly called out to them to be of good cheer, for he beheld the harbour. All sail was strained to get in, when snap went the mast in three places, and at the critical moment Coppin exclaimed, "The Lord be merciful! my eyes never saw this place before." They were rushing headlong into the midst of breakers, when the steersman's presence of mind saved them from impending destruction. "About with her, or we are cast away!" he cried to the rowers. The shallop's course was instantly altered, and she was carried into the harbour with

a flood tide, where, bringing up under the lee of a small rise of land, they rode secure from danger.

Night soon closed over the exhausted wanderers,—wet, weary, hungry, and frost-bitten,—yet, fearing lest they should be surprised by savages, as in the morning, they were afraid to leave the boat. "But some, almost perishing with cold, could bear it no longer, and, venturing ashore, with great difficulty kindled a fire, and comforted themselves with its kindly warmth." As the night advanced the wind shifted, a frost set in, with drizzling rain, and the rest of the benumbed party were glad to get ashore and join their companions around the fire, and thaw their half-frozen joints before its crackling logs.

On the morrow, perambulating the place, they found it to be a small, uninhabited island. Here, then, they resolved to remain, to recruit their wearied frames, dry their baggage, and refix their muskets: for the next day was the Sabbath, and it is characteristic of their deeply religious spirit, that, pressed as they were to rejoin their anxious companions, they should have halted to observe it with their customary solemnity.

Next morning, the memorable 12th of December, they left their place of shelter, which has received the name of Clarke's Island, after the mate of the "Mayflower," who is said to have been the first to land upon it. Sounding the harbour, and finding it eligible for shipping, they determined to explore its shores. They stepped ashore, as tradition declares, upon a huge boulder of granite projecting into the waves—little dreaming that it would hereafter become the object of as much veneration to their innumerable descendants, as the Kaaba of Mecca to the feet of the pious Moslem. The soil appeared very favourable for a settlement, "there being divers corn-fields and little running brooks." Here, then, their weary researches came to a close, and they joyfully weighed anchor to carry the good news to their brethren. During their absence, on December 4th, "Mistress White was brought to bed of a son, which was called Peregrine," the first

birth in the colony. Several deaths had also taken place; and Bradford, on returning from his toilsome voyage, had the anguish to find that his wife Dorothy had been accidentally drowned.

On the 15th of December the "Mayflower" set sail from Cape Cod Harbour, and the next day came to an anchorage in Plymouth Bay. The journal of the Pilgrims now continues to trace the history of each day, with a minuteness of detail like that of Robinson Crusoe himself. On the 18th, a party went on shore to examine the land, and, weary with marching, "returned aboard without coming to any conclusion." Next day, the search was renewed—some going on land, others in the shallop. They ascended a river, which received the name of Jones in compliment to their captain, where they first thought of settling, but various objections suggested themselves; others thought of the island, but still they arrived at no decision. As time was fast slipping away, and their provisions running short, they resolved next day to settle definitively upon one of the places they had examined.

On the next morning accordingly, being the 20th of December, "having called on God for direction," they went on shore again, and at last, by a majority of voices, resolved to settle on the spot now covered by the town of Plymouth. It was on a ridge of high ground, where land had been cleared and planted with corn some three or four years before; the place abounded in "delicate springs" of water, and under the hill-side ran "a very sweet brook," abounding in fish, and the mouth of which afforded a snug shelter to their boats and shallops. Upon a bold isolated eminence, commanding an extensive view to sea, they resolved to erect a fort. On this promising spot a rude shelter was erected for the party, and it was resolved that the main body should come on shore next morning, and begin to erect houses.

The place of their settlement had been noticed by Captain John Smith, in his map of New England published in 1616, and characterised as "an excellent good harbour." The Indian name

was Accomack. Smith, because perhaps of a certain general resemblance to that harbour, called it Plymouth; and this title was the more readily confirmed by the Pilgrims, on account of the kindness which they received from many at this port—the last in England at which they had touched on their voyage.

On the 21st came a violent tempest of wind and rain, which prevented them from carrying out their intentions. The shallop with great difficulty carried provisions to the hungry and shivering party on shore, but could not return on account of the fury of the gale. The weather was so bad that they were forced to ride with three anchors ahead. All the next day the communication with the land was cut off. In the midst of this storm, Goodwife Alderton was delivered of a dead-born child.

On the 23d, as many as could got on shore, and immediately fell to work, cutting timber for their new habitations. They laid out the line of their street, parcelled it off in lots, and began to erect their fortification upon the hill. They built a "common house," about twenty feet square, to shelter themselves and their goods until private habitations could be erected. Though labouring away most strenuously, yet, exposed to continual interruption from the stormy weather, their progress was necessarily but slow and toilsome. There were, besides, alarms of the Indians—fires were seen in the skirt of the woods; and the doughty Myles Standish, who was speedily chosen their captain-general, went off with a few followers in quest of them, but in vain.

Soon after, on the 12th of January, the little community was thrown into distress by the disappearance of two of their number, who had strayed away into the pathless woods. After long wandering, they were overtaken by night, and in frost and snow "were forced to make the earth their bed, and the elements their covering." Moreover, mistaking the cry of wolves for the roaring of lions, they were seized with the most terrible apprehensions. Not knowing what to do, they resolved, like Robinson Crusoe, to climb into a tree, "though that would prove an intolerable

cold lodging." But, to use their own expression, "it pleased God so to dispose that the wild beasts came not." So, after passing a bitter night at the foot of the tree, they resumed their weary way, till at noon, to their infinite joy, from a high hill they discovered the islands in the bay; and at night, half-perished with cold and hunger, succeeded in rejoining their companions.

The "Mayflower," with the women and children imprisoned on board, still rode out the storms of winter at her anchorage. On the 4th of February, she was endangered by a tremendous gale—her goods being taken out, and not having any ballast. On the 9th, those on board suddenly descried the flames issuing from the "common house," at which they were greatly terrified, supposing that the Indians had massacred their relatives, and set fire to their habitation. This accident was caused by a spark which set fire to the thatch, but happily occasioned little damage. Carver and Bradford (the latter of whom had been seized with a violent rheumatic pain, in consequence of his exposure to the weather) were at that time ill in bed, and had they not made a hasty retreat, would have been blown up with powder—the "sick house," for such, alas! it might now be called, being as full of beds as they could lie one by another, and the muskets charged in case of attack by the Indians.

And now fell out the bitterest part of the story. Those who had fought with so many hardships to attain a shelter in the wilderness, found that they had only come there to die. Their consuming cares before leaving Holland—their long protracted stormy voyage in a crowded ship—the unwholesome and even putrid provisions—the cutting winter blasts of a severe climate to which, thus weakened, they were exposed—the wading on shore through the icy water—their hard labours in cutting wood and preparing their dwellings, in the midst of frost and snow—all this, with, worse than all, the slow corroding action of anxiety, had undermined the constitution of the majority, and rendered them an easy prey to the destroyer. One fell after another—

each week and month increasing the mortality in a fearful ratio. Many were carried off by the scurvy; the tender frame of woman sunk under protracted cares and privations, and even the most robust were unable to bear up against such a complication of hardships. How bitter, although softened by faith, must have been the parting of those who had borne together the toils and perils of the emigration! How sad the scenes which these few log-huts in the wilderness must have witnessed! Bradford, Standish, Allerton, and Winslow, were all left widowers in the course of a few weeks. Six died in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March—until of that little band scarcely one half remained; and had not the winter, severe at all times, proved unusually mild for that keen and trying climate, not one, in all probability, would have been left to tell the tale!

As one by one they sunk in death, they were borne by their friends to the summit of a small cliff, immediately overhanging the rock upon which they had so recently landed with spirits full of hope, and there deposited side by side. Those who survived were hardly able to carry the corpses of their relatives; and, far from raising tombs to the departed, the field of death, which had received all that was dearest to them on earth, was planted with a crop of corn, to conceal the extent of their losses from the jealous Indians, who might have been tempted by their weakness to crush the melancholy handful of survivors.

The constant fear of surprise by the savages had indeed kept the colonists in a constant state of watchfulness during the whole winter. On the 17th of February, Myles Standish was formally chosen their captain-general, and certain military orders were agreed upon. The master and several of the sailors came on shore, the 21st, and carried with them one of the great pieces of artillery called a minion, which, with another gun that lay on the shore, was dragged by their united efforts, and mounted upon the platform on Fort (now Burial) Hill. This was an

important piece of business, and its completion was regarded as an occasion of rejoicing. The captain had brought with him "a very fat goose," and those on shore had "a fat crane and a mallard," and "a dried neat's tongue." This fare was, no doubt, washed down with good English beer and strong waters; and thus, notwithstanding the gloom that hung over them, the day passed cheerfully and socially away.

The terrible winter, which had struck down one half their number, at last began to break up, and gleams of mild, soft weather, intervened between the trying easterly winds. The birds began to sing in the woods, and the flowers to peep forth from the earth. With the approach of the fine season hope sprang up in the breasts of the survivors,—they began to sow seeds in their gardens, and to prepare for the cultivation of the soil.

On the 16th of March, "a fair, warm day," while conferring about their military arrangements, they were suddenly interrupted by the approach of a solitary Indian, who walked boldly into the camp, and would even—so noble and fearless was his carriage—have entered the "common house," had they not prudently prevented him at the threshold. This savage, named Samoset, the first they had fallen in with, saluted them in English, and bade them "Welcome!" This smattering of their tongue he had picked up by his intercourse with the fishing captains who came to Monhegan, most of whose names he knew. He was frank and communicative, and eagerly questioned by the settlers. The mystery of such numerous traces of the occupation, and so little of the actual presence of the Indians, was now for the first time explained. About four years since a deadly pestilence had desolated the neighbourhood, and left it free for the occupation of the white man. The settlers might thus take possession of the soil, without the risk of contest or interruption. The attack upon Standish and the exploring party, called by them "the first encounter," had been made by a body of the Nausites, a small

tribe, who were exasperated against the white men by a cruel and perfidious action committed by one Hunt, an English trading captain, who having inveigled a body of the savages on board his ship, carried them away and sold them into slavery.

The settlers laboured to counteract the evil impression of the English character left by this wretched trafficker. They entertained Samoset with the best they had, and the next day dismissed him with a few trifling presents.

The Indians now began to repair freely to the camp. On the 22d of March, Samoset brought with him another savage, named Squanto, whose adventures were very remarkable. He was among the number of those carried away by Hunt, who had taken him to London, where he had lived in Cornhill, with a wealthy merchant named Slanie, by whom he had, probably, been sent back to America. Having picked up a little English, he was forthwith made interpreter between the settlers and the Indians. He signified that their great sagamore, Massasoit, was at hand, with his brother, Quadequina, and a numerous company, desirous of an interview with the new comers; and soon after the whole company, emerging from the woods, appeared on the bold eminence upon the other side of the brook. Squanto was sent over to ascertain the wishes of the Sachem; whereupon he desired that some one should be deputed to hold a conference. The prudent and dignified Winslow was selected to this office. Having made Massasoit an offering, he addressed him in a speech which Squanto interpreted as well as he was able, declaring that King James saluted him with words of love and peace, and that the governor was desirous of confirming a mutual treaty. Upon this Massasoit, leaving Winslow in the custody of his brother, descended, with his men, who left their bows and arrows behind them, to the brook side, whither Standish and half-a-dozen musketeers advanced to do him honour, and conducted him to an unfurnished house, where a green rug and three or four cushions served for a throne and seats of state. The governor

next descended, with drum and trumpet—salutations were exchanged—and calling for some "strong drink," Carver pledged his Indian visitor, which courtesy the latter reciprocated with so potent a draught of the "fire water," as put him into a perspiration during the remainder of the conference. Articles of treaty were soon drawn up, and approved by the king, who, in spite of the stimulant with which he had fortified himself, trembled with fear all the while he sat by the governor.

The journalist gives us a very picturesque delineation of the group. Massasoit himself "was a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech; in his attire differing little or nothing from the rest of his followers, only in a great chain of white bone-beads about his neck, and at it, behind his neck, hangs a little bag of tobacco, which he drank (*i.e.* smoked) and gave us to drink. His face was painted with a sad red, like murrey, and oiled both head and face, so that he looked greasily. All his followers, likewise, were on their faces, in part or in whole, painted—some black, some red, some yellow, and some white, some with crosses, and other antic works. Some had skins on them, and some naked."

With the arrival of spring, it was now considered full time for the return of the "Mayflower," which had remained an hundred and ten days in Plymouth harbour. It had been the master's original intention to sail soon after he had landed his passengers; but the mortality on shore had been so great that he could not abandon the colonists in their forlorn condition; and, indeed, so many of his own crew had either died or become disabled by sickness, that he could not venture to attempt a wintry passage across the stormy Atlantic. At length he made ready to sail; and it is a remarkable proof of the earnest enthusiasm of the Pilgrims, that although they had seen one half their number perish, the rest resolved to abide at all hazards, and carry out the work they had come hither to do. Their very sufferings had endeared the place to them. The soil in which they had buried

so many of their friends became precious—they could not abandon the graves of those who were dearest to them on earth, and whom they hoped speedily to rejoin in heaven. Not one of them embraced the opportunity of returning to England. The "Mayflower" had a short and prosperous passage home. Leaving Plymouth on the 5th of April, 1621, she arrived at London on the 6th of the month following.

Shortly after the departure of the "Mayflower" in the month of April, Governor Carver, who was engaged, like the rest, in the labours of the field, came home complaining greatly of his head, owing probably to a *coup de soleil*, or to a faintness produced by previous mental anxiety and bodily exhaustion. In a few hours he became speechless and insensible, and died a few days afterwards, to the great grief of his fellow-colonists. "His care and pains were so great for the common good as therewith, it is thought, he oppressed himself and shortened his days." His wife followed him to the grave in the course of only a few weeks. After a decent interval of mourning, William Bradford, the yeoman of Austerfield, whose courage and conduct had been abundantly proved in a long season of trial, was chosen as his successor, and Mr. Isaac Allerton as his assistant; offices to which they were re-elected for many successive years.

In tracing the journal of the colonists, one remarkable fact cannot but attract attention. Amidst a long chronicle of distresses, such as "try men's souls," there is hardly a single indication of discord among themselves, or of discontent with the conduct of those whom they had chosen to have the preeminence over them—scarcely a trace of mutual jealousies or factious opposition, but constantly recurring evidences of mutual kindness and respect. If there were differences and disputes, they have at least had the wisdom to suppress all mention of them. This stamps the superior character of the men; it shows that they were of one heart and one spirit, "in honour preferring one another," and throwing over their mutual offences—for such can hardly fail to

have occurred—the veil of charity and brotherly forbearance. The "ambition of the greatest was to be the servant of all."

In the mingled web of human life, joy and mourning are inextricably interwoven. The next matter recorded in the Pilgrim chronicle, is the first marriage that took place in the colony, on May 12th, 1621. It was between a widow and a widower, Edward Winslow and Susanna White, both of whom had lost their partners scarcely three months since, in the fearful mortality of the first winter. Under ordinary circumstances, to contract a new marriage so soon after a previous one had been dissolved by death, would be deemed an act of indecent precipitation; but in the trying situation of the colonists, the ordinary arrangements of society were forced to give way to those dictated by necessity or policy. Such an example tended, besides, to show a firm resolution to abide by the colony, and take a lasting root in the soil of their adoption.

On June 18th occurred the *second* offence, (the *first* being the misconduct of Francis Billington, which will be explained hereafter.) This was the first duel (and apparently also the last) fought in New England, upon a challenge at single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. "Both being wounded, the one in the hand, the other in the thigh, they are adjudged by the whole company to have their head and feet tied together, and so to lie for twenty-four hours without meat or drink; but within an hour, because of their great pains, at their own and their master's humble request, upon promise of better carriage, they are released by the Governor."

The settlement being now brought to some degree of order, and intercourse with the Indians unrestrained, it was thought advisable to send an embassy to Massasoit, the chief of the nearest Indians, partly to ascertain their locality and look into their strength, examine the country, and prevent the disorderly visits of the savages, who were attracted by the entertainment afforded

them, to the no small inconvenience of the settlers, and finally to make satisfaction for some apparent injuries, and to strengthen the bonds of mutual amity. Winslow, who had already approved himself a skilful diplomatist, was again appointed to this office, accompanied by Stephen Hopkins, and they took Squanto with them as their interpreter. The ambassadors did not go empty handed, but carried a coat of red cotton, edged with lace, to propitiate the good-will of the sachem. After a long march through the woods, they fell in with Massasoit, and delivered their message. In this the prudence and conscientiousness of the Pilgrims towards the Indians were strikingly displayed. It will be remembered that while exploring the coast of Cape Cod, Standish and his party had found and appropriated some Indian corn, for which, lest offence should be taken, they now offered to give an equivalent. They also desired that some seed corn should be furnished them, and that the Indians would bring skins for trading. Massasoit having decked himself out in his red coat and chain, and strutted about, equally admiring himself and admired by his followers, faithfully promised to comply with these requests. At night he promoted his distinguished guests to a rather inconvenient place of honour—namely, to the same bed with himself and his wife,—they being at one end and the pilgrims at the other. Two of the chiefs who lay beside pressed so closely upon them, and the assaults of the insect tribes were so voracious, that they were more weary of their lodging than they had been of their journey. After a five days' absence, "wet, weary, and surbated," they gladly reached the settlement on Saturday night, in time for the exercises of the Sabbath, the loss of which would have been felt by the Pilgrims as a sorer privation than that of food and sleep.

By this time they had made the somewhat unwelcome discovery, that a formidable tribe of Indians—the Narrohigansetts, as they wrote it, or Narragansetts, who had not been included in the ravages of the pestilence—occupied the interior of the country,

that they were at feud with Massasoit, and disposed to regard the new English settlers with a feeling of hostility. One of Massasoit's sachems named Conbatant, whom they suspected of treachery, had carried off, and as it was supposed murdered, Squanto, whom the Pilgrims thought themselves bound both in honour and policy to rescue if living, or avenge if dead. The indefatigable Standish was despatched with ten or a dozen men, and he stormed the village of Conbatant, and safely carried off the missing interpreter.

In the ensuing November arrived the good ship "Fortune," bringing to their great joy a reinforcement of thirty-five settlers, among whom was their friend Cushman, and, as is believed, many of those who had been obliged to return in the "Speedwell." By this vessel they sent back such stores as they had been able to collect for the benefit of the merchant adventurers. But unfortunately, in consequence of certain letters from Plymouth, describing the abundance of their store, the "Fortune" brought with her no supplies for the settlers that had come over with her, which reduced the whole colony to short allowance.

Scarcely had the "Fortune" taken her departure than the Narragansetts began to assume an insolent and threatening attitude. They disliked the settlers on account of their alliance with Massasoit, which prevented them from being masters of the whole country. They heard moreover that although the English had received an accession to their numbers, the new-comers had brought with them neither arms nor provisions, so that the colony was thereby rather weakened than strengthened. One day a messenger came in from Canonicus, their sachem, and inquired for the interpreter, Squanto. On learning that he was absent, the herald seemed rather glad than sorry, and leaving for him a bundle of arrows, wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin, "desired to depart with all expedition," as fearing, no doubt, that he had come upon a rather unsafe errand. Being however detained, and in grievous apprehension for his life, he confessed that the tenor of his errand was hostile. The governor released him,

and sent him home with a message, "to certify his master that he had heard of his large and many threatenings, at which he was much offended, daring him in those respects to the utmost if he would not be reconciled to live peaceably as other his neighbours, manifesting withal his desire of peace." But when, upon Squanto's return, the governor was assured that the rattlesnake's skin imported no less than open defiance, he determined to resent the insult, and stuffing the skin with powder and shot sent it back to Canonicus, with the assurance that if he had but shipping to go in quest of him, he would not have failed to anticipate so insolent a challenge. Of all things, the Indians stood most in terror of the fire-arms of the English; and thus when the sachem received the skin he would not even touch the mysterious combustible, nor suffer it to remain in his tent, but ordered the messenger to take it back again to the governor. Upon his refusal, another took it up, and after being handed about from one to another, it returned at last to the settlement. Though somewhat relieved by the salutary terror thus struck into the chief of the Narragansetts, yet conscious of their real weakness, as a measure of precaution, the Pilgrims surrounded the entire town with a stockade, while Captain Standish marshalled the whole company into four squadrons, and instituted a regular military organization.

It was not long before they discovered that Squanto, in order to magnify his own importance with the Indians, boasted on all sides of his ability to direct their movements at his pleasure, and began to sow seeds of discontent and suspicion in the breast of Massasoit. Among other devices he gave out that the English, who were regarded as possessing almost preternatural power, had got the plague buried in their store-house, and could send it forth in every direction whenever they thought proper. Upon being asked whether this was really true, the settlers denied that they possessed such a power; but they asserted, what, if true in itself, conveyed a false though salutary impression to the

minds of the superstitious Indians—"The God of the English," they declared "had it in store, and could send it at his pleasure to the destruction of their enemies."

A second trading journey was now undertaken by the adventurous Standish among the tribe of Massachusetts, whence they returned with a good store of skins and furs. In the meantime Massasoit had repaired to the plantation, and demanded that Squanto, who was his subject, should be given up to him, in consequence of his mischievous intrigues. As the governor was about to comply, a boat was seen passing in front of the town, and suspecting some collusion with the French, he refused to give up Squanto till he had ascertained what vessel it was. The alarm proved false; the boat belonging to a fishing-ship called the "Sparrow," despatched by Master Weston, a London merchant, which landed six or seven passengers who should have been sent before to the plantation.

In the course of the autumn of 1621, an expedition was sent out to the neighbouring shores of Massachusetts Bay. Its object was partly to explore the country, and partly to make peace, and open a trade with the tribe of Indians, who had often threatened to molest them. For these purposes ten men were appointed, among whom was probably Winslow, accompanied by Squanto and two other savages, "to bring them to speech with the people and interpret for them."

This cruise is interesting as being the first exploration of a spot which shortly became more important than Plymouth itself, and has since thrown it completely into the shade. Setting out with the tide about midnight, on September 18th, they reached the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, but did not land until the next morning. They found many lobsters, collected by the savages, which they cooked and ate under a cliff, which Mr. Young supposes to be Copp's Hill, at the north end of the peninsula, shortly after to be covered by the city of Boston. They visited the petty sachems, and explored the bay,

describing its numerous islands, many of which the Indians had already cleared and cultivated. On one occasion they gave proof of that considerate and conscientious spirit which animated them in all their transactions with the savages. Although they sent before them two Indians to look for the inhabitants, and inform them of the object of their visit, they found on their arrival the women of the place together in a state of trembling apprehension; but, says the narrator, probably Winslow himself, "seeing our gentle carriage toward them, they took heart and entertained us in the best manner they could, boiling cod and such other things as they had for us. At length, with much sending for, came one of their men, trembling and shaking for fear. But when he saw we intended them no hurt, but came to truck, he promised us his skins also. Here Tisquantum (Squanto) would have had us rifle the salvage women, and taken their skins and all such skins as might be serviceable for us, for said he, 'they are a bad people, and have oft threatened you; but our answer was, 'Were they ever so bad we would not wrong them, or give them any just occasion against us.' For their words, we little weighed them; but if they once attempted anything against us, then we would deal far worse than he desired. Having well spent the day, we returned to the shallop, almost all the women accompanying us to truck, who sold their coats from their backs, and tied boughs about them, but with great shamefacedness; for indeed they are more modest than some of our English women are. We promised them to come again to them, and they promised us to keep their skins." Having completely succeeded in the object of their cruise, on the evening of the 22d, "the wind coming fair, and having a light moon, they set out at evening, and through the goodness of God came safely home before noon the day following."

It is gratifying to turn to these early days, to trace out these little excursions into the wilderness, and observe the good understanding between the Indians and the Pilgrims, brought about

by the wise union of firmness and kindness on the part of the latter towards their rude but not insensible neighbours. It is observable, that the Pilgrims almost invariably speak as well of the Indians as they were accustomed to do of each other.

"We have found them," says Winslow, in a private letter, "very faithful in their covenant of peace with us, very loving, and ready to pleasure us. We often go to them and they come to us. Some of us have been fifty miles by land in the country with them. . . . Yea, it hath pleased God so to possess the Indians with a fear and love unto us, that not only the greatest king amongst them called Massasoit, but also all the princes and people round about us, have either made suit unto us, or been glad of any occasion to make peace with us, so that seven of them at once have sent their messengers to us to that end. Yea, an isle at sea which we never saw hath also, together with the former, yielded willingly to be under the protection and subject to our Sovereign Lord King James. So there is now great peace amongst the Indians themselves, which was not formerly, neither would have been but for us; and we, for our parts, walk as peaceably and safely in the wood as in the highways in England. We entertain them familiarly in our homes, and they as friendly bestowing their venison upon us. They are a people without any religion or knowledge of any God, yet very trusty, quick of apprehension, ripe witted, just."

Thus Winslow, to whose own wise counsels and conciliating manners this blessed harmony was in no small measure owing. How pleasant to contrast it with the bitter jealousies and exterminating wars which accompanied the subsequent extension of the colonies, and the repeated encroachments upon the hunting-grounds of the Indians, leading the latter to a desperate and fatal endeavour to stem the progress of their more powerful neighbours! As we track the wild pathways through the dusky woods, and pace the margin of the limpid lakes which still surround Plymouth, solitary as when the Pilgrims first landed in the bay, but where

not a single Indian is now to be found, we cannot but go back in imagination to those days when the sturdy Englishman, in corselet and buff, was to be seen sitting on the grass by the side of the plumed and painted chieftain, in friendly intercourse over a meal of wild venison which the latter had taken in the chase. Nor can we think without pain of that ill-fated people, which the force of an invincible necessity has almost blotted from the face of the earth.

On learning that the "Sparrow," with a whole fleet of fishing vessels lay at anchor at a place some forty leagues to the northward, Bradford despatched Winslow to obtain, if possible, a supply of provisions to relieve their pressing necessity. But his utmost exertions could only gather such a stock, as, carefully husbanded, allowed a quarter of a pound of bread per day until the time of harvest. On Winslow's return the distress had become extreme. Their nets were not sufficiently strong to hold the swarms of bass and other fish that resorted to the bay—they had no tackling to take cod—and but for the clams and the "alewives,"—a small herring that ascends the river—a species of small sea-crab, and other fish which they were able to take by hand, they must have perished from actual starvation. The Indians, boasting how easy it would be to cut them off in their enfeebled condition, insulted over their weakness; and even their old ally, Massasoit, now looked but coldly upon them.

The apprehension of a sudden attack led them to the further precaution of erecting a regular fort upon the hill where they had formerly planted their ordnance, some traces of which may still be discerned upon the venerable crest of "Burial Hill."

Fresh trials now awaited the Pilgrims, which it required the utmost exertion of their prudence and firmness to encounter; and this time they arose, neither from sickness, famine, nor Indian hostility, but from the misconduct of their own countrymen. About the end of June, 1622, two vessels, the "Charity" and the "Swan," arrived at the settlement, despatched by Master

Weston, one of the merchant adventurers, to establish a settlement on his own private account, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. As it had too often happened in the colonization of Virginia, the men sent out were mostly of the very offscouring of society, destitute of industry, economy, or principle, "so base," to quote the words of one describing them, "as in all appearance not fit for an honest man's company." Evils hitherto kept at a distance by the strict integrity as well as by the vigorous firmness of the Pilgrims in their intercourse with the Indians, were now brought upon them by the reckless, cowardly, and dishonourable behaviour of this new body of settlers.

As Weston had been among the most zealous friends of the Plymouth colonists, they thought themselves obliged to do all in their power to further his objects. They treated the new comers with the utmost hospitality, consistent with their slender and precarious supplies. But the self-denial which the Pilgrims imposed upon themselves was too irksome to the selfishness of these strangers; who not satisfied with the utmost allowance of flour consistent with the little store on hand, meanly stole the green corn, (which, when boiled in this state, is exceedingly delicious,) thus prematurely exhausting the resources of their entertainers. They moreover repaid the kindness shown to them by secret slanders and complaints. At length they removed to a spot called Wessagussett, in Massachusetts Bay, where they had determined to plant their colony. The Pilgrims beheld them depart with no small satisfaction, but unhappily they only departed to work greater mischief at a distance than that they had already inflicted upon them at home.

The arrival at the end of August of two other trading vessels, the "Discovery" and "Sparrow," furnished the colonists with a welcome opportunity of replenishing their slender store of provisions, and of obtaining knives and beads to traffic for skins with the Indians. But for this providential supply they would have been worse off than ever they were, not only having a

slender store of corn for the ensuing year, but having no means of supplying their wants by trading.

Mr. Weston's large ship, the "Charity," now sailed for England, leaving the smaller one, the "Swan," for the use of the new settlers at Wessagussett. At their request the Pilgrims entered into a partnership to trade with the natives for corn, and preparations were made for departure. At this critical moment the death of Master Richard Greene, the brother-in-law of Weston, and the illness of Captain Standish, compelled Bradford himself to undertake the conduct of the journey. He set out, accompanied as usual by Squanto, who fell sick and died a few days afterwards; and as he had professed to be their guide to the countries south of Cape Cod, their further progress in that direction was frustrated. In spite of his idle boasting, and the squabbles in which his blundering but well-meant zeal had involved them with Massasoit and others, the loss of poor Squanto was greatly regretted by the Pilgrims. He had served them to the best of his ability, had become attached to their persons and their ways, and before his death he desired Bradford to pray for him, "that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven;" bequeathing divers of his things to sundry of his English friends as remembrances of his affection for them.

Bradford now proceeded to Massachusetts, where he received many complaints of the conduct of the Wessagussett colonists, and after concluding a successful trade returned to Plymouth.

The wanton and lawless conduct of Weston's people had by this time produced a secret conspiracy between the Massachusetts and Paomet Indians, to cut off the whole body of the English. On one of his expeditions in search of corn, Captain Standish had a very narrow escape from the murderous knife of an assassin, although unconscious of it at the time. While at the wigwam of a certain sachem, with only two or three of his men, there came in two of the Massachusetts Indians; the chief of them, named Wituwamat, was "a notable insulting villain," one who had

formerly embrued his hands in the blood of English and French, and had often boasted of his own valour, and derided their weakness, especially because, as he said, they died crying and making sour faces, more like children than men. This villain took from his neck a dagger which he had obtained from Weston's men, and presented it to the sachem, telling him that the Massachusetts Indians had determined on cutting off the Wessagussetts colonists for their malpractices; but fearful lest the Plymouth settlers would avenge their blood, had resolved to wait till they were strong enough to exterminate both. They had formerly solicited the sachem to join the conspiracy, and Wituwamat now proposed that as they had Standish and his men in their power, they had better make sure of them at once. With this view he endeavoured to persuade the Captain to send down to the boat for the rest of his men, which he refused to do, desiring that the corn might be carried down as usual. Another Indian from Cape Cod, who, though he had maintained the semblance of friendship, was also one of the conspirators, artfully offered to make a present of some corn, and to carry it down to the ship —having promised to murder Standish during his sleep, when his companions would have fallen an easy prey. With this design he accompanied the Captain on board. But either from the coldness of the night, or a mysterious presentiment of evil, the gallant Myles was unable to sleep—but either walked about or sat by the fire till morning. The savage asked him why he did not lie down as usual, to which he replied—he knew not well, but had no desire at all to rest. Disappointed of his prey, the wily Indian set sail with Standish and his men, having persuaded them to touch at his village, where they would all undoubtedly have been murdered, had not this fatal resolve been frustrated by a contrary wind.

During the absence of Standish, a circumstance occurred which led to the discovery of this deep-laid plot. News came to Plymouth that the sachem Massasoit was dangerously ill, and

that a Dutch vessel had been stranded in a storm just opposite his dwelling. With the view of showing kindness to their old ally, in spite of the recent coldness that had arisen between them, Winslow was deputed to visit and if possible relieve him, and also to open a communication with the Dutchmen. His companion on this occasion was a certain "Master John Hamden, a gentleman of London," who had wintered with them, and who has confidently, but certainly without sufficient grounds, been confounded with the celebrated English patriot. Hobbamock, an Indian, accompanied the party as guide. On the way thither the travellers were falsely informed that Massasoit was dead, and that the Dutch had got off their ship, and would be gone before they could reach them. As Conbatant, whose conduct had been very unfriendly to the English, seemed most likely to be the successor of Massasoit, and as Hobbamock had been engaged in acting against him, he was fearful of falling into his power; but Winslow, with his usual policy, thought that it would be a good occasion to establish more amicable relations, and with the consent of the others, determined to continue the journey.

"On the way," says Winslow, "Hobbamock exclaimed, 'My loving sachem, my loving sachem! many have I known, but never any like thee;' and turning him to me, said, whilst I lived I should never see his like amongst the Indians; saying he was no liar, he was not bloody and cruel, like other Indians; in anger and passion, he was soon reclaimed; easy to be reconciled towards such as had offended him; ruled by reason in such measure as he would not scorn the advice of mean men, and that he governed his men better with few strokes than others did with many; truly loving where he loved; yea, he feared we had not a faithful friend left among the Indians; showing how he ofttimes restrained their malice, &c.; continuing a long speech with such signs of lamentation and unfeigned sorrow, as it would have made the hardest heart relent."

On reaching the dwelling of Massasoit, they found to their

great satisfaction that he was yet alive. He was surrounded by a crowd of powwows or medicine men, who with their charms and incantations kept up, says Winslow, "such a hellish noise as it distempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to heal him that were sick." The poor sachem was unable to see, but still retained the use of his understanding; and when informed that Winslow and the English were come to see him, desired the former to come forward and put forth his hand. Having taken hold of it, he twice, but very faintly repeated—"Art thou Winslow?" to which having received an affirmative answer, he as often ejaculated, "O Winslow, I shall never see thee again."

Had it not been for the timely arrival of the English, it is most probable he would never have got over his illness. But Winslow took the case into his own hands, and by care and good nursing, in a short time enabled him to sit upright. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of Massasoit. He remembered also his former friendly treatment, and exclaimed, "'Now I see the English are my friends and love me, and while I live I shall never forget this kindness they have showed me.' Whilst we were there, our entertainment exceeded that of all other strangers." Before they left, he called Hobbamock privately aside, and acquainted him with the conspiracy of the Massachusetts and other Indians, which, during his sickness, he had been earnestly, though vainly solicited, to join. He then counselled the English, as they valued their present and future safety, and notwithstanding their declaration that they would never strike the first stroke, to anticipate the evil designs of their enemies, by suddenly cutting off the ringleaders of the plot. He added —what was evident—that it would be too late to do this when the people of Wissagussett were exterminated, and they of Plymouth exposed single-handed to an overwhelming force.

All this on the road home Hobbamock revealed to Winslow, who on his arrival privately informed the governor. They found Standish just returned, and with him the perfidious Indian

of Paomet, who was still labouring to induce the captain to sail with him on the first fair wind. They sent home the villain without letting him know they had discovered his designs, for which they meditated a speedy and summary retribution.

In the meantime Governor Bradford had become fully acquainted with those practices of the Wissagussett settlers, which, by exasperating the Indians, had led them to form a conspiracy by which he and his people were threatened. These wretches, after wastefully consuming their own store, as they had done that of the Pilgrims, made a practice of stealing corn from their Indian neighbours, who refused to lend in consequence or sell them any further supply. Hereupon the major part were resolved to seize by force what had only been withheld in consequence of their own dishonest behaviour. Some of the better principled, however, thought it more prudent to write to the governor of Plymouth, and ask his advice before proceeding to such an extremity. Bradford, who had ever observed the strictest equity in his own transactions with the Indians, exposed, in his reply, the dishonesty no less than peril of such a course, admonished the offenders that they would receive no help from him in any such unlawful schemes, and finally told them that they could expect no better reward than the gallows, whenever a special officer should be sent over by his Majesty or the New England council, to look into the affairs of the colony.

While thus, on one hand, striving to restrain the aggressions of his English brethren, Bradford was resolved to strike terror into the Indian conspirators by a bold and timely act of severity. On the 23d of March a yearly court was held, at which it was decided that Standish, with a sufficient body of men, should proceed to the Massachusetts, and under pretence of trade, watch for an opportunity of dealing with the ringleaders, and bring back with him, if possible, the head of the bloodthirsty Wituwamat, as a terror to similar offenders.

The valiant captain prepared for this perilous enterprise with

his usual intrepidity, and, lest his purpose should be suspected by taking a large body of men, selected eight only in whose courage and conduct he could place implicit confidence. Before he set out, a fugitive from Wissagussett, who had narrowly escaped an Indian ambush, came in and exposed the miserable condition of the colony. Standish lost not a moment in departing to their assistance. Reaching Wissagussett, he found everything in the utmost disorder, so that nothing would have been easier for the Indians than to have surprised and massacred the colonists. He then informed them of the Indian plot, and enjoined upon them instantly to put their own place in a state of defence, while with his men he went forward to seek out their enemies.

Some of the savages had by this time walked in, ostensibly to trade in furs, but in reality to spy out the purpose of Standish and his companions, which they already suspected; and notwithstanding his utmost efforts to the contrary, it seems that the eyes of the fiery little captain betrayed what was passing in his bosom. The Indians finding that they were discovered, resolved to face the matter boldly. "This caused one Pecksuot (to describe the issue in the words of the journal), who was a pniese, (or brave,) being a man of a notable spirit, to come to Hobbamock, then with them, and told him he understood that the captain was come to kill himself and the rest of the savages there. 'Tell him,' said he, 'we know it, but fear him not, neither will we shun him; but let him begin when he dare, he shall not take us at unawares.' Many times, after divers of them severally, or few together, came to the plantation to him, where they would whet and sharpen the points of their knives before his face, and use many other insulting gestures and speeches. Amongst the rest, Wituwamat bragged of the excellency of his knife. On the end of the handle, there was pictured a woman's face; 'but,' said he, 'I have another at home, wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face upon it; and by-and-by these two must marry.' Further he said of that

knife he there had, 'Hinnaim namen, hinnaim michen, matta cuts;' that is to say, 'By-and-by it should see, and by-and-by it should eat, but not speak.' Also Pecksuot, being a man of greater stature than the captain, told him, though he was a great captain, yet he was but a little man; and, said he, 'though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage.'

"These things the captain observed, yet bare with patience for the present. On the next day, seeing he could not get many of them together at once, and this Pecksuot and Wituwamat both together, with another man, and a youth of some eighteen years of age, which was brother to Wituwamat, and, villain-like, trod in his steps, daily putting many tricks upon the weaker sort of men, and having about as many of his own company in a room with them, gave the word to his men, and the door being shut fast, began himself with Pecksuot, and snatching his own knife from his neck, though with much struggling, killed him therewith, the point thereof he had made as sharp as a needle, and ground the back also to an edge. Wituwamat and the other man the rest killed, and took the youth, whom the captain caused to be hanged. But it is incredible how many wounds these two pnieses received before they died—not making any fearful noise, but catching at their weapons, and striving to the last. Hobbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the captain:—'Yesterday Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but to-day, I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground.'"

This blow was followed up by the slaughter of a few others of the hostile Indians, and the chase of several others who fled into a swamp and thence insulted the English. The captain dared the fugitive sachem to come out and fight him like a man, showing him how base and woman-like he was in tonguing it as

he did, but this invitation he refused. Having thus broken up the confederacy, Standish returned to Plymouth, carrying with him the head of the bloodthirsty Wituwamat, which was set up at the fort as a terror to the neighbouring Indians. Indeed, so deep an impression was made by this bold and decided step, that the sachems involved in the plot fled to distant hiding-places, and the colony was delivered from further apprehension of attack.

This act of summary vengeance, which to those on the spot appeared not only justifiable but necessary, to their brethren in Holland seemed cruel and inexorable. Robinson, on hearing of it, was greatly moved, and wrote over to them "to consider the disposition of their captain, who was of a warm temper." He hoped the Lord had sent him among them for good, if they used him right, but he doubted whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man made after God's image, which was meet—adding, "O how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you killed any!" It is to be deeply regretted that the Pilgrims were driven to such an action by the misconduct of others, for their own dealings with the Indians were ever humane and conscientious. But there can be no doubt that the colonists were menaced with destruction—that Standish would have been murdered but for an accident—that the ringleaders of such a plot deserved death; the only question, therefore, was, whether it were better to crush the conspiracy at once, by punishing those who had fomented it, or wait till a general rising of the Indians should bring on a sanguinary struggle, in which perhaps the Pilgrims might be exterminated, as were so many of their English brethren in Virginia. It cannot be reasonably doubted that self-preservation, and the desire to prevent a large effusion of blood, suggested and justified the course decided on by the Pilgrims; and the intrepid Standish it will be remembered was only the agent in its accomplishment.

It has been already explained how hard were the conditions under which the Pilgrims became bound to the Merchant adventurers, through whose assistance they had been enabled to carry out their plans. These Merchants, most of whom had been stimulated by the hope of a profitable speculation, had been greatly disappoined at the result. Owing to the great mortality and the hardships and difficulties incident to a new settlement, the Pilgrims had not been able to make the anticipated returns. On their own account a dissolution of the compact had become exceedingly desirable. Their heavy responsibilities acted like a millstone round the neck of enterprise, and they were besides exposed to much ignorant or malicious censure. Through these hindrances, and the active intrigues of the Episcopal party, their brethren in Holland had hitherto been prevented from joining them. At length the government of the colony decided upon effecting, if possible, a severance of the connexion, and "The negotiation was," says Mr. Russell, "entrusted to Mr. Isaac Allerton, through whose discretion, talents, and perseverance, it was at last accomplished." In 1627 he embarked for England, to ratify the bargain he had made with the Merchant adventurers, bearing date, November 15th, 1626. The price paid was eighteen hundred pounds sterling, payable in bonds of two hundred pounds each, at Michaelmas, for nine years. One object of the Pilgrims in making this arrangement was to facilitate the removal from Leyden of their brethren and families, who were unable to bear the expense of transportation,—another was to discharge their just engagements to the adventurers. "Perhaps," continues our American author, "no stronger temptation ever existed to refuse payment than in this case. They had been treated with contumely on the part of the adventurers, unreasonable complaints had been made, and unjust slanders had been uttered against them; and they were three thousand miles distant. It is therefore ground of rejoicing, that the Pilgrims, under the temptation of poverty, and in the midst of

their varied trials, scorned, under any pretence or consideration whatever, to countenance the modern doctrine of *repudiation*, which has in later times disgraced some portions of our country." The foundations of the new state were laid in integrity and honour, and Winslow, Bradford, Alden, Allerton, Prince, and Standish, men, whose courage and conduct had carried it triumphantly through discouragement and peril, now nobly became sureties with their fortunes, and not without eventual loss, for the fulfilment of its commercial promises.

And thus, through manifold trials bravely met, came round the month of April of the year sixteen hundred and twenty-three. It found the settlers still struggling with the same hardships and privations which had beset them at intervals ever since their landing. The whole of their corn save what was reserved for seed was exhausted, and there appeared but little prospect of any immediate relief. As their escape from starvation seemed wholly to depend upon the success of the present harvest, in order to give a stimulus to exertion, and "considering that every man, in a measure more or less, loveth and preferreth his own good before his neighbour's," and also the base disposition of some drones who would not scruple, as they had done before, to profit by others' labours—it was decided that each individual should labour for his own private benefit, and not as heretofore for the common good, certain reservations being afterwards made for the necessities of the public service. The land was, therefore, equally divided between the colonists, and they commenced their labours in the hope of an abundant return.

Scarcely, however, had the corn appeared above the surface of the ground, when a great drought set in and continued for six weeks, so that the crop upon which they depended for their very existence seemed on the very point of perishing. "Now," says their journal, "were our hopes overthrown and we discouraged, our joy being turned into mourning." To add to their distress, there was every reason to believe that a ship despatched to their

assistance, had, after being twice driven back by bad weather, at last been wrecked on the coast. Even before their corn was planted they were reduced to the extreme of destitution, "staggering for very faintness and want of food," not knowing at night where to have a bit in the morning, subsisting on clams and lobsters, and ground nuts, with an occasional boat load of fish, or a few deer which the hunters were lucky enough to bring down. These trials they had hitherto borne with a cheerful reliance on Providence; but now their hearts sunk within them, for that Providence itself appeared to desert them, and "God, who had hitherto been their only shield and supporter, now seemed in his anger to arm himself against them." Then followed a scene so characteristic of the deep and solemn faith of the Pilgrims, that we must quote it in their very words. Nothing but their own sinfulness could, as they believed, have brought upon them this terrible visitation, and therefore not only "did every good man enter into examination of his own state with God," but they also determined "to humble themselves before the Lord with fasting and prayer." To that end a day was appointed by public authority and set apart from all other employments, "hoping," says the pious narrator, "that the same God which had stirred us up hereunto would be moved hereby in mercy to look down upon us, and grant the request of our dejected souls, if our continuance there might stand with his glory and our good. But O the mercy of our God! who was as ready to hear as we to ask; for though in the morning when we assembled together the heavens were as clear and the drought as likely to continue as ever it was, yet (our exercise continuing some eight or nine hours) before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived,—such was the bounty and good-

ness of our God." Shortly after Standish returned with a timely supply of provisions, and they also learned with joy that the vessel they had supposed to be lost had safely regained the shores of England, and would speedily repair to their assistance. A solemn day of thanksgiving was now held to give thanks to the great Hearer and Answerer of prayer, to whose special interposition, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, their deliverance was to be entirely attributed.

To carry this tide of mercies to the flood, came shortly after two ships, the "Anne" and "Little James," bearing supplies to satisfy their wants, and a large body of passengers to rejoice their hearts, many of these being the wives and children of several of the settlers, besides other relatives who had come out to join them. These new comers were sadly dismayed at finding the reduced condition of their friends, who on their arrival could welcome them with no better fare than a lobster or piece of fish, without bread, and nothing to wash it down with but a cup of "fair spring water."

But brighter days were now about to dawn upon them. They had nobly borne the trials of the first settlement, and persevered in spite of hardships and difficulties that would have overwhelmed any others whose faith and patience were less deeply rooted. And their noble endurance was well appreciated by the Company in England, who wrote thus cheeringly to them:—"Let it not be grievous to you, that you have been instruments to break the ice for others who come after with less difficulty. The honour shall be yours to the world's end."

While the Pilgrims had been thus battling with sickness and distress, it may well be supposed how anxiously their brethren at Leyden had watched for letters or even reports which reached them, "few and far between," from the distant shores of America. Nor, dejected and discouraged as they must have been by the news of that fearful mortality which swept away, in the course of a few short months, one-half of those from whom they so lately parted

on the quay at Delfthaven, would they have hesitated to share the trials and labours of the survivors, but for the insuperable difficulties that interposed. These feelings are beautifully expressed in a letter from Robinson to his distant flock. "Much beloved brethren, neither the distance of place nor distinction of body can at all either dissolve or weaken that bond of true Christian affection in which the Lord by his Spirit hath tied us together. My continual prayers are to the Lord for you, my most earnest desire is unto you, from whom I will not longer keep (if God will) than means can be procured to bring with me the wives and children of divers of you, and the rest of your brethren, whom I could not leave behind me without great injury both to you and them, and offence to God and all men. The death of so many of our dear friends and brethren, oh! how grievous hath it been to you to bear, and to us to take knowledge of, which, if it could be lamenting, could not sufficiently be bewailed; but we must go unto them, and they shall not return unto us. And how many even of us God hath taken away here and in England since your departure, you may elsewhere take knowledge. But the same God has tempered judgment with mercy; as otherwise, so in sparing the rest, especially those by whose godly and wise government you may be and (I know) are so much helped. In a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die; it is thought well for a side if it get the victory though with the loss of divers, if not too many or too great. God, I hope, hath given you the victory, after many difficulties for yourselves and others, though I doubt not but many remain for you and us all to strive with."

From a private letter of Robinson to Brewster, we gather the reasons which prevented the members of the church at Leyden, and especially their pastor, from rejoining their friends at Plymouth. The ostensible cause was want of money, a large sum having been already advanced by the merchant adventurers, and, owing to the depressing causes before enumerated,

but small returns sent over by the settlers. But the real difficulty appears to lie deeper. It will doubtless be remembered that it was with great reluctance that King James consented to allow liberty of worship to the Pilgrims, and that only with a reservation which almost neutralised the concession; and it was feared that a proclamation he had issued, to the effect that in order to procure one uniform course of government in his dominions, the government of Virginia should depend immediately on himself, was intended to apply also to the Pilgrims. Among the merchant adventurers, only a portion were warmly in favour of their principles—another party as decidedly hostile to them—while a third, though friendly, were influenced by certain preachers who desired to supplant Robinson and ruin Independency, especially by John Lyford, who was afterwards sent out, to the great annoyance of the Pilgrims. Now, it was evident that to hinder these obnoxious principles from spreading, the great thing was, if possible, to prevent Robinson and his flock at Leyden from joining their brethren in America; and the intrigues to this end were but too successful. It was a proof of the spirit by which they were animated, that, in the presence of Edward Winslow, (who, in order to serve the cause of the colonists, had returned to England on board the "Anne,") these opponents constrained the Company to promise that none of the money then gathered should be expended in sending the Leyden people to America. Lyford, after he was sent out thither, wrote over to say, that "Mr. Robinson and the rest must still be kept back, or all would be spoiled." He even suggested changing the master of a ship then coming over, and Winslow himself, who acted as supercargo, lest they should privately take any of their brethren on the coast of England.

But the venerated Robinson was never again to behold his people. Whilst divided from them by these unworthy intrigues, and suffering from that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," on the twenty-second of February, in the year sixteen

hundred and twenty-five, he was seized with a mortal illness, and died at Leyden on the first of March. The particulars of his death were conveyed to the Pilgrims in two letters, full of that quaintness and simple pathos which generally characterized their correspondence:—

"1625.—*Roger White to Governor Bradford.*

"To his loving friend, Mr. William Bradford, Governor of Plymouth, in New England, these be, &c.

"Loving and kind Friends, &c.—I know not whether ever this will come to your hands, or miscarry as other of my letters have done; yet in regard of the Lord's dealing with us here, I have had a great desire to write unto you, knowing your desire to bear a part with us both in our joys and sorrows, as we do with you.

"These, therefore, are to give you to understand that it hath pleased the Lord to take out of this vale of tears your and our loving and faithful pastor, and my dear and reverend brother, Mr. John Robinson, who was sick some eight days, beginning first to be sick on a Saturday morning; yet the next day being the Lord's day, he taught us twice, and the week after grew every day weaker than other, yet felt no pain but weakness all the time of his sickness. The physic he took wrought kindly, in man's judgment, yet he grew every day weaker than other, feeling little or no pain, yet sensible till the very last. He fell sick the 22d of February, and departed this life on the 1st of March. He had a continual inward ague, but, I thank the Lord, was free of the plague, so that all his friends could come freely to him; and if either prayers, tears, or means would have saved his life, he had not gone hence. But he having faithfully finished his course and performed his work, which the Lord had appointed him to perform, he now rests with the Lord in eternal happiness; we wanting him and all church governors, not having

one at present that is a governing officer amongst us. Now for ourselves here left, (I mean the whole church,) we still by the mercy of God continue and hold close together in peace and quietness, and so I hope we shall do, though we be very weak. Wishing (if such were the will of God) that you and we were again together in one, either there or here; but seeing it is the will of the Lord thus to dispose of things, we must labour with patience to rest contented till it please the Lord otherwise to dispose of things."

And in a second letter, from Thomas Blossom to Governor Bradford, occurs the beautiful passage:—

"He was taken away even as fruit falleth before it was ripe, when neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end. The Lord even then took him away, as it were in his anger, whom if tears would have held, he had remained to this day."

Although Robinson himself was not suffered to enter into the promised land, yet a large portion of the Leyden exiles eventually found means to rejoin their brethren at Plymouth, and, in the enjoyment of religious union and decent competence, rejoice at the success of that enterprise which had been undertaken amidst many prayers and tears, and carried out at the expense of so great toil, and suffering, and mortality. The work they had proposed to themselves at Leyden, "to lay a foundation for the kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world," was happily accomplished. Further ambition they had none, for their treasure was in heaven,—nor, with their simplicity of heart and singleness of aim, foresaw they the "hero worship," which would clothe their names with glory, or the extent of that empire that would commemorate as a festival the day when they landed on the Rock at Plymouth. In the beautiful and prophetic lines of Bryant—

"They little thought how pure a light
With years should gather round that day,
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

"Green are their bays—but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed;
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence when their names are breathed.

"Till when the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
This hallow'd day like us shall keep."

Having now traced the fortunes of our Pilgrims through the most trying part of their career, we must next—following their course from the old to the new world—transfer the scene of our descriptive sketches to the shores of America. Very different are the feelings with which a traveller prepares to cross the Atlantic from those with which our ancestors embarked two centuries ago. At that time the ships that crossed were few and far between, of small burden, but huge discomfort; and those who adventured took leave of their friends as going upon a distant and perilous enterprise, from which peradventure they never might return. "*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" At present he whom business or pleasure calls to the new world, walks on board one of the "Collins" or "Cunard" steamers as into a sumptuous hotel, and calculates to the day, and almost to the very hour, of his sitting down to dinner at New York or Boston. In short, the vast Atlantic ocean, over which poor pilgrims and pioneers of commercial enterprise toiled at such wide intervals, is now, in spite of storms and icebergs, completely *bridged;* the old and new world are linked together; scarcely a day passes without the departure of a vessel, and the stream of passengers to and fro is kept up with the continuity of Cheapside or Fleet-street. Without pausing, then, to describe the passage, which might nevertheless

furnish the subject of an amusing episode, suffice it to say, that on the eleventh day after leaving Liverpool we reached New York, and at once proceeded to Boston, whence the localities connected with the Pilgrims are reached in the course of two or three hours by the Old Colony Railroad. For just as England is called the "old country," in comparison with her transatlantic offshoot, so is that part of America first settled by the "Pilgrim Fathers" denominated the "old colony," as being the germ whence sprung the other New England States.

Repairing then to the station, we took a ticket for Plymouth, the terminus of the Old Colony line, and were speedily thundering over the long wooden causeways that lead out of Boston. There are some characteristic differences between English and American railways. The latter are more slightly constructed. The stations have no architectural pretensions like ours, but like the houses, are built of boards, and there is no barrier on each side to keep off cattle and stragglers. The carriages, compared with those of England, are typical of the different institutions and social feelings of the two countries. There is no First-class luxuriously padded for the favoured few—no Second for the middle class, uncushioned and uncomfortable, consisting of bare boards stuck over with advertisements—and a still lower deep (though that is hardly possible) in the Third class, intended for the accommodation of the poorest orders of society. In America there is but one class for all citizens of whatever rank, consisting of a long carriage, furnished with two rows of side seats or arm-chairs, each for two persons, well cushioned and very comfortable, being the medium between the exclusive luxury of the English first-class, and the sordid discomfort of the second. Taking one of these seats you may chance to find yourself alongside of the Secretary of State, or peradventure of a mechanic in a fustian jacket; but one thing is strikingly observable, and that is the average good conduct and respectable demeanour of the travellers of every grade in society. It should be observed, that there is

here also a second class, but intended exclusively as a receptacle for negroes and emigrants.

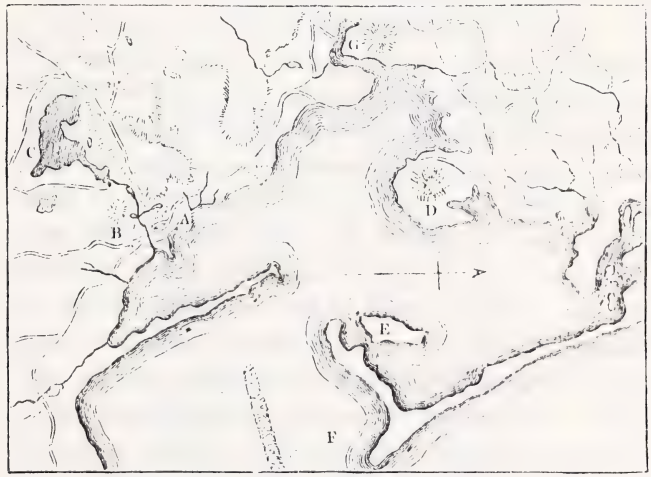
But little of interest was visible from the windows of the car. The villages we passed had none of the dingy, picturesque antiquity of our own cottages, rooted as it were to the soil, and almost part of it, but looked as if the houses had been built of white card-board, and the Venetian blinds painted bright green; so gay, toy-like, and unsubstantial did they appear, as if planted down at random during the night, and removable at an hour's notice. They are, however, very comfortable residences, and in a rural district much more cheerful than brick. The soil seemed poor, and I was at first puzzled how so numerous and apparently thriving a population could manage to subsist; but I found on inquiry that this was the seat of the shoe business, while others ploughed the sea for a living, or with the ready tact so characteristic of the Yankees, combined the most opposite pursuits, thus making a good living where a less acute and enterprising people would starve.

After about two hours had elapsed, I began to catch glimpses of the Bay of Plymouth, and the hills which girdle it in; but like most of the coast scenery of America, it has little in comparison with that of Europe to gratify the eye of a lover of nature, and I must confess my first glance over the scene I had come to survey was one of disappointment. On reaching Plymouth, the principal hotel (called after the friendly Indian who welcomed the first Pilgrims—"The Samoset") was not yet opened, and I therefore repaired to an old-fashioned tavern called the "Mansion House," which stood in the centre of the village, overshadowed with an enormous weeping elm. This was my head-quarters during my stay, and here I procured one of the most comfortable and well-furnished bed-rooms I ever met with in America, where the dormitories even in the first hotels cannot, I should imagine, with some exceptions, differ much in dimensions from those in the state prisons.

Perhaps the reader would like to know how they live at one of these primitive country taverns. At half-past five, the bell is rung, to arouse the inmates from sleep, and another at six summons them to breakfast. This is spread in a long bare looking room, where the boarders—most of them working men or journeymen, a few travellers, with possibly one or two of a higher grade in society—assemble at the table, which is decently though not luxuriously spread. No words are wasted and no time is lost, and in ten minutes the meal is over, and the apartment empty. Dinner at noon, and tea at six, are performed with the same despatch and silence; though I sometimes contrived to get up a conversation with one or two of those next to me, shrewd and sensible men, and thus linger a few minutes later over the tea-table, to the evident astonishment of the "helps" and boarders.

In these "go-a-head" times, when the United States are so rapidly filling up, and the acquisition of new and golden territories only seems to whet the appetite of her citizens for further "annexation;" this poor little town of Plymouth is looked down upon as quite an old place, very much behind the stirring spirit of the age. There is, in truth, a quiet, old-fashioned, yet cheerful look about it, well suiting the associations which render it so interesting a place of pilgrimage. It consists of a few principal streets, and a number of straggling bye-lanes running off into the surrounding country. Nothing in its way can well be more charming or rural than such a village as this. The principal streets, or to call them more correctly, avenues, are lined with wooden houses, mostly airy and spacious, and often furnished with an ample porch or verandah, running round two sides of the building, which is neatly painted white, grey, or stone colour, with window blinds and shutters of bright green. Many of these gay yet rustic looking dwellings are mostly detached, standing amidst gardens full of shrubs and flowers, and almost embowered in a covert of foliage. Rows of tall elms with

drooping branches, almost meeting over the centre of the road, give to the scene an air of pensive tranquillity and delicious repose. In such a place a quiet sort of man might well be content to wear away his existence. The only thing wanting is an old English church, with grey walls and ivied tower, or in default of such an impossibility, a sacred edifice in the antique style; but here, as everywhere (with but few exceptions) in America, the churches unhappily are in the very vilest taste, and constitute indeed the most prominent disfigurements of the country, although a better taste is rapidly springing up.



A.—Plymouth village.
B.—Town Brook.
C.—Billington Sea.
D.—Captain's Hill. Duxbury.
E.—Clarke's Island.
F.—Saquish Head.
G.—Jones River.

Of these streets, the first laid out by the Pilgrims is of course the most interesting. They judiciously decided to build it upon a high ground, where much of the land had been cleared and planted with corn by the Indians. Below this ran "a very sweet brook," with "many delicate springs of as good water as can be drank." The mouth of the stream afforded them a small

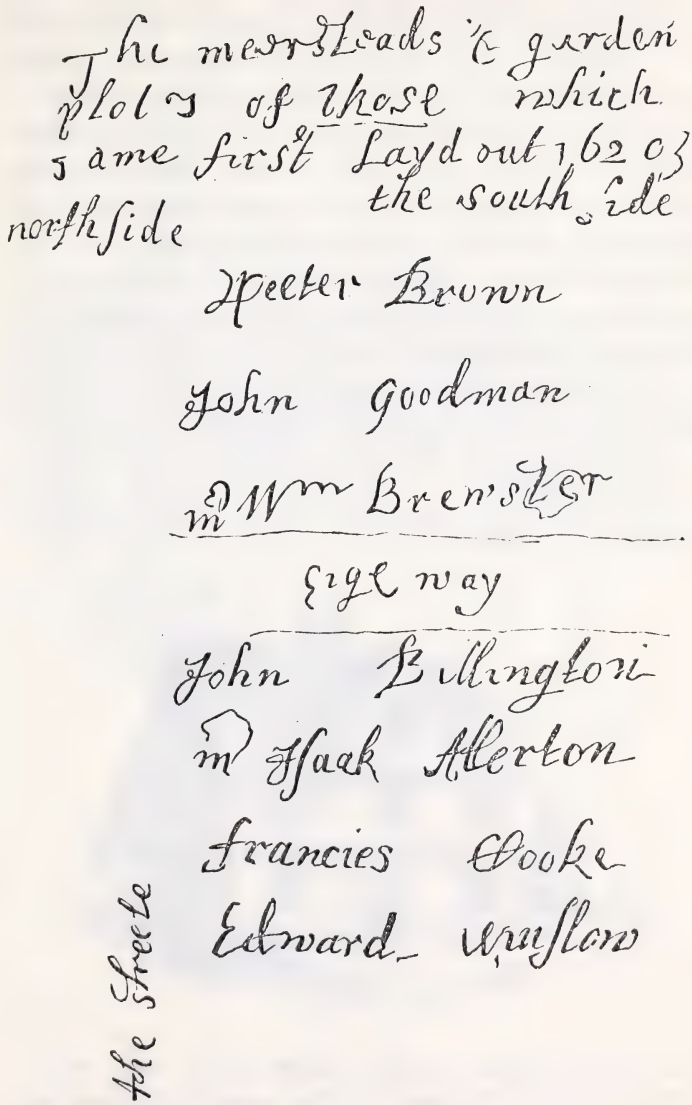
harbour for their shallops and boats, and in the season it abounded with fish. At the head of this street was the hill on which they erected a fort, and thence called Fort-hill, and now Burial-hill, which shall be noticed presently.

But before entering upon a detailed description, it may be well to refer to the map, which will give a general idea of the character of Plymouth Bay, and of the relative position of the prominent objects hereafter described in these sketches. It may be observed that the shores are rather flat,—or rising in gentle acclivities from the water,—with the exception of "Captain's Hill" and the ridge of Manomet,—which latter cannot be included in the map.

To return now to the operations of the Pilgrims. As well as the weather would permit, they set to work cutting timber to build this fort, and laid out "two rows of houses and a fair street," in a line from the hill down towards the landing-place. "In the afternoon of December 28th," says Bradford, "we went to measure out the grounds, and first we took notice how many families there were, willing all single men that had no wives to join with some family, as they thought fit, that so we might build fewer houses; which was done, and we reduced them to nineteen families. We thought this proportion was large enough at the first for houses and gardens to impale them round, considering the weakness of our people." On the 9th of January, being tolerably fine, they divided by lot the plot of ground whereon to build the house, after the proportion formerly allotted. They agreed that every man should build his own house, thinking by that course men were in more haste than working in common. At the bottom of the street they had begun a common house, about twenty feet square, in which they now first made their rendezvous, it being nearly finished, wanting only covering. Some made mortar, others gathered thatch, so that in four days half of it was thatched, but frost and foul weather sorely interrupted their labours.

In the first page of the first book of "Old Colony Records"

is a rough plan of this street, of which the following is a *fac simile* :—



To the main avenue they gave the name of "Leyden-street," after "that fair and beautiful city" where they met with a refuge for so many years. The cross street marked "Hige way" ran down hill to the Town Brook, but exists no longer, the road having been turned off a little further to the westward.

At the head of this street, just under Burial Hill, was afterwards erected the first Congregational church, replaced by a more modern erection. From the steps of this building is a good view of Leyden street, corresponding in direction with the old map. But, alas! not one of the old houses erected by the Pilgrims is now standing. The "common house" was on the site of the last tenement seen on the right hand in the view, and that inhabited by Bradford on the ground occupied by the first building on the left. Elm-trees of gigantic growth completely meet and overshadow the street, and their long drooping branches, like the tendrils of a parasite plant, descend very nearly down to the ground. The dwellings are of wood, and being painted, and with green blinds, have a very neat and comfortable appearance.

The Allyn House, pulled down not very long ago, was the last remaining specimen of the old style of building, and, like the

houses near Faneuil Hall in Boston, resembles with its overhanging gables and latticed windows those formerly common in England, and of which every country town can furnish an example. The annexed cut is copied by permission from Mr. Russell's excellent guide.

From Leyden-street we descend rather steeply into another which runs parallel with the sea-shore, and leads to the famous "Forefathers' Rock." On our left hand is an abrupt ridge, the top of which is open and covered with grass, but its sides disguised by modern edifices. This is called Cole's Hill, and was the original burial-place of the Pilgrims during the dreadful mortality of the first winter. There are no tombstones on the spot, nor anything to indicate that the remains of the earliest martyrs of the Pilgrimage are here interred. Formerly this little grassy eminence overhung the sea-beach, and immediately below, projecting into the waves, was the granite boulder upon which the Forefathers landed. The whole scene, it is greatly to be regretted, is now so disguised that its original features are with difficulty to be traced. Most travellers, when conducted to the spot where the "Rock" stands, or rather stood, rub their eyes, and wonder what can have become of it. They find, perhaps, without being aware, that they are at that moment standing upon it, and that were it not pointed out and the dust rubbed off, they would never have distinguished its surface from the rest of the quay in which it is embedded. Yet, disappointing as may be this view of the Rock, there is no room for scepticism as to its authenticity. In proof of this we may quote an interesting and well attested anecdote from Mr. Russell's Guide, concerning "Elder Thomas Faunce, the last ruling elder in the first church of Plymouth, who was born in the year 1646, and died in the year 1745, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. In the year 1741 the elder, upon learning that a wharf was about to be built near or over the rock, which up to that period had kept its undisturbed position at the water's edge, and fearing

that the march of improvement might subject it to injury, expressed much uneasiness. Though residing three miles from the village of Plymouth, and then in declining health, he left home, and in the presence of many citizens, pointed out the rock as being that which the Pilgrims, with whom he was contemporary and well acquainted, had uniformerly declared to be the same on which they landed in 1620. Upon this occasion this venerable and excellent man took a final leave of this cherished memorial of his fathers."

The all but obliteration of this precious memorial is partly owing to the erection of a quay around it, and partly to a foolish attempt to remove it to the Town Square during the time of the Revolution, for the purposes of political excitement. In conducting this operation the rock, which had been loosened from its original position, split in two, upon which the under part was left behind, and the upper portion dragged to the Town Square, where it served as a pulpit for revolutionary orators. Thence it was finally removed to its present position in front of Pilgrim Hall, and surrounded with a ponderous iron railing, which bids defiance to the attempts of thoughtless patriots, whose zeal, if allowed its free course, would hardly leave a morsel of the original remaining.

This fragment is part of a great boulder of dark grey Sienite granite, and well rounded by rolling and the action of water, and resembling many others scattered about in the neighbourhood.

There is no stone in the world regarded with so much veneration, unless those within the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, and the Temple at Mecca. To this day the descendants of the original settlers dispute as to which of them first set foot upon it; and far from its interest diminishing with time, the wider spreads the bounds of the great republic, the prouder is the feeling with which its citizens seem to regard it.

The "Burying Hill" is the most remarkable spot in Plymouth. From whatever side we approach the town, it rises conspicuously above all its buildings—a lofty green mound, covered with dark grey tombstones—the first place to receive the rays of the sun, and the last upon which they linger.

Let us ascend to it by the narrow footpath from the head of Leyden-street—worn deeply in the thick and mossy turf—and, seated on one of the tombstones, look out upon the surrounding scene. What a Sabbath stillness reigns around! Scarcely a sound arises from the town below, half-buried among its leafy groves; though the curling smoke tells of many a cheerful home concealed amidst the foliage. It is morning, the tide is in, the wide expanse of the bay glitters with light, and a fresh and bracing sea breeze pleasantly salutes us. The robin redbreast—a much larger bird than his elder brother in England—hopping from stone to stone, seems to haunt this fresh and breezy eminence. The view that it commands, though it may present no very striking natural features, is pleasing from its wide expanse of sea and shore; while it embraces the whole field of Pilgrim adventure, from the arrival on the coast to the settlement at Plymouth. If the weather is clear, the white sand-hills of Cape Cod may be faintly seen in the distance, while the indented shores of the bay—embracing within its curve Clarke's Island, Saquish Head and the Gurnet light, the green hill of Duxbury, and the pine-clad ridge of Manomet—are all outstretched before us with the distinctness of a map.

But the spot whereon we stand, the cemetery, is itself the

most striking feature of the scene. It is thickly covered with dark grey slate-stones, most of them brought from England, adorned with quaint carvings of death's-head and cross-bones, and bearing the names of the first comers and their numerous descendants. It is, however, singular that the graves of the earliest Pilgrims are unknown; though not improbably some of the older tombstones, but just peeping up above the surface of the soil, and from which the inscription has been obliterated, may belong to these venerated fathers of the settlement.

In the centre, and conspicuous in our engraving, arises a column placed some years ago to the memory of William Bradford, whom our story took up as the yeoman of Austerfield, and leaves as the honoured governor of the settlement of Plymouth. The spot was known to his descendants, many of whom lie buried in a cluster around him. Among these is the tombstone of his two sons one of which is selected as a good specimen of the style of the more ornamented ones.

At the southern extremity of the hill appear some faint traces of the platform erected by the Pilgrims, which gave to it originally the name of "Fort Hill." Upon this commanding point, which communicated with Town Brook by an avenue now called Spring-street, they erected a strong timber fort, upon which they planted their cannon and kept watch against the approach of the Indians. The same building long served them as a meeting-house during these troublous and suspicious days.

On the opposite side to the bay and town, the view inland extends over an irregular ground still fringed with the primitive forest. Deep, dark lakelets, surrounded with trees, slumber in the hollow recesses of the little dells and valleys, which, notwithstanding the cleared fields and dwellings occasionally interspersed, still retain much of their original wildness.

On the other side of the Town Brook rises a bold eminence called Watson's Hill, at present half covered with buildings, and crowned by a windmill. It was here that Massasoit first made his appearance with his Indians, and in the hollow beneath, where now stands the bridge, that Winslow and his men advanced to meet him.

In wandering about this venerable place of sepulture, I was particularly struck with the longevity attained by a large proportion of its tenants. It is remarkable that many of those who survived the first winter,—fatal to half their companions,—and became accustomed to the climate, which if keen and cutting, is remarkably pure and salubrious, should, with their immediate descendants, have lived to eighty, ninety, and in some few instances, above even a hundred years of age. One circumstance was very characteristic: the number of Christian names,—many taken directly from the Old and New Testament, or such as "Experience," "Patience," "Fear," "Mercy," "Wrestling," and the like, which, though to modern ears they may sound quaint and puritanical, carry us back to the age of deep religious enthusiasm in which the colony was founded.

Such, in its main features, is the "Burying Hill," the most venerable, if not the most beautiful necropolis to be met with on the soil of America.

After fully exploring the village of Plymouth, we began to make excursions in its neighbourhood. The morning was clear and cold, when a light wagon drew up before the door of the "Mansion House." The "wagon" of America does not answer to the heavy machine of the same name in England, but is a light four-wheeled affair for passengers, something like a Swiss *char*, with large wheels, and hung very loosely, so as to take easily to the ruts and inequalities of an American road. There are generally buffalo-robes to wrap round one and keep out the cold. Being joined by a friend who had volunteered as cicerone, we set off at a rapid pace for Duxbury, to examine what traces we might find of old Myles Standish, and to ascend a bold eminence called after him the "Captain's Hill." We anticipated an interesting excursion, and were not disappointed.

For some miles the road followed the shore of the bay, and then —as a reference to the map will show—crossed Jones's River, and swept round to the eastward to the village of Duxbury. The country was somewhat bald and dreary, and we were not sorry to draw up at the door of a farm-house, just under the brow of the isolated hill which rose directly above.

A fine vigorous old man, with a cheerful eye, cheek hale and ruddy as that of an English peasant, was guiding the plough in a field hard by, accompanied by a limber slip of a boy about ten years old. We hailed him, and asked leave to fasten up the wagon during our absence, whereupon he immediately came forward and tied up the horse for us. My friend on recognising him said,—"Well, Mr. Soule, I am glad to see you so hearty at your time of life." "Why, aye," was the reply, "I am seventy-five, and thank God I can do a little work yet." This fine old gentleman, as my friend told me, was a descendant of George Soule, one of the Pilgrims who came over in the "Mayflower."

On learning that I came from London, he shook me heartily with his hard and honest palm, and said, "I *ben* often in your city, when I was a sailor;" for it appeared that in his younger days he had, like many of his countrymen, ploughed the sea for a subsistence, but in his declining days exchanged it for ploughing his own paternal acres.

We left him for a while, and struck up to the top of Captain's Hill, a long slope covered with short green turf, like that of the English downs, and scattered over with enormous grey boulders. Above a curious row of these stones we sat down to enjoy the prospect around us. At the foot of the hill was Mr. Soule's farm, with its fields protected by snake-fences, consisting of rough slips of timber placed crosswise, zigzag fashion,—a cheap but very ugly sort of enclosure, and which, it is to be hoped, will in time give place to the green hedges which so greatly adorn the "old country." In the hollow below the farm-house appears a pool of water, on the opposite side of which is a rising ground, and upon this the dwelling of Myles Standish formerly stood.

Outstretched beyond was the wide expanse of Plymouth Bay; a part alone could be comprised within the limits of the annexed sketch. But then it is by far the most interesting portion, for here we see at a glance the course of Standish and his companions on their first voyage of discovery in the shallop. Looming faintly in the extreme distance, are the sandy hills of Cape Cod, and the long shore which the shallop explored on her way to Plymouth Bay. Bounding it on the south, towers the dark-clad ridge of Manomet, still covered with its primeval pines. At its north entrance is the Gurnet light, and the low projecting point of Saquish Head, between which were the breakers where the little shallop was so nearly cast away; while the small island nearest to the shore, with two or three old trees, relics of its original covering, is the memorable Clarke's Island. Yes, behind that insignificant isle, with nothing whatever to distinguish it from ten thousand others, did the tempest-tossed

Pilgrims find shelter from the storm; there did they kindle a fire and watch all night in the rain, and there they rested on the Sabbath which preceded the memorable Monday when they first trod upon the rock of Plymouth.

The early accounts of the Bay speak of a second island, called "Brown's," which seems rather to have been a shoal, and of which some traces are perceptible to the right of Saquish Head at low water. Part of the village of Plymouth is seen to the right of the view, with the long projecting beach, and a small light at its extreme point.

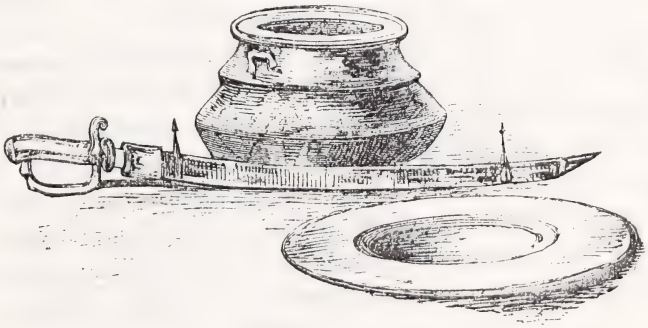
At the foot of the hill we rejoined our old friend, who sent his little companion to guide us across a swamp to the dwelling and spring of Myles Standish. When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, this part of its neighbourhood was allotted to and occupied by Captain Standish, John Alden, Jonathan Brewster, and Thomas Prence; and it was ordained that these men and their families should remove to Plymouth in the winter, in order that they might the better attend upon the worship of God there established. The hill and adjacent lands were assigned to Standish, who called the place Duxbury, after his ancestral estate in Lancashire, already described. When the old warrior settled here, the neighbourhood was clothed with forests, and thus he preferred planting his homestead near to the shore, whence, if attacked by Indians, he could more easily jump into his boat, and run across to his brethren at Plymouth.

The boy led us by the edge of the pool already noticed, through the intricate footway of a small morass. Tufts of wild rushes and spongy moss alternated with the drifted sand, heaped up by the winter tempests,—the sea rolled in upon the desolate shore of the bay,—the whole scene was wild, impressive, and solitary. At length the youngster paused at a small spring welling out of the hill-side, and received into a small oblong basin, the stones of which, if tradition is to be trusted, were placed in their present position by the hands of Myles himself.

Reeds and wild flowers overhung the water, which trickled down through moss and sedges till it mingled with the sea below.

A few paces distant, and higher up the ridge, were some faint indications of the dwelling-house, which was burnt down while occupied by Standish's eldest son.

Here, then, reposed the old warrior after his eventful pilgrimage, his conflicts with the Spaniards in the Low Countries, and with the Indians in the forests of America. Here too, in 1656, he died, at the good old age of seventy-two; but his sepulchre, like that of Moses, "no man knoweth unto this day." Most probably he was interred upon his own ground, or at the ancient burial-ground at Duxbury. Many memorials of him are extant, and piously are they treasured up. His helmet and breast-plate are missing; his coat of mail, it is said, was seen by some one when taken out of a box, but crumbled into dust upon being touched. We find that a "Ceser's Comentarys" formed a prominent volume of his scanty library. But his good sword, with a huge kettle and dish, are still preserved at Plymouth, and are here presented together in a group.



On the back of the weapon is an Arabic inscription, which would seem to indicate, so far as it could be made out by a friend, that this is really one of those "Damascus blades"

formerly so proverbial for their temper and keenness, although no longer of any special repute.

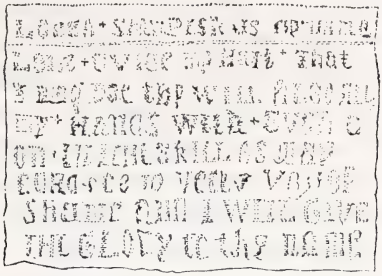
Amidst the sad entries of the first winter's mortality is this: —"On January 29th, died Rose, wife of Captain Standish." After a while the gallant widower, as tradition tells the tale, fixed upon Priscilla, the daughter of William Mullins, as a suitable helpmate to fill up the melancholy void. In paying his addresses, however, he adopted the singular method of employing a substitute, and the result is a notable comment upon the folly of making love by proxy. In the present instance, moreover, the unsuspecting soldier, relying too much on his reputation, was so infatuated as to choose the young and comely John Alden, as the interpreter of his wishes to the fair Priscilla, who it was said was not altogether insensible to the handsome youth. And so it fell out, that as the blushing herald stood stammering forth the proposals of his patron, the lady interrupted him with,—"Prythee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" "Upon that hint he spake," as did Othello to the gentle Desdemona, and of course with a similar result. The lovers became man and wife, and poor Standish, most probably, a laughing-stock to his neighbours. He was not deterred, however, by this rebuff—he proposed anew, and this time, no doubt, *in propria persona*, to a certain Barbara, by whom his merits were better appreciated. He left several children, male and female, of whom his daughter Lora died before him, as we learn by the following extract:—

"My will is, that out of my whole estate, my funeral charges to be taken out, and my body to be buried in a decent manner; and if I die in Duxburrow, my body to be layed as neare as convenient to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law. March 7th, 1655.

"By me,

Myles Standish

Of Lora, thus beloved, there remains a relic in the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, a sampler of excellent workmanship, of which the following is a portion:—



LORA STANDISH IS MY NAME.

LORD, GUIDE MY HEART THAT I MAY DOE THY WILL. ALSO FILL MY HANDS WITH SUCH CONVENIENT SKILL AS MAY CONDUCE TO VERTUE VOID OF SHAME, AND I WILL GIVE THE GLORY TO THY NAME.

Our next excursion was in an opposite direction to the last. One of the peculiarities of New England is the great number of small lakes, or, as they are vulgarly called, ponds, which beautifully diversify the face of the country. Of these, the township of Plymouth alone contains an immense number. The largest, which bears the name of Billington Sea, is so called after Francis Billington, its discoverer. His father, John, came over with the Pilgrims in the "Mayflower," having shuffled on board at London, nobody knew how. He was "among them, but not of them," being, in truth, the black sheep of the flock, the scapegrace and vexation of the whole company—a turbulent, insubordinate, quarrelsome fellow. Soon after their arrival he

was sentenced to have his neck and heels tied together for contempt of Captain Standish's orders, and at last ended his days on the gallows, for waylaying and shooting a man whom he had warned off his grounds. His sons seem to have taken after him, and with their wayward mischievous pranks to have caused great annoyances to the colonists. One of them nearly blew up the party of explorers, by firing off a gun which he had improperly got possession of, in close proximity to a barrel of gunpowder. Another wandered off into the woods to an Indian camp, and a party had to be sent thither in quest of him. The discovery of this piece of water might in some measure compensate for these irregularities. One day Francis clambered up a tree on a hill-top, and having thence descried "a great sea, as he thought, on the ninth of January, went with the master's mate to discover it." To quote the account in Bradford's journal, "They went three miles, and then came to a great water, divided into two great lakes, the bigger of them five or six miles in circuit, and in it an isle of a cable length square; the other, three miles in compass, in their estimation. They are fine fresh water, full of fish and fowl. A brook issues from it,—it will be an excellent place for us in time. They found seven or eight Indian houses, but not lately inhabited. When they saw the houses they were in some fear, for they were but two persons and one piece."

One really may envy the feelings with which this truant boy and his companion, stealing through the thick woods, and fearing an Indian behind every bush, first stood upon the edge of this sequestered sheet of water, surrounded with lonely forests. On a warm afternoon in early spring, I wandered off thither alone. The road ascends the course of the Town Brook, as it comes down from the lake, and which proved as valuable as anticipated, its water-power turning several mills. It swarmed in the season with a sort of herring, called *Alewives*, which proved, as before observed, a valuable resource to the starving colonists.

In the letter of De Rasiere, descriptive of New Plymouth, is

a brief notice of this stream, and of the manner in which the fish were taken. "At the south side of the town there flows down a small river of fresh water, very rapid but shallow, which takes its rise from several lakes in the land above, and there empties into the sea; where, in April and the beginning of May, there come so many herring from the sea which want to ascend that river, that it is quite surprising. This river the English have shut in with planks, and in the middle with a little door, which slides up and down, and at the sides with trellice work, through which the water has its course, but which they can also close with slides. At the mouth they have constructed it with planks, like an eel-pot, with wings, where in the middle is also a sliding door, and with trellice work at the sides, so that between the two [dams] there is a square pool into which the fish aforesaid come swimming in such shoals, in order to get up above where they deposit their spawn, that at one tide there are 10,000 to 12,000 fish in it, which they shut off in the rear at the ebb, and close up the trellices above, so that no more water comes in; then the water runs out through the lower trellices, and they draw out the fish with baskets, each according to the land he cultivates, and carry them to it, depositing in each hill three or four fishes; and in these they plant their maize, which grows as luxuriantly therein as though it were the best manure in the world; and if they do not lay the fish therein, the maize will not grow, so that such is the nature of the soil."

The Town Brook is one of those pretty streams so common in New England; and its banks, before they were invaded by mills, must have been really exquisitely sylvan. One spot, a deep hollow, by which the stream makes its way through the woods and meadows from Billington Sea towards the village, presented so charming a picture that I could not resist transferring it to my sketch-book.

Soon afterwards a bye-road went off into the woods, and but for the stacks of timber piled up in places, showing that the axe

was busily invading these forest haunts, the solitude would have been complete. There was as yet a wintry dreariness in the scene. The trees had not assumed their verdant livery, and the earth was covered with a deposit of rotten foliage, the tribute of the preceding autumn. So dead and oppressive was the silence that the rustle of the withered leaves, when the wind swept fitfully through the half-naked boughs, or the sudden snap of a dry branch cracking beneath the footstep, seemed positively startling. Though the gilded snake had crept out of his hole to sun himself, the flowering tribes of the forest had not yet awakened to the warm breath of spring, save one—the pioneer of all the rest, the beautiful *May-flower*—with its delicate roseate blossom and delicious scent. This flower, like the primrose in Old England, is the first to start up, like life from death, amidst the decayed vegetation of the woods, and it is regarded with a similar feeling of affection. "To secure its earliest blossom," Mr. Russell tells us, "is considered a fortunate circumstance among its admirers." It is a favourite pastime to make Maying parties in the woods, and

"on any pleasant afternoon in spring time, in the streets of Plymouth, may be seen numerous children and young persons bearing handfuls of these pretty blossoms, which they have collected with choice selection from the neighbouring woods and hills."

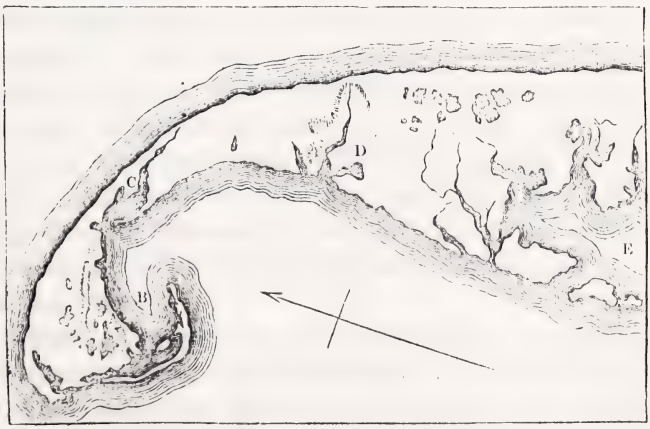
A long avenue through the forest brought me down to a small grassy patch on the brink of the lake. It seemed to be the only opening for miles around its borders, which are everywhere hemmed in with lonely forests. A rude pier juts out into the waters, at which parties embark for the opposite island, "the isle of a cable length square," mentioned by the discoverers. Upon this stand a boat-house and a small building, half concealed among the trees, a favourite place of resort with the parties who come here to make holiday in the summer.

Were it not for these traces of the presence of man, everything is precisely as in the Pilgrim days. How intensely silent is all around! The limpid waters of the lake expand for miles, running into distant reaches and bays, and everywhere the thick forests come down to its brink, and are reflected in its lucid mirror. The genius of solitude seems to brood over the scene. The eagle, rising from his nest in some tall pine, soars high in air till, dwindled to a speck, he is lost in the distant woods. The wild fowl start from the brake, and dashing down upon the surface, leave a long trail of light across the glassy expanse. The deer, who still haunt these glades, sometimes steal down to the tangled shore, or when pursued by the hunter, plunge into the lake to take refuge in some remote and inaccessible covert.

Two centuries ago, and the Indian roamed at will through this verdant wilderness. The blue smoke curled up from his wigwam through the forest-trees, and his bark canoe was seen gliding across the lake. It is singular that while Plymouth is the earliest settlement on these shores, so large a tract in its immediate neighbourhood should be still almost as wild as in the days of the Pilgrims. For hours together you may roam through forests

intersected only by narrow roads made for the timber wagons, and come upon many a small tarn sleeping in the midst of the woody solitude. One day I was driven round Billington Sea and to the top of Monk's Hill, through avenues so narrow that our wheels grazed the trees on either side. Sometimes we sank up to the axle in a swamp, or crossed nervously over some ruinous log bridge. When we attained the summit, what a scene burst upon our view! The eye wandered over miles of almost unbroken woodland, with glassy lakes peeping through the trees; and beyond was Plymouth, with its white houses and cheerful fields, the outspread Bay, and the distant shores, extending from Cape Cod nearly all the way to Boston.

It may well be supposed that a pilgrimage to the Pilgrim localities would have been incomplete without a visit to Cape Cod harbour, in which the "Mayflower" first found shelter from the wintry storms of the Atlantic. The singular configuration of this promontory will at once strike the eye by glancing at the annexed map.



A.—Provincetown. B.—Place where the "Mayflower" anchored.
C.—East Harbour. D.—Pamet River. E.—Wellfleet Harbour.

Standing out so far from the main line of the coast, it is one of those out-of-the-way nooks almost cut off from the rest of the world. Its physical peculiarities are most remarkable. Sandy downs thinly covered with grass, and thick woods of dwarf timber, with open plains brought under some degree of cultivation, alternately succeed to each other. Arms of the sea, with extensive salt marshes, perforate the Cape on either side, so that it may be called half land, half water. And the inhabitants are in keeping with their dwelling-place—amphibious animals, at home either upon the earth or sea. With a scanty soil and bitter climate, they were soon driven to the ocean for a subsistence, and a more hardy or enterprising race of mariners is nowhere to be met with on the watery element. To this fact Burke, in 1774, bore noble testimony in the House of Commons. "No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried their most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood." This eulogy was pronounced before the Revolution which severed the United States from the parent country; and the Cape Codders are no longer "in the gristle," but have attained unto the "perfect man." With the ingenuity of New Englanders in general, they have more strings than one to their bow, and when the fisheries are over, and they return to their homes, resort to shoe-making, farming, and other occupations, to increase their store.

No railroad as yet penetrates into this singular promontory, and the communication with Provincetown, in Cape Cod harbour, the spot where the Pilgrims landed, is kept up by stage coaches loosely hung on springs, to stand the jolting over the sandy roads. I ascended the roof of one of these conveyances, which swayed rather than ran along, as fast as the loose nature

of the highway would permit. This country displays a remarkable instance of the triumph of skill and perseverance over natural obstacles. Bald and dreary as was the landscape, nothing could exceed the neatness of the villages, and the comfortable look of the inhabitants. The houses are built of frame-boards—mostly painted white, with green blinds—and the vane upon the barn or outhouse adorned with a prettily carved ship, in lieu of a weathercock, showing the nautical predilections of its tenant. The handsomest of these dwellings mostly belong to retired sea captains, born upon the Cape, who after a successful career of enterprise, have returned to their native villages to pass the close of their existence.

The Cape is divided into townships, one of which bears the honoured name of Brewster. A small village with an inn serves as the centre of these districts. At one of these where we stopped to dine, I noticed a hale, ruddy-looking man, who turned out to be the brother of the landlord, and after dinner unrolled—of all things—a *family tree*, in which the descent of the various branches of his house were traced with all the accuracy of Herald's College. This family I found had emigrated from England, and were not a little proud of their derivation from the old country. They had thriven too, for the innkeeper on learning that I was an Englishman, took me over a large house not far off, very handsomely furnished, which he said was his private residence, and in which hung up the portrait of his progenitor. Not long after my return I saw a paragraph in the newspaper, stating that the brother of this gentleman had presented a chalice to the church of that town in England from whence his ancestors were originally derived.

At Eastham, a little further on, the stump of an old pear-tree was pointed out to me. This too had been brought from England, and, as the original of all the pear-trees in this quarter of the world, was justly regarded as a valuable and curious relic. Continuing our journey, at evening we struck into a region of

wild forests, amidst which were several small lakes, or "ponds," to use the local name, with farm houses and small clearings upon their borders, and at dark reached the village of Truro, near the Pamet river, where it became necessary to put up for the night at a small tavern.

Here we were very near the extremity of the Cape, the sea being but a very short distance on either hand. The coast is bordered with dangerous shoals, and shipwrecks are continually occurring. At the very moment of my arrival, an English vessel was on shore, and two noble hearted inhabitants of Truro had lost their lives in the vain endeavour to rescue the crew. The following column from a Cape Cod newspaper contains the particulars of this disaster, and shows moreover how many lives are annually lost upon this perilous coast:—

"THE DISASTERS OF THE SPRING.

"There seems to be no end to disasters. Thick weather, easterly gales, and storms, never seemed to prevail with such sad results to vessels at this end of the Cape, as we have witnessed this month. The Danish brig struck on the bar, and came to pieces; all hands were lost. The marble with which she was loaded lies there in seven feet of water. One of the bodies of the crew, supposed to be the captain, was picked up to-day. The ship 'Inez' and bark 'Queen,' and two English schooners, one of which came to pieces almost immediately on the landing of the crew, came ashore last week; crew saved. The barque 'Josepha' came ashore off the head of the meadow this week on Thursday; the screeches of her crew were heard on shore. Out of a crew of eighteen men, only two reached the shore alive. Two men, Jonathan Collins and Daniel Cassity, belonging to Truro, sacrificed their lives in attempting to board her with a line. The body of Mr. Cassity, with six others, was picked up to-day, and brought in and identified.

"The papers of the barque 'Solway' were picked up on

Monday. Articles not mentioned in the list of the cargo of the 'Josepha,' are said to be floating in the surf. It is supposed by some that another vessel must have gone to pieces, and all on board perished.

"STRIKING AND SAD COINCIDENCES IN THE EVENTS.

"The first coincidence is, that the 'Josepha' came ashore not probably five rods from where the Prussian brig was wrecked in 1834. In attempting to save the crew of the latter, Mr. Elisha Paine of North Truro perished, and in attempting to save those of the former, two men from the same part of Truro are now drowned.

"Another is, that Mr. Cassity was the last of three brothers, all of whom met a similar death. Andrew Cassity was drowned by the upsetting of a boat passing from this harbour to Truro, in the spring of 1846. With him perished Captain Samuel Coan, Daniel Pendergrass, Nath'l Paine, and two lads. Timothy Cassity was lost last fall, in the schooner 'E. W. Shaw,' in the Bay. With him perished Thomas Shaw, Aaron W. Snow, Cornelius Shaw, John Brensiah, Cornelius Shaw, Jr., Joseph P. Wells, Michael Rich, Jr., and others, in the same vessel.

"Daniel perishes in attempting to save others from meeting the fate of his brothers, and meets the same himself. He had been married but a few weeks. Mrs. Cassity has often drank of the cup of sorrow in this form. Her father and only brother were drowned in the gale of 1841; her brother-in-law was drowned in the gale of October, 1851; and now her *husband* follows them. Thus of the four—the mother and three daughters—three are now widows; and all made so in the same way.

"PARTICULARS.

"Mr. Collins, no doubt, confided in his skill to manage a dory. He had a brave heart. D. D. Smith took his things from his

pockets to go with Collins, but Cassity pushed him aside, and took his place. They were told by many that they could not live; but the piercing cries from the wreck moved them to do their best to save those who must perish, unless there were speedy communication from the shore. Noble fellows! they will live in the hearts of sailors for ever. Mr. Collins, we regret to say, leaves comparatively nothing to his family. He arose from the tea-table, where he was seated, on the cry of 'A ship ashore, and all hands perishing!' and in less than an hour had perished himself.

"TRURO'S FATALITY TO DEATH BY DROWNING.

"In October, 1841, fifty-seven men of that town perished in one gale. On a Sabbath morning of the summer of 1843, I think, the crew of the schooner 'Commerce,' in attempting to land in a boat, were all drowned near their homes. In 1845, the whole crew of the vessel commanded by William Hutchings perished on the Grand Banks. In 1846, nearly the whole crew of Captain Samuel Coan perished within hailing distance of the Pond village. Also in 1851, twenty or more lives, it is said, were lost at sea. In looking over the record of deaths in that town, doubtless others will be shown which my memory fails to give. Looking over the record of deaths kept by the Rev. Mr. Damon, during his long ministry in Truro, nothing surprised me more than the vast number of deaths at sea by drowning. Perhaps, on an average, other towns have suffered equally with Truro; if so, what numbers from this Cape have met with untimely deaths in the sea! "Yours,

"X. Y. Z. JR."

Next morning, after breakfast, I started outside the mail for Cape Cod harbour. The driver, Mr. Collins, was familiar from infancy with every spot on the road, and most obligingly com-

municated all the information in his power—this last stage of the road to Provincetown being the most curious and interesting in connexion with the Pilgrims.

We crossed the Pamet river, which it will be perhaps recollected was visited by the pioneers on their first excursion. A ridge of bleak and lofty downs succeed, now perfectly bare, but which my companion could well remember as clothed with wood. On our left were the Great Hollow and Old Tom's Hill. Next came Pond village, and we then reached the shores of East Harbour. All these localities were explored by the Pilgrims in the above-mentioned journey of exploration.

We had now reached the narrowest point of the Cape, here dwindled away to a narrow ridge of sand. The coachman steered his horses down upon the sandy shore of East Harbour—the tide at that time being out, and admitting of his driving over the beach. During the blinding gales and snow storms of winter, it requires no small skill and intrepidity to pilot a four-horse coach where road is none, over this intermixture of hill, sand, swamp, and sea-weed. The waves sometimes break fairly over the narrow ridge, threatening to make a clean breach through it, to carry coach and horses out to sea, and suddenly convert the extremity of the Cape into an island. After driving some distance along the wet shore, we were constrained to strike up into the head of the Cape, which here widens out a little, and consists simply of vast sand-hills, incessantly shifting their shape by the action of the storms. This sand coming in glaring contrast with the deep blue sky above, startlingly reminded me of old camel-journeying across the Arabian desert. There is here no sort of road, and the driver has to work his coach and horses through the yielding substance as he is best able. The sand is planted like the downs of Holland, with a species of reed-grass, which, matting its roots together, tends to prevent the further dispersion of the shifting mass.

Perhaps a few notions of this very curious place, viewed with

a transatlantic eye by the famous "Penciller by the Way," will be not unacceptable to our readers.

"The remainder of the Cape, from Truro to Provincetown, is the Venice of New England—as unlike anything else as the city of gondolas is unlike the other capitals of Italy—and deserves the other end of a letter.

"At the point where I resume my sketch of Cape Cod, I could not properly date from 'terra *firma*.' The sand hills, which compose the last few miles of the way to Provincetown, are perpetually changing shape and place, and—solid enough though they are, to be represented in Congress—the ten-mile extremity of the Cape is subject to a 'ground swell,' for the sea-sickness of which even Congress has thought it worth while to prescribe. I must define this to you more fully, for, literally true as it is, it sounds very much like an attempt at being figurative.

"Whoever travels between Truro and Provincetown, though he goes up hill and down dale continually, runs his wheel over the virgin sand; for even the stage-coach, that plies daily backward and forward, leaves no track that lasts longer than an hour. The republican wind, though blowing ever so lightly, commences the levelling of an inequality as soon as raised, and the obedient particles of light sand, by a granular progression scarcely perceptible, are pushed back into the hole they were lifted from, or distributed equally over the surrounding surface. Most of the way you are out of sight of the sea, and with this and the constant undulation, there is little or no resemblance to a beach. Indeed, it is like nothing with which we are familiar; for, down in the bottom of one of those sandy bowls, with not a blade of grass visible, no track or object except what you brought with you, a near and spotless horizon of glittering sand, and the blue sky in one unbroken vault above, it seems like being nested in one of the nebulæ of a star—a mere cup of a world, an acre large, and still innocent of vegetation. The swell of a heavy sea, suddenly arrested and turned to sand, in a series of con-

tiguous bowls and mountlets—before a blade of grass had found time to germinate, or the feather of a bird to drop and speck the smooth surface—would be like it, in shape and superficies. The form of this sand ocean changes perpetually. Our driver had 'driven stage' for a year, over the route between Truro and Provincetown, and every day he had picked a new track, finding hills and hollows in new places, often losing his way with the blinding of the flying sand in a high wind, and often obliged to call on his passengers to 'dig out'—a couple of shovels being part of his regular harness. It is difficult to believe, while putting down the foot in this apparently never trodden waste, that, but a few miles either way, there is a town of two thousand inhabitants."

At length, after passing a tufted thicket which succeeded this desert tract, the bourne of our pilgrimage came in sight. The harbour of Cape Cod, the spot where the battered "Mayflower," freighted with the destinies of a continent, found shelter from the wintry storms of the Atlantic, expanded before us. It is one of the finest on the whole line of coast, in which, as the Pilgrims observe, "a thousand sail of ships may safely ride," being completely land-locked, and the entrance accessible in all winds to vessels of the largest class. The curve of land by which it is formed is appropriately called Longpoint, and at its extremity is a lighthouse. Just within this point, about "three quarters of a mile from the shore," the "Mayflower" came to an anchor.

The Pilgrims have well described the spot as it appeared to them. The ground upon which Provincetown now stands, was then "covered to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood." I found very considerable remains of these forests, as may be judged from the annexed view. The wood is for the most part stunted, though there are not wanting specimens of a much heavier growth of timber, as I ascertained by rambling about the neighbourhood. The Pilgrims remark the whales playing around them, regretting that they

were unfurnished with tackle for capturing them. This deficiency has since been amply made up by their descendants; since, as Mr. Sumner informs us, "the American whale-fishery commenced at Cape Cod, where it was carried on entirely in boats, which put off whenever a signal was given, by persons on the look-out from an elevated station, that a whale was seen to blow." Occasionally they are even taken close on shore, and "the appearance of a whale in the harbour is the signal for a general stir among the five hundred graceful five-hand boats that line the circling shore of the Bay." The Pilgrims were equally unfortunate in not taking any cod, which is found in abundance outside the harbour, at the season of their arrival.

Provincetown is the last place upon the Cape. It is almost cut off from the world; the access by land being tedious and difficult, though a small steamer offers an easier communication with Boston during the summer months. Its single street of frame houses is built on sand, and overhung by sand, and approached by sand, and altogether has a wild, singular, out-of-the-way appearance. Yet it is a thriving, enterprising, little place. Its hardy inhabitants are almost all fishermen or sailors, and their fishing boats are perfect models.

I spent the whole morning in a solitary ramble over the hills and glades behind Provincetown, which are in many places wild as when the adventurous feet of Standish and his companions first explored these recesses. Often losing sight of modern buildings, the sea alone was visible through the fringe of trees, and the scene was the same as when, two centuries ago, the whole of the northern states was a wilderness tenanted only by the roaming Indian, and when the lonely "Mayflower," bearing the seed of a mighty nation—a small band of English exiles, animated by religious enthusiasm—rounded the point, and found shelter for her precious freight in the calm waters of the harbour.

After fully satisfying my curiosity, I remounted the stage, and

retraced my way to Plymouth, sleeping the next night at Wellfleet. After supper, I observed a beautiful little girl about twelve, deeply engaged in the perusal of a book, which I asked her to allow me to look at, supposing it might be perhaps "Robinson Crusoe," or "Sandford and Merton," if not a work of a still more edifying tendency. But oh—Shades of the Pilgrims—what was my consternation! when, with a beaming countenance, she presented me with the "Mysteries of Paris," exclaiming withal, "that it was a very pretty book, and had *only one murder in it!*" To the pure all things are pure, and it was evident this little creature could understand but a very small portion of this demoralizing production; but the incident showed how wide a revolution in the state of the community must have happened since the Pilgrim days.

The deep veneration with which every memorial of the Pilgrims is regarded by their descendants, has led to the erection of a building in which to preserve and hand them down to posterity. Accordingly, on the 1st of September, 1824, the corner-stone, containing historical inscriptions, of a building called "Pilgrim Hall," was laid at Plymouth with religious ceremonies. It is a plain, substantial structure, but the style is inappropriate, the portico being of Grecian Doric; and it is to be hoped that it may be hereafter replaced by an edifice in the architecture of the period. Within is a miscellaneous collection of articles, some having but little connexion with the Pilgrims; many, however, are genuine and interesting relics, and the chief of these we have here represented.

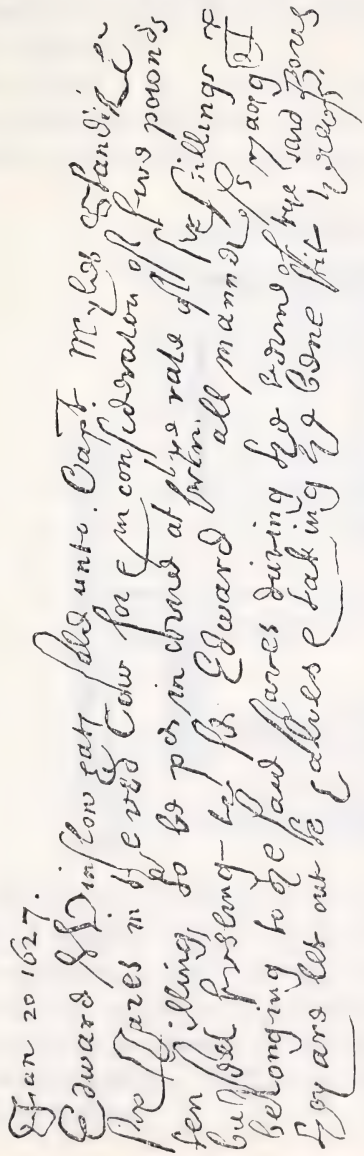
Before entering the Hall, it may be well to observe, that there has existed since 1769 the "Old Colony Club," who met annually to commemorate the landing of their forefathers, and promote social intercourse. They kept up their meetings till the stormy period of the Revolution, when political differences led, in the year 1773, to a dissolution of the Society. To this defunct

institution succeeded, in 1820, the "Pilgrim Society," which still continues to go on and prosper. At the annual celebration of these clubs many of the most eminent men of America have been present, and many an eloquent oration has been delivered. This summer was held a festival of unprecedented attraction and importance.

Of all those who came in the "Mayflower" there exists but a single portrait, and that one is accordingly regarded with peculiar interest. It represents Edward Winslow, and was painted in 1651, during one of his visits to London. As will have already appeared from the narrative, he was one of the most influential members of the colony. He was the eldest son of Edward Winslow, of Droitwich, in Worcestershire, by Magdalen, his second wife, and was the eldest of eight children, of whom four brothers also emigrated to New England. We have already narrated how he fell in with the Pilgrims in Holland, and his active share in their adventures and sufferings at Plymouth. He was one of those who survived to witness the successful issue of the plantation, and also that of Massachusetts Bay. Four times he was sent to England as agent for these colonies, and in 1633 was chosen governor, to which office he was twice afterwards re-elected. Sympathy in religious principle, and a kindred energy of character, made him a great favourite with Cromwell, and he was thus enabled to render essential service to the colonies. Being appointed by the Protector one of three commissioners to overlook the expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies, he died at sea, 1655, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Governor Winslow combined the profound piety which distinguished the rest of the Pilgrims, with a knowledge of the world and society, and an indefatigable and practical energy. His writings show that he knew how to defend the colonies against their enemies. He was the first that brought over cattle from England; and in the Colony records is a curious agreement, showing how valuable a piece of property a cow was then

considered. This agreement, of which we give a *fac simile* below, is said to be in the handwriting of Winslow himself.



Jan 20 1627.
Edward Winslow gat sold unto Capt. Myles Standish
the Shares in the Red Cow for in consideration of five pounds
ten shillings to be pd in corne at five rate of six shillings p
bushell freeing the sd Edward from all manner of charge
belonging to the said shares during the terme of the said shares
they are let out to calves taking the benefit thereof.

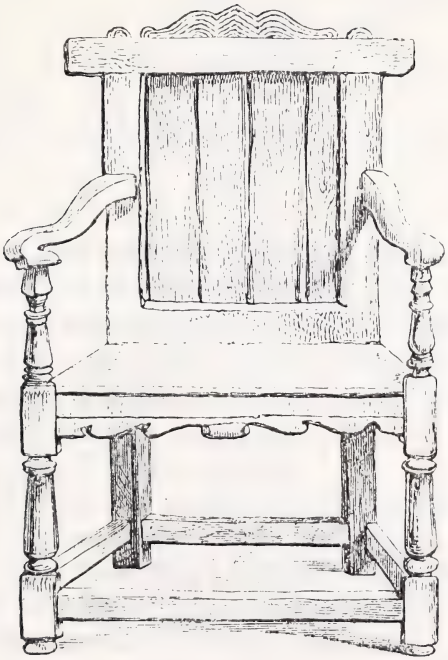
Lest however it should prove somewhat unintelligible to the reader, a translation of it is here subjoined:—

"1627.—Edward Winslow hath sold unto Captain Myles Standish his six shares in the Red Cow, for and in consideration of five pounds ten shillings, to be pd. in corne at the rate of six shillings p. bushell, freeing the sd. Edward from all manner of charge belonging to the said shares, during the terme of the nine yeares they are let out to calves, and taking the benefit thereof."

The cattle thus introduced by Winslow in 1623 consisted of one bull and three heifers. Mr. Russell tells us beside, that "in 1627, after the Pilgrims had bought out the interest of the merchant adventurers of London, to be paid in annual instalments of 200*l.*, the cattle on hand, which had increased to twelve in number, were divided in the following manner:—Twelve equal lots were made, consisting of thirteen persons to each lot, the names of which

are all recorded. These lots were drawn for by the parties concerned, as was the usual Pilgrim practice,—the whole number of shareholders being 156, affording the first recorded '*Cattle Show in New England.*'"

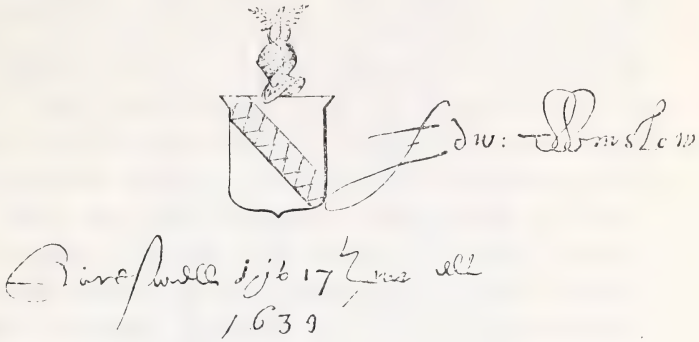
The original of the portrait is in the room of the Massachusetts Historical Collection at Boston, where is also preserved Winslow's substantial oak chair, brought over from England.



On the back is the inscription, "Cheapside, London, 1614."

Edward Winslow may not inaptly be denominated the *head* of the emigration, as Myles Standish was its *right hand.* Upon these two men appears to have devolved most of the active external service of the colony,—Winslow's province being that of negotiating its business; while to the valiant Myles was entrusted its military defence.

In addition to Winslow's old oak chair, we subjoin also his autograph and coat of arms.

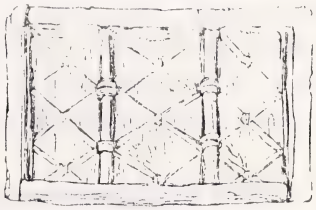


His first wife was among the victims to the first winter, and he soon after married Susanna, widow of William White,—the first marriage celebrated in New England. Like Standish, he called his estate Careswell, after the family seat of his ancestors in England. He left several children, of whom several were honourably distinguished—his only living descendant is Mr. Isaac Winslow, of Boston.

The Hall also contains besides portraits of Josiah Winslow, first native governor of the Old Colony, and his lady. The members of the Winslow family are still numerous and respectable in England, though none are now to be found settled at Droitwich—nor could I hear of any such place as Careswell at present in the neighbourhood of that town.

The careful provident spirit of Winslow is well shown in his directions to a friend intending to emigrate to Plymouth, and we gather also some curious particulars as to the state of the colony. "Now, because I expect your coming unto us, with other of our friends whose company we much desire, I thought good to advertise you of a few things needful. Be careful to have a good bread-room to put your biscuits in. Let your cask for beer and

water be iron bound, for the first tire, if not more. Let not your meat be dry-salted; none can better do it than the sailors. Let your meal be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an adz or hatchet to work it out with. Trust not too much on us for corn at this time, for by reason of this last company that came, depending wholly upon us, we shall have little enough till harvest. Be careful to come by some of your meal to spend by the way,—it will much refresh you. Build your cabins as open as you can, and bring good store of clothes and bedding with you. Bring every man a musket or fowling-piece. Let your piece be long in the barrel, and fear not the weight of it, for most of our shooting is from stands. Bring juice of lemons, and take it fasting, it is of good use. For hot waters, aniseed water is the best, but use it sparingly. If you bring anything for comfort in the country, butter or sallet oil, or both, is very good. Our Indian corn, even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant meal as rice, therefore spare that unless to spend by the way. Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows, with cotton yarn for your lamps. Let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot."

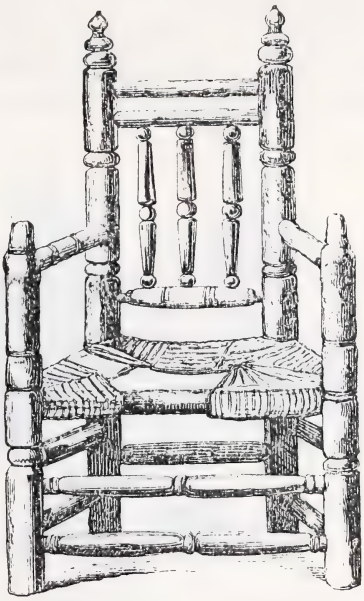


Here we find that in this severe climate oiled paper was at the first the only casement the colonists could afford. By degrees they attained to the luxury of glass, and one of the early latticed window panes is preserved among the curiosities of Pilgrim Hall.

On the wall is hung a large and effective picture, representing the "Landing of the Pilgrims." We cannot here particularize all the curiosities and records,—which will be found correctly enumerated in Mr. Russell's Guide,—but proceed to notice the most characteristic objects.

At the end of the Hall stand two old chairs, originally brought

from England in the "Mayflower." One of them belonged to John Carver.



He was a deacon of the church in Holland, one of their most confidential agents, having, in concert with Robert Cushman, been charged to negotiate with the merchant adventurers, and upon him as the first governor of Plymouth must have devolved a serious responsibility during the most trying period of the colony.

There is an inlaid dressing-case belonging to William White, one of the Pilgrims, whose wife, Susanna, gave birth on board the "Mayflower," in Cape Cod harbour, to a son named

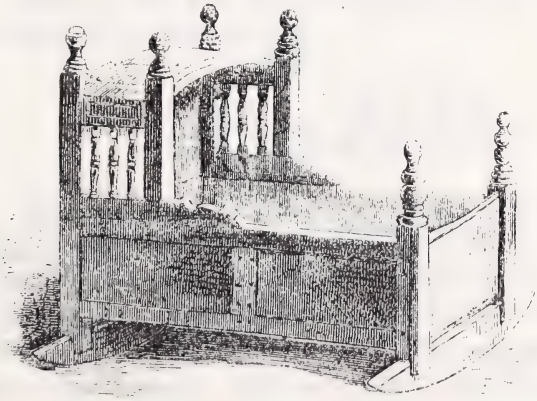
Peregrine White.

the first-born of the Pilgrims in New England, and who lived to the great age of eighty-three. He petitioned to be allowed a

portion of land, in respect that he was "the first of the English born in these parts," and the validity of the claim was admitted by the grant of two hundred acres. Of Peregrine there exists an interesting memorial in an old apple-tree, planted by him upon his lot near Marshfield, and which still produces fruit. Of this a cut is given, copied by permission from Mr. Russell's "Memorials."

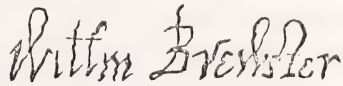
It was at this estate of Marshfield, which had become his property, that the great statesman, Daniel Webster, breathed his last.

The Fuller cradle, of which, by permission of Mr. Russell, we



also give a representation, is another interesting relic of the "first comers." It is now in the possession of Jacob Noyes, Esq., whose wife is a lineal descendant of Dr. Samuel Fuller, physician, as he may be called, to the Pilgrims, and one of those who came over in the "Mayflower." His name is found among those who subscribed the compact before landing at Cape Cod. His wife was left behind, but subsequently came over in the "Anne." Fuller was a deacon of the church, and remarkable for his piety as well as skill in his profession. He must have been among the colonists during the fearful mortality of the first winter, and it is no improbable supposition that many of the survivors partly owed their lives to his endeavours. He appears to have obtained a high reputation. He was sent by the governor to heal the sick among Weston's company, and afterwards to Boston, to alleviate the sufferings of Winthrop's colonists. He died in 1633 of an infectious fever, and his loss was much regretted by his fellow Pilgrims. This was his family cradle, and there is a tradition that it was also used to rock little Peregrine White, the first-born of the New England colonists. It is a good substantial article, and ornamental withal. Like the old-fashioned furniture of the mother country, it was intended to be handed down from one generation to another.

Side by side with Governor Carver's chair is one that belonged to the venerable elder,



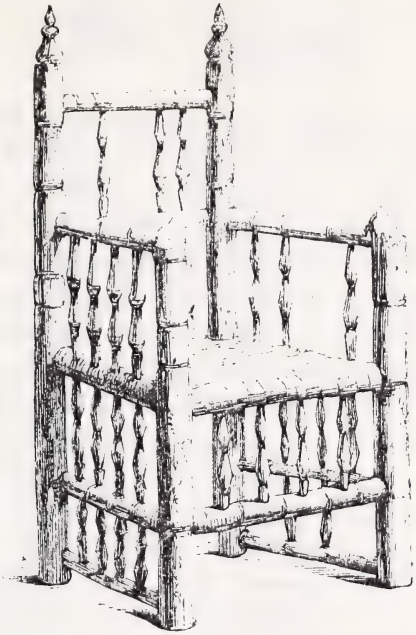
His biography has been given until his arrival at Plymouth. He was the oldest of the Pilgrims, being fifty-six when he emigrated to America. As elder of the church he was chosen, in the absence of Robinson, to act as his substitute until their pastor should be able to join them,—a duty he undertook with no less zeal than modesty. His was a life of remarkable vicissitudes.

Well born and educated, and accustomed to the court, he cast in his lot with a despised body of sectaries, willing, like the great Apostle, to "spend and be spent" in the service of his brethren. He not only guided and directed them like a father, but largely assisted them with his estate; and when they removed to America —though sinking into the vale of years, and from early habits less able to endure hardship—"he was," to quote the beautiful memoir of his friend Bradford, "no way unwilling to bear his burden with the rest, living without bread or corn many months together, having many times nothing but fish, and often wanting that also, and drinking nothing but water for many years together; yea, until within five or six years of his death. And yet he lived by the blessing of God in health until very old age, and besides that he would labour with his hands in the fields as long as he was able. Yet, when the Church had no other minister he taught twice every Sabbath, and that both powerfully and profitably, to the great contentment of the hearers and their comfortable edification. Yea, many were brought to God by his ministry. He did more in their behalf in a year than many that have their hundreds a-year do in all their lives."

Brewster lived to the great age of eighty. "He died in his bed in peace, in the midst of his friends, who mourned and wept over him, and ministered what help and comfort they could unto him, and he again recomforted them whilst he could. His sickness was not long. Until the last day thereof he did not wholly keep his bed. His speech continued until somewhat more than half a day before his death, and then failed him; and about nine or ten of the clock that evening he died without any pang at all. A few hours before he drew his breath short, and some few minutes before his last he drew his breath long, as a man fallen into a sound sleep, without any pangs or gaspings, and so sweetly departed this life unto a better."

One cannot behold such mouldering, but precious memorials of men like these, who approached so closely the apostolical model,

without venerating their memory, and looking back to the early days of faith and love and suffering, amidst which their lot was cast. In the words of a quaint old poem,



"Full humble were their meals,
Their dainties very few,
'Twas only ground-nuts, clams, or eels,
When this old chair was new.

"Their greeting very soft,
Good morrow, very kind,
How sweet it sounded oft
Before we were refined.
Humility their care,
Their failings very few,
My heart! how kind their manners were
When this old chair was new."

It is to be regretted that the Pilgrim Hall contains no memorial of one of the chiefest founders of the colony,

William Bradford

His origin and career until chosen as governor in the room of Carver, have been traced in the course of our narrative, often indeed in his own words. So highly did he approve himself in this new office, that he was annually reelected for thirty years, until his death, excepting three years, when Winslow, and two when Prince, relieved him. He lived almost through the whole period of the English commonwealth, and saw other flourishing colonies—the offspring of his own—rising around him, and forming the germ of an immense empire, by all of whom he was regarded with the love and veneration of a patriarch.

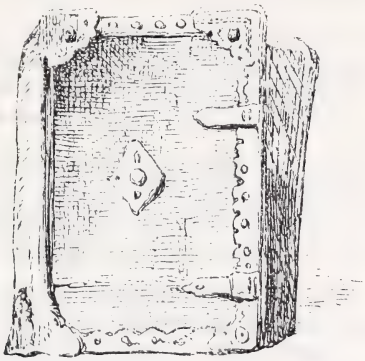
Bradford's first wife was a certain Dorothy May, who accompanied him to America, but never landed, being drowned by the upsetting of a boat, while the "Mayflower" lay at Cape Cod, during his absence on the first journey of exploration. He subsequently married a Mrs. Alice Southworth, a widow, who came over to Plymouth on his invitation to become his wife. Mr. Hunter conjectures, with every appearance of reason, that the family of which this lady became a member, were the Southworths living in the neighbourhood of Scrooby, some of whom were members of Brewster's church. There is a tradition in New England of an old attachment between Bradford and Mrs. Alice, before he left England, but that their union was opposed on the ground of inequality of position. Both of them therefore contracted other alliances—but becoming at length widow and widower—were finally enabled to indulge their old but unforgotten flame. So that notwithstanding their strictness and severity of life, the romance of the heart sometimes found a lurking-place in the bosom of these austere men. Mrs.

Southworth's maiden name is generally believed to have been Middleton. Judge Davis indeed was informed by a certain Mrs. White, an old lady whose mind was richly stored with anecdotes of the *first comers*, that Mrs. Alice's original name was Rayner, and that she was sister to John Rayner, who was for some time settled as a minister in England, but becoming puritan and separatist, he joined the colony at New Plymouth, and was there pastor from 1636 to 1654, while both Bradford and Brewster were living. These Rayners, also, Mr. Hunter has ascertained to have been a family of good standing and repute, who had a right to coat armour, at East Drayton, in Nottinghamshire, not far from the centre of the church at Scrooby. Alice survived her husband, and attained to a great age, as we thus learn from the Old Colony Records:—"On the 26th March, 1670, Mistres Allice Bradford, seni'r, changed this life for a better, haveing attained to fourscore years of age, or therabouts. Shee was a godly matron, and much loued while shee lived, and lamented, tho' aged, when she died, and was honorably interred on the 29th day of the month aforesaid: at New Plimouth:" probably not far from the obelisk which marks the burial-place of her husband.

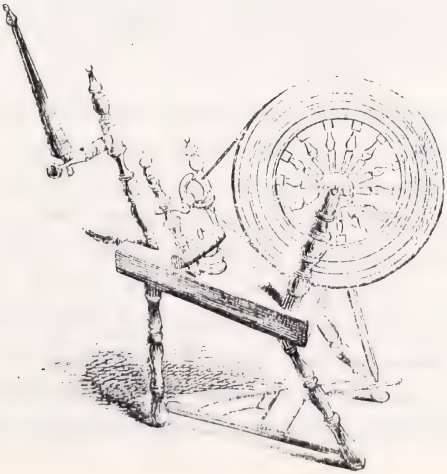
Besides his active services to the colony while living, Bradford rendered it one more imperishable by his writings, which form the most authentic materials for its history. These are, 1. "Some Account of the Religious Community of which he was member before its removal to Holland, in 1608, and from thence till it was transferred to America, in 1620;" 2. "A Diary of Occurrences during the first year after their landing, in which Edward Winslow, another of the emigrants, had a share with him;" 3. "A Dialogue between Young People of the Colony and Ancient People, describing the causes which led to the emigration;" and finally, a "Biographical Account of William Brewster." Only the second of these works was printed in England, in the year 1622, but the others remained in manuscript, and have been liberally quoted from, and sometimes embellished

by Morton, Prince, and Hutchinson. They have at length been printed, with valuable notes by Mr. Alexander Young. Their style is frequently almost scriptural in simplicity and expressiveness, as may be judged of from the many quotations scattered through these pages, which have been drawn up mainly from this authentic source.

To conclude our catalogue of Pilgrim relics, we select an old Dutch Bible with studs and clasps,



and a curious spinning-wheel, no doubt also imported from the "Old Country" by some of the first-comers.



Nothing can well give a livelier idea of the hardships endured by them, than an old ballad, called "Our Forefathers' Song," taken down from the lips of an old lady, aged ninety-four, in the year 1767; thus going back almost to the very days of the Pilgrims, and which is by no means deficient in humour:—

"The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanted that's fruitful and good;
Our mountains and hills, and our valleys below,
Are commonly cover'd with frost and with snow.

"And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose;
But if any's so hardy, and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

"Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they are worn;
But clouting our garments, they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

"If fresh meat be wanted to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and turnips whenever we wish;
And if we've a mind for a delicate dish,
We go to the *clam*-bank, and there we catch fish.

"For pottage, and puddings, and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkin at morning, and pumpkin at noon,
If it was not for *pumpkin*, we should be undoon."

Clam Chowder and *Pumpkin*, or as here nasally pronounced "Pünken" pies, are, albeit unknown to an English palate, delicacies still held in high estimation throughout New England, and truly, when well prepared, not altogether without reason.

The state of feeling among the colonists, soon after they had taken root in the soil, may be judged of by referring to the discourse delivered by Robert Cushman, during his short stay of a month at Plymouth. He had been a member of the Leyden Church, and particularly active in the service of his brethren. Such was his trustworthiness and ability, that he had been twice

sent over from Leyden to negotiate with the Virginia Company; and when the voyage was decided on he went over a third time to receive the money of the Merchant adventurerers, hire ships, and make all the necessary arrangements for the voyage, set sail with the rest on board the "Speedwell;" and when that vessel was declared unseaworthy, remained behind to watch over the scattered circle, with whom he afterwards came over to Plymouth in the "Fortune." He remained only a month, and returned in the same vessel; but that short period had sufficed to show him that much discontent had arisen from the hard contract with the "Merchant adventurers," and that the settlers were anxious no longer to labour in common, but to divide the inheritance between them, and work each man in his own behalf. To allay these discontents, he delivered a discourse, and left a memorial exhorting his brethren to accommodate themselves without repining to their actual situation, and to bear each other's burdens in the spirit of brotherly love.

"It wonderfully encourageth men in their duties, when they see the burthen equally borne, but when some withdraw themselves and retire to their own particular ease, pleasure, or profit, what heart can men have to go on in their business? When men are come together to lift some weighty piece of timber, or vessel, if one stand still and do not lift, shall not the rest be weakened and disheartened? Will not a few idle drones spoil the whole stock of laborious bees? So one idle belly, one murmurer, one complainer, one self-lover, will weaken and dishearten a whole colony. Great matters have been brought to pass where men have cheerfully, as with one heart, hand, and shoulder, gone about it, both in wars, buildings, and plantations; but, where every man seeks himself, all coming to nothing.

"Now, brethren, I pray you, remember yourselves, and know that you are not in a retired, monastical course, but have given your names and promises one to another, and covenanted here to cleave together in the service of God and the King. What then

must you do? May you live as retired hermits, and look over nobody? Nay, you must seek still the wealth of one another, and inquire, as David, How liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother, my associate; we ventured our lives together here, and had a hard brunt of it; and we are in league together. Is his labour harder than mine? Surely I will ease him. Hath he no bed to lie on? Why, I have two; I'll lend him one. Hath he no apparel? Why, I have two suits; I'll give him one of them. Eats he coarse fare, bread and water; and I have better? Why, surely, we will part stakes. He is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to other; so that his wants must be my wants, his sorrows my sorrows, his sickness my sickness, and his welfare my welfare; for I am as he is. And such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable. Yea, heavenly, and is the maker and conserver of churches and commonwealths, and where this is wanting, ruin comes on quickly."

In the letter of Dr. Rasieres, discovered by the persevering research of Mr. Brodhead, in the library at the Hague, we have a most lively picture of the state of Plymouth in 1627. The houses, he tells us, were constructed of hewn planks, with gardens inclosed behind, and at the side with boards. To prevent surprise, each had beside a defensive stockade, and there were three wooden gates at the extremities of the streets. In the centre, on the cross-street, stood the Governor's house, before which was a square enclosure, upon which four *patereros* were mounted so as to flank along the streets. Upon Burial or Fort-hill, was a large square house, with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they had six cannons, four or five pounders, which commanded all the neighbourhood. The lower part of this fort served as a church, to which on Sundays they repaired in perfect military order. They were assembled by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the Captain's door. They have their cloaks

on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his cloak on; and on the left hand the Captain with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand. Then they marched in good order, each setting down his arms beside him. And thus they are on their guard night and day."

The annexed illustration will probably give a very tolerable presentment of the general costume of the Pilgrims, varying slightly according to the station and means of the wearer.

In one respect, and perhaps one only, we find the Pilgrims less rigid in their habits than their descendants. In the list of their preparations for the voyage appears a plentiful allowance of beer, wine, and spirits; nor do we ever find any notices leading us to suppose that any evil consequences had resulted from the use of these creature-comforts, so long as they had them at command. From this they were preserved by their general self-command, dictating the "rule of not too much, by temperance taught." Like the Apostle, they well knew how "to abound,

and how to suffer need;" they refused not the cheerful glass when they had it, but could content themselves with cold water from the spring if reduced to that simple beverage. In the Massachusetts colony we find that the same indulgences were allowed, though laws were made to restrain excess in this instance, as also in apparel. Tea and coffee even, in so many instances supplying the want of a more potent stimulant, were at that time unknown. At the present day the "Old Colony" is become a strictly teetotal community, and the sale of all intoxicating drinks is prohibited. That ardent spirits, which have been largely increased in production and consumption since the days of the Pilgrims, both in England and America, are among the principal curses of both countries, is certain, and their total prohibition would be perhaps the greatest blessing that could be bestowed on both; but the inclusion of beer and wine was certainly carrying things to an extreme point, from which a reaction must eventually take place. All agree, however, that the passing of this measure has had a most beneficial, though probably only temporary influence upon the well-being of the people at large.

Regarding the civil and religious institutions of the Pilgrims, it is hardly necessary to add anything to what will already have appeared in the course of the narrative. It may be briefly summed up in the words of Robertson—"The privilege of professing their own opinions, and of being governed by laws of their own framing, afforded consolation to the colonists amidst all their dangers and hardships. The constitution of their church was the same with that which they had established in Holland. Their system of civil government was founded on those ideas of the natural equality among men, to which their ecclesiastical policy had accustomed them. Every free man who was a member of the church was admitted into the supreme legislative body. The laws of England were adopted as the basis of their jurisprudence, though with some diversity in the punishments inflicted upon crimes, borrowed from the Mosaic institutions. The

executive power was vested in a governor and some assistants, who were elected annually by the members of the legislative assembly. During some years they appear not to have acquired right by any legal conveyance to the territory which they had occupied. At length they obtained a grant of property from the council of the New Plymouth Company, but were never incorporated as a body politic by Royal Charter. Unlike all the other settlements in America, this colony must be considered merely as a voluntary association, held together by the tacit consent of its members, to recognise the authority of laws, and submit to the jurisdiction of magistrates, framed and chosen by themselves. In this state it remained an independent but feeble community until it was united to its more powerful neighbour of Massachusetts Bay."

This representation is undoubtedly correct, but it should not be forgotten that these first emigrants were the pioneers of the wilderness, and that their energy and endurance, by affording a stimulus and example to their suffering brethren in England, led in fact to the foundation of all the New England colonies.

In estimating the character and work of the Pilgrim Fathers, we must observe a middle course between the fond and exaggerated estimate of some, and the malevolent depreciation of others. We must judge them according to the times in which they lived, and the influences by which they were moulded. And after making every deduction, it must be owned that there was a spiritual and moral grandeur about these men that raises them far above the level of common humanity. Their motives and feelings were the highest by which our nature can be actuated. Believing themselves called to act as a peculiar people, zealous for the glory of God, their whole ideas were shaped and moulded in harmony with this leading idea. They believed that their course was directed by an all-wise Providence, and received its dispensations, whether good or evil, with the same confiding faith and childlike resignation. Thus strengthened, they were often raised

by religious enthusiasm above perils that would have appalled others whose motives were less lofty, and whose confidence less deeply rooted. Their lives were a practical exemplification of their faith. They loved God supremely, and each other as the children of God. They displayed the strictest conscientiousness, and the most anxious regard to carry out the precepts of that religion which was the guide and pole star of their lives.

There is one feature in the conduct of the Pilgrims which can hardly fail to strike us, in tracing the preceding narrative of their actions. For men who had undergone so much on account of their opinions, there is a singular absence of harshness and bigotry in their character. The pugnacious controversial element seems to have been purged out of them—the predominant quality of their existence to have been tenderness and brotherly love. They were gentle, humble-minded, broken-hearted men, who had passed through the furnace of affliction, and, like unto their Divine Master, had become more perfect through sufferings.

The Pilgrims, too, came of an excellent stock. The soundest, if not the noblest, of English blood flowed in their veins. Their leaders were men of conduct and education, and the commoner sort possessed the best of the national characteristics, the firm dauntless courage, persevering stubborn energy, the practical good sense that distinguish the Anglo-Saxon race. Such qualities exalted by religion, enabled them to triumph over the severest trials, and to lay the foundations of a mighty nation.

It may be justly observed, that although the Pilgrims contended for religious liberty as they understood it, they had very little idea of the legitimate consequences of their own principles, or foresaw that they were laying the foundation of that unlimited freedom of opinion to which, both for good and evil, America is henceforth committed. Could these venerable men rise from their graves on Burial-Hill, and look around upon the place they founded, would they not rub their eyes with astonishment and horror to behold a dozen different places of worship, belonging

to as many different sects! They would see the building where they worshipped God after the strictest tenets of Calvin tenanted by the professors of the milder creed of Servetus; Episcopalians, from the tyranny of whose forefathers they fled, Presbyterians, Baptists, and every shade of religionists, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," till tapering off into a merely nominal Christianity—subsisting side by side, if not in perfect harmony, at least on terms of the most perfect equality. But the true principles of toleration were altogether unknown in those days, and it should be no reproach to the Pilgrims themselves that, living in an age of sectarian animosity, sharpened by bitter persecution, they should not have been altogether untinctured by the narrow spirit prevailing around them.

Since the period of its settlement, Plymouth, as before observed, has made comparatively but little progress in wealth and population. It remains a backward, and, to American tastes, rather dull sort of a place, which lives upon the reputation of its first founders. Yet there is about it an air of quiet respectability, and many families, some of whom boast a connexion with the Pilgrims, are in easy and rather affluent circumstances. In this rural village life seems to glide away more smoothly than in the agitated vortex of the great commercial cities.

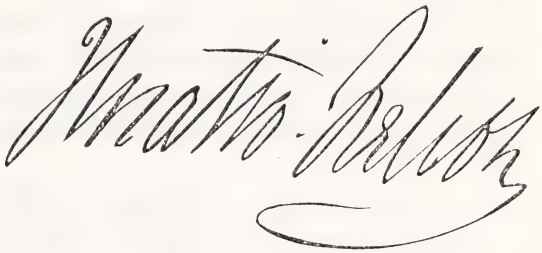
That the men of Plymouth have not degenerated from the courage and conduct of their ancestors, the proof may be given in some anecdotes closely connecting them with two of the most illustrious of our English warriors—Nelson and Wolfe.

When Nelson was cruising off the American coast during the war of the Revolution, he captured a small schooner belonging to Plymouth, commanded by Nathaniel Carver, but belonging to Mr. Davis of Boston. The vessel was made a tender, Carver still remaining as captain, and in that capacity rendered such essential services, that he soon ingratiated himself with the generous Nelson. Perceiving this, Carver went on board with his owner, and carried with him a present of apples. He found

Nelson in the best possible humour; he ordered the apples to be poured out on deck for the sailors to scramble after, then paid for them, and finally returned the schooner to her Captain with the following testimonial, honourable to both parties alike.

"These are to certify that I took the schooner 'Harmony,' Nathaniel Carver, master, belonging to Plymouth; but on account of his good services, have given him up his vessel again.

"Dated on board his Majesty's ship 'Albemarle,' 17th August, 1782, in Boston Bay.



A no less interesting anecdote of Wolfe is extracted from "Notes on Plymouth," by the late Samuel Davis, Esq. of that town, and published in the Massachusetts Historical Collection, 1745.

"1745. This year a full company was raised in Plymouth for the expedition against Louisbourg; and it is remarked, they were the first for that service, who appeared at Boston, whence they embarked, and served with credit on that memorable occasion.

"The captain of this company, Sylvanus Cobb, continued in Nova Scotia, where he had the command of a Government sloop; and in 1758 was selected by General Monckton to conduct General Wolfe to a reconnoitre of the fortress, previous to its second capture. As they sailed into the harbour no one was allowed to stand upon deck, but Cobb at the helm, and Wolfe in

the fore-sheets, making observations, while the shot were flying around. The latter observed, he had approached as far as he wished for his purposes. Captain Cobb, however, made yet another tack, and as they hove about, Wolfe exclaimed with approbation, 'Well, Cobb! I shall never doubt but you will carry me near enough.' This anecdote of the hero of the Plains of Abraham we give as well attested.

"There was something, it is said, in Captain Cobb, which gained the esteem of the great man we have named. He returned to Plymouth for his family, and removed with them to Nova Scotia. He afterwards accompanied the expedition to Havana in 1762, and died there. The frankness and affability of General Wolfe have been often mentioned by those who saw him on this occasion; striking traits of the true heroick mind in all ages, and in all countries."

Upon the soil of New England still exists, and may it ever do so, despite the temporary alienation engendered by the Revolution, a hearty attachment to the "Old Country," and a pride in being sprung from her heroic soil. All that is excellent in English habits, feelings, and household virtues, is more warmly appreciated and exemplified than elsewhere in the American Republic. The same love of liberty and hatred of oppression burns inextinguishable in the breasts of both people. These feelings are finely expressed in the noble lines of a New England poet, with a fervent echo of which let us conclude these notices.

"Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

"While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between, let oceans roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,—
We are one."

THE END.

APPENDIX.

SKETCH OF THE PURITAN EMIGRATION THAT FOLLOWED IN THE TRACK OF THE PILGRIMS.

APPENDIX.

The task of tracing the history of what are properly called the "Pilgrim Fathers," is now ended. From this period, when the colony had taken firm root in the American soil, its chronicles no longer present that individual interest which has attended its origin and early struggles, but they are almost lost in the general records of American history. Yet the annals of these founders of the colony of New Plymouth would be incomplete without some slight notice of the more powerful one of Massachusetts, and its different off-shoots, all of which orginated in this single stock.

The same causes that had driven forth the Plymouth Pilgrims from their native land, still continued in active operation. The struggle between the Prelates and the Puritans only gathered fresh intensity after the accession of Charles I., and increasing numbers of the latter party, exposed to the severities of Archbishop Laud, were anxious for an asylum amidst the forests of the new world. The good report contained in many private letters from the settlers at New Plymouth, and especially the publication of Bradford and Winslow's journal, and of Winslow's "Good News from New England," now induced this body of men, standing as it were tip-toe on the threshold of their native shores, to form associations for repairing to the land of promise, where they might worship God after their own consciences without fear of the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission.

Several attempts, like that of Weston, had been made to plant colonies in the neighbourhood of Plymouth; but, founded in selfish or mercenary views, and carried out by men of a low stamp of character,

they had hitherto proved abortive. It required a more powerful motive and a nobler class of men to grapple with the toils and perils of the wilderness. The colony of Massachusetts, like that of New Plymouth, had its origin in religious enthusiasm.

The first steps towards its establishment had indeed been already taken by the Plymouth settlers, who had, as related, explored Massachusetts Bay, and with prophetic sagacity regretted that they had not availed themselves of its superior advantages. A station for traffic with the Indians had been formed at Nantasket, at the entrance of Boston Harbour. To this spot Roger Conant repaired with some others, and soon after Lyford and Oldham, two ministers of Episcopalian tendencies, sent over by the Merchant Adventurers, had been expelled for practising against the Church and Government of Plymouth.

Meanwhile, the favourable intelligence from New Plymouth had inspired a body of merchants, at the instigation of Mr. White, a famous Puritan preacher at Dorchester, to form a new settlement, of which Roger Conant was appointed the superintendent; but the first issue was so unsatisfactory that the enterprise was on the point of being abandoned. But by the earnest solicitations of White, who promised to obtain a patent, and send out new emigrants, Conant was induced to remain at a spot called Naumkeag, which afterwards received the name of Salem, in the hope of better days. Nor was it long before the indefatigable exertions of White were crowned with a success that transcended his expectations. For it so happened that the Plymouth Company for New England had just effected a sale to some gentlemen of Dorchester of a large tract of land upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay, probably for purely trading purposes. But a higher scope was given to their design by the introduction, through White's agency, of a fresh body of Puritan gentlemen of high standing and ample possessions, who at length purchased the entire right and interest conceded by the Company. The chief of these founders of the state of Massachusetts were Winthrop, Johnson, Dudley, Cradock, Goffe, and Sir Richard Saltonstall, names which, almost unknown to English history, are embalmed with the veneration of their American descendants. The object they proposed to themselves in this enterprise, was to found a place of refuge for "such as were called Nonconformists," where, with the favour and leave of the king, they might enjoy the liberty of their own persuasion in matters of worship and Church discipline, without disturbance of the peace of the

kingdom, and without offence to others not like-minded with themselves; to found, in short, a strictly Puritan commonwealth.

After some delay, a patent, afterwards more fully confirmed, not, as we learn, "without great cost, favour of personages of note, and much labour," was obtained from the king, and while the principals of the expedition remained at home to make important preliminary arrangements, a body of settlers was sent out to take possession of the newly ceded territory.

The conduct of the enterprise was committed to the charge of John Endicott, a Puritan of the harshest and most bigoted school, to whom Macaulay's description might well apply,—with an inveterate animosity to the Book of Common Prayer, a superstitious horror of the image of the Cross, and an intense antipathy to lovelocks, and such like vanities, possessed besides of firm resolution, and fiery zeal in the maintenance of his own particular tenets, and putting down all that diverged either to the right or left of his own infallible standard. An instance of this occurred even in the very infancy of the settlement. Two brothers of the name of Browne, who were among the original patentees—and men of property and influence, together with other of the settlers—had remarked on the passage that the ministers appointed to the spiritual charge of the colony, though *ostensibly* belonging to the Church of England, made no use of the Book of Common Prayer, nor administered the Sacraments after the fashion prescribed by the Rubric. Being themselves sincere disciples of that communion, they very naturally and consistently retired apart from the rest, and performed the service as appointed by the Common Prayer-book. For this offence they were accused by Endicott, against whom they retorted that they were only acting as true sons of the Church, while the Governor and the Ministers were in fact acting as Separatists and Schismatics. The ministers answered, with disingenuous evasion, that they did not separate from the Church of England, but only from its abuses—that having suffered much for conscience sake, and being in a place where they might have their liberty, they neither could nor would submit to what they deemed sinful corruptions of the word of God. As the brothers boldly maintained their ground, Endicott, with a high-handed stretch of power, shipped them off to England, where a committee was appointed to hear their complaints. But, to use the language of Moreton,—"the Lord so disposed of all," or in other words, the Puritanical heads of the Company, though faintly reprov-

ing Endicott and the ministers for their want of caution, so completely sympathised with the principle that had guided their conduct, that the complaints of the Brownes fell unheeded to the ground.

This transaction not merely illustrates the character of Endicott, but exposes the secret principle upon which the new commonwealth was founded, the open avowal of which would have certainly prevented the concession of a Royal charter. It was, while nominally subject to the authority of the Church of England, to establish a totally different system—in which all that was really vital to that system, such as its episcopal government and appointed formularies, should be entirely set aside, and no toleration granted to any other form of worship, but that agreed upon by themselves. The expulsion of the Brownes was only the first of that series of oppressive actions, which ended in the judicial murder of the Quakers.

It cannot but be remarked here, how much more consistent and intelligible was the principle of entire Independency adopted by the Plymouth Pilgrims, than this ambiguous policy of professed adherence to the Church of England, the teachings of which were practically disavowed and detested. But the mask which necessity compelled the politic fathers of Massachusetts to wear, was cast off as soon as they had attained their object, and they were even now actively engaged in carrying a measure which was to confer on them a virtual independence of the English Government.

This was, the transference of the Government of the colony from England, where it would have remained under the eye of the State, to the distant shores of America, where it was practically independent of foreign control. By a quiet resolution among themselves, the Company voted the alteration, and drew up an order to that effect; a step, as has been well observed, no less remarkable for its boldness than was the apathy of Government in allowing it to pass without objection. The observations of Robertson on this subject appear to be unanswerable.

"In this singular transaction, to which there is nothing similar in the history of English colonization, two circumstances merit particular attention: one is the power of the Company to make this transferance; the other is the silent acquiescence with which the king permitted it to take place. If the validity of this determination of the Company be tried by the charter which constituted it a body politic, and conveyed to it all the corporate powers with which it was invested, it is evident

that it could neither exercise those powers in any mode different from what the charter prescribed, nor alienate them in such a manner as to convert the jurisdiction of a trading corporation in England into a provincial government in America. But from the first institution of the company of Massachusetts Bay, its members seem to have been animated with a spirit of innovation in civil policy, as well as in religion; and by the habit of rejecting established usages in the one, they were prepared for deviating from them in the other. They had applied for a royal charter in order to give legal effect to their operations in England as acts of a body politic; but the persons whom they sent out to America, as soon as they landed there, considered themselves as individuals united together by voluntary association, possessing the natural right of men who form a society, to adopt what mode of government, and to enact what laws, they deemed most conducive to the general felicity. Upon this principle of being entitled to judge and to decide for themselves, they established their church in Salem, without regard to the institutions of the Church of England, of which the charter supposed them to be members, and bound of consequence to conformity with its ritual. Suitably to the same ideas, we shall observe them framing all their future plans of civil and ecclesiastical policy. The king, though abundantly vigilant in observing and checking slighter encroachments on his prerogative, was either so much occupied with other cares, occasioned by his fatal breach with his parliament, that he could not attend to the proceedings of the Company, or he was so much pleased with the prospect of removing a body of turbulent subjects to a distant country where they might be useful and could not prove dangerous, that he was disposed to connive at the irregularity of a measure which facilitated their departure."

In the meantime the Company had proceeded to elect for their Governor Mr. John Winthrop, a gentleman of ancient and honourable family, and of good estate. Their choice was well justified by the sagacity he had displayed even when a youth, being chosen for a justice of the peace when but eighteen years of age. No less deeply imbued than Endicott with the solemn piety of the Puritans, his character was far more lofty and serene, marking him out as the proper man to guide the new launched vessel, and to temper the extravagance of the more austere and fanatical, by the influence of wisdom and moderation. The portraits of Endicott and Winthrop are still preserved at Boston, and answer well to the difference of their

respective characters. Endicott's appearance is bold, stern, and unamiable; the physiognomy of Winthrop is grave, bland, and benevolent. The former seems fitted to excite divisions, the latter to compose them. Nor is there in the appearance of Winthrop any indication of extravagant austerity; his dress, though not in the height of the court style, is that of a gentleman of rank, and his hair worn in the picturesque fashion which Vandyke has rendered immortal. It is said that Charles I. said of him, that "it was a pity such a worthy gentleman should be no better accommodated than with the hardships of America." Where others would have sought to govern by a display of force, Winthrop disarmed opposition by gentleness and moderation. No man was more deeply penetrated by that charity—the most precious and the least practised of all the christian graces. None was better skilled in overcoming evil with good. On one occasion he had received an offensive letter from an officer of the colony, which he simply returned to the bearer, observing that "he was not willing to keep such a letter of provocation by him." Soon after, the same person, during a scarcity, sent to purchase some of his cattle; Winthrop sent them to him, "begging that he would receive them as a token of his good will." The gentleman wrote back—"Sir, in overcoming of yourself, you have overcome me." Such was the governor who now prepared to set sail for the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

The circumstances attending the settlement of Massachusetts were widely different from those under which the colony of the Pilgrims struggled into existence. In this there were but one or two possessed of any capital or influence; the majority had little but their labour—and they had to submit to the hardest conditions to obtain the means of proceeding to America. Most of the Massachusetts settlers, on the contrary, were men of property and standing, and by their joint subscriptions a sum was raised sufficient to fit out a considerable expedition, and, as the emigrants flattered themselves, to obviate those distresses arising from the want of proper food and conveniences. A single ship had carried over the Pilgrims and their fortunes—a fleet of several vessels now departed with the emigrants who followed in their wake.

Some time before their arrival, certain of the settlers, dissatisfied with the situation of Salem, had extended their explorations further up Massachusetts Bay, and already planted themselves down at a spot to which they gave the name of Charlestown.

Grievous distress had indeed befallen the emigrants at Salem; eighty deaths from exposure and scarcity had occurred during the past winter, and they were at almost the starving point, when, on the 14th of June, the "Arbella," with Winthrop on board, appeared in the harbour. After relieving their more pressing wants, the governor proceeded to Charlestown, and for some time took up his abode there, but the bad quality of the water, and consequent sickness, rendered a removal exceedingly desirable. Nor was it long before a more eligible site was pitched upon. On Noddle's Island—now East Boston—Mr. Samuel Maverick had built a fort, and mounted four cannon to protect him from the Indians. Another settler, Mr. William Blackstone, had pitched his tent upon the western side of an adjacent peninsula, called by the Indians *Shawmut*, which, from its remarkable formation of three conspicuous eminences, received from the English the name of *Trimountain*. This irregular peninsula was then adorned with ancient trees, and its springs of water proved to be excellent, so that the good report of Blackstone, confirmed by the examination of others, induced Winthrop soon after to transfer thither the head quarters of his colony.

The claims of Mr. Blackstone as first discoverer and occupant were satisfied, and the town laid out. A spot was set apart for a training-field, and pasture ground for cattle—which, never since encroached upon, has at length become a beautiful promenade, surrounded by the most elegant houses of the city, which, after the English birth-place of several of the chief settlers, received the name of BOSTON. In the midst of this beautiful common still stands an ancient tree, a relic of the aboriginal forest, whose venerable trunk is defended with a railing, and its huge drooping branches firmly supported upon wooden props. On a bold eminence, to the north of this common, was erected, a few years later, a beacon, similar to those used in England for the same purpose, intended to alarm the surrounding settlers in case of invasion by the Indians.

In settling their new state, the first object was to provide for the clergy, who might well indeed be regarded as the real heads of the community, and as exercising a controlling influence over it. The privilege of voting was confined to *the elect* alone, *i. e.* to those who were believed to be animated by saving grace, and therefore admitted as church members. The style of legislation was in keeping. Summary justice was administered to any who transgressed the strict enactments of the court, and careless livers were admonished to give

heed to their ways. A few specimens, quoted from Dearborn's "Boston Notions," will sufficiently exhibit the jealous severity with which the fathers of the Puritan commonwealth maintained their own dignity, and watched over the morals and manners of the community, by enacting towards recusants the same severities previously inflicted on themselves in England; *videlicet:*—

"Philip Ratcliffe (a servant) being convicted of slanderous invectives against the Church and Government, to be whipped, lose his ears, and to be banished, which was (presently) executed."

Some of their judicial sentences are not without a touch of sly humour; *videlicet:*—"1640. Edward Palmer was hired to build a pair of stocks, and on being adjudged as asking a great price for them, was sentenced to be put in them for one hour."

"1652. Samuel Lovell is admonished to take heed of light carriage; and Catherine, wife of Richard Cornish, being found *suspicious* of incontinency, is warned to take heed of her ways."

"1654. A man who had often been punished for being drunk, was now ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year."

Householders were warned against spending their time "unprofitably," and "common wasters, unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco takers," were to be severely dealt with by the court.

The strictest sumptuary laws were enacted against the vanities of dress. Ordered, "that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve, and another in the back; also all cut-work, embroidered, or needle-workt caps, bands. Vayles are forbidden hereafter to be made or worn, under the aforesaid penalty; also all gold or silver girdles, hatbands, belts, ruffs, beaver-hats, are prohibited to be bought or worn hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty."

"No garment shall be made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof."

The same severity was exercised against any who should dare to propagate or even express opinions at variance with the self-constituted rulers of the state, as witness,—"1st of 10th month, Boston. The Jury found Hugh Buetts to be guilty of heresy, and that his *person* and errors are dangerous for infection of others. It was ordered that the said Hugh Buett should be gone out of our jurisdiction by the 24th present, upon pain of death, and not return upon pain of being hanged."

These instances will amply suffice to prove that the Puritans can claim no superiority over their Anglican persecutors in regard to toleration. The early history of Massachusetts is indeed a continual record of their endeavour to put down by force the slightest liberty of opinion or freedom of conduct in the state over which they presided. This severity of the "Lord Brethren" in America, as they were satirically called, had precisely the same salutary effect in America as that of the "Lord Bishops" in England—viz., the driving forth of recusants and objectors, to found new colonies for themselves, and thus to enlarge the circle of conquests over the surrounding wilderness.

The first instance of this was the case of Roger Williams, a young Puritan preacher, who, soon after his arrival from England, disturbed the peace of the community by certain novelties and scruples. When threatened with expulsion unless he desisted, he boldly enunciated a doctrine new to those times—viz., that the civil magistrate had no right to interfere in matters pertaining to religion, not even "to stop a church from apostasy and heresy." Such a principle struck at the very root of the form of government established by the rulers of Massachusetts, and Williams was accordingly expelled. In the depth of winter he fled into the wilderness, and took refuge with the Narragansett Indians, who received him with great kindness. In their territory he laid the foundation of "Providence;" and the new state of Rhode Island, of which civil and religious liberty was the fundamental principle, was speedily called into existence.

However severe and bigoted they might be, the firmness with which the rulers of Massachusetts not only weeded out obnoxious opinions, but guided the helm of state, their watchfulness over the morals an manners of the community, their establishment of "Common Schools," and zeal for education, their encouragement of industry and commerce, gave strength and stability to the rising state, and attracted the admiration of their Puritan brethren in England. An illustrious visitor soon came over, in the person of Mr. Henry Vane, son of Sir Henry Vane, whom Milton has immortalized as "young in years, but in sage counsel old." He was received with the highest distinction, and elected chief magistrate of the colony. His stay, however, was but brief, for he became involved in some religious disputes which sprang up shortly after his arrival, and which cannot be better described than in the words of Robertson.

"It was the custom at that time in New England, among the chief men in every congregation, to meet once a-week, in order to repeat the sermons which they had heard, and to hold religious conference with respect to the doctrines contained in them. Mrs. Hutchinson, whose husband was among the most respectable members of the colony, regretting that persons of her sex were excluded from the benefit of those meetings, assembled statedly in her house a number of women, who employed themselves in pious exercises similar to those of the men. At first she satisfied herself with repeating what she could recollect of the discourses delivered by their teachers. She began afterwards to add illustrations, and at length proceeded to censure some of the clergy as unsound, and to vent opinions and fancies of her own. These were all founded on the system which is denominated Antinomian by divines, and tinged with the deepest enthusiasm. She taught that sanctity of life is no evidence of justification, or of a state of favour with God; and that such as inculcated the necessity of manifesting the reality of our faith by obedience, preached only a covenant of works; she contended that the Spirit of God dwelt personally in good men, and by inward revelations and impressions they received the fullest discoveries of the Divine will. The fluency and confidence with which she delivered these notions, gained her many admirers and proselytes, not only among the vulgar, but among the principal inhabitants. The whole colony was interested and agitated. Vane, whose sagacity and acuteness seemed to forsake him whenever they were turned towards religion, espoused and defended her wildest tenets. Many conferences were held, days of fasting and humiliation were appointed, a general synod was called; and, after dissensions which threatened the dissolution of the colony, Mrs. Hutchinson's opinions were condemned as erroneous, and she herself banished. Several of her disciples withdrew from the province of their own accord. Vane quitted America in disgust, unlamented even by those who had lately admired him; some of them now regarded him as a mere visionary, and others, as one of those dark, turbulent spirits doomed to embroil every society into which they enter."

The fate of Mrs. Hutchinson was as unhappy as her life was restless. After her retirement to Rhode Island, where she participated in all the toils and privations of a new settlement, she continued to promulgate her doctrines with the utmost ardour. Her sons, openly arraigning the justice of her banishment, were seized and thrown into prison. To fly

beyond the reach of persecution, the whole family passed over into the territory of the Dutch, at the time when Kieft, the governor, had aroused by his rashness and cruelty vindictive reprisals on the part of the Indians. The dwelling of Mrs. Hutchinson was set on fire, and she perished with her children amidst the flames, or was murdered by the infuriated savages.

In addition to intestine troubles, the colony, as it spread into the wilderness, began to excite the jealousy and provoke the hostility of the Indian tribes. It has been already narrated how firmly the Plymouth settlers put down their first attempts to aggress, yet how much kindness and consideration they evinced in their general deportment towards them. But this state of things could not be lasting; an invincible necessity hurried on a collision between the weaker race and the stronger one by which they were fated to be supplanted. The first quarrel arose with the Pequods, who after a bloody struggle were at length exterminated, their principal stronghold being stormed and set on fire, men, women, and children perishing promiscuously in the flames. This ruthless massacre struck terror into the surrounding tribes, and—but only for a while—repressed their hostility.

Thus had the state of Massachusetts and her sister colonies of New Plymouth, New Haven, and Connecticut taken firm root upon the American soil, when, after a long and doubtful struggle, the monarchy was overturned in England, and the Republicans became triumphant. By this time the Massachusetts theocracy had established an almost practical independence, which they were desirous of maintaining alike against the interference of either king or parliament. But they could not prevent the loud murmurs of the members of other communions than their own, who complained that upon religious grounds they were unjustly deprived of participation in political power. An attempt was made, by sending over an agent to England, to compel them to a more liberal policy, but for the present it proved entirely abortive. On the contrary, the restrictions imposed on religious liberty were made increasingly severe. The first persecution fell upon the Baptists, who had dared to insinuate their principles in defiance of prohibitory enactments. A severer fate befel the Quakers—a sect then characterised by a wild fanatical violence which has in our own day changed into the very opposite extreme. "The apostles of the New Light, ploughmen and milkmaids," says Bancroft, "becoming itinerant preachers, sounded the alarm through the world, and appealed to the

consciences of Puritans and Cavaliers, of the Pope and the Grand Turk, of the negro and the savage Their apostles made their way to Rome and Jerusalem, to New England and Egypt, and some were even moved to go towards China and Japan, and in search of the unknown realms of Prester John."

"Boston" (to quote a page from the author's History of America) "had already obtained in England the reputation of being the head-quarters of intolerance, and thither, of course, some of the more zealous were not long in finding their way. Their evil report had preceded them, and they are described as 'a cursed set of heretics lately risen in the world.' Their principles, which struck at the very root of the theocracy, and the fierce enthusiasm with which they propagated them, were far more to be dreaded than the errors of Antinomians or Anabaptists. The first that came over in July, 1656, were two women, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin. Popular superstition invested them with Satanic attributes, and their persons were examined for the marks of witchcraft. They were shortly afterwards imprisoned and sent away, on which Mary Fisher repaired to Constantinople, where the Turks, who venerate the insane as being under the especial protection of God, listened with respect to her unintelligible ravings.

"Heavy fines were now enacted against any who should introduce Quakers into the colony, or circulate the tracts in which they disseminated their opinions. Those who defended the opinions of the sectaries or gave them harbour were severely fined, and, on persisting, banished. Whipping was the mildest punishment awarded to a Quaker, and this discipline was inflicted upon males and females indiscriminately. On the first conviction they were to lose one ear, on a second the other one, and, although the law proscribed torture, on the third were to have their tongues bored through with a hot iron—extreme penalties, which were indeed rather intended to frighten away those who persisted in returning over again, in the face of the severest prohibitions. But their zeal amounted almost to insanity; they insulted and defied the magistrates—disturbed the public worship with contemptuous clamour—nay, instances afterwards occurred in which women, to testify after prophetic fashion against the spiritual nakedness of the land, and regarding the violence thus done to their natural modesty as 'a cross' which it behoved them to bear, displayed themselves without a particle of clothing in the public streets.

"The obstinacy of the Quakers was not to be repressed by any

ordinary severities. Many of them had repaired to Rhode Island, where the free toleration afforded to all sects indiscriminately allowed them to propagate their tenets undisturbed. These, however, few appeared inclined to embrace, and above all—they were not persecuted. Their zeal was of that sort that loves to be sharpened by opposition, and rushes upon martyrdom with intense delight. To Boston therefore they were attracted, like the moth to the candle, by a sort of fatal fascination. It was war to the knife between Puritanical bigotry and insane fanaticism. The Puritans, to do them justice, sought to decline the conflict, but it was forced upon them. They did not desire to injure the Quakers, but they were determined to maintain their principles. Hitherto all had been in vain, fines, whippings, and imprisonments; and now, by a decree of the council, as a last resource, though not without the strenuous resistance of a portion of the deputies, banishment was enforced on pain of death. But that indomitable sect gloried in the opportunity of suffering martyrdom. Robinson, Stephenson, and Mary Dyer, persisting in braving the penalty denounced against them, were tried and condemned. The governor, Winthrop, earnestly sought to prevent their execution, and Colonel Temple offered to carry them away, and, if they returned, fetch them off a second time. There was a struggle among the council, many regarding them as mere lunatics, against whom it would be as foolish as cruel to proceed to extremities; but the majority prevailed, and Stephenson and Robinson were brought to the scaffold. 'I die for Christ,' said Robinson. 'We suffer not as evil-doers, but for conscience sake,' said Stephenson. Mary Dyer, with the rope round her neck, after witnessing the execution of her two companions, exclaimed, 'Let me suffer as my brethren, unless you will annul your wicked law.' At the intercession of her son, she was almost forced from the scaffold, on condition of leaving the colony in eight-and-forty hours, but the spirit of the wretched woman was excited almost to insanity by wild enthusiasm and the horrible scenes she had witnessed, and after the trial she addressed from her prison an energetic remonstrance against the cruelty of the council. 'Woe is me for you! ye are disobedient and deceived,' she urged to the magistrates who had condemned her. 'You will not repent that you were kept from shedding blood, though it was by a woman.' With a courage that would be sublime were it not tinctured with insanity, forced by an irresistible impulse, she returned to defy the tyrants of

the 'bloody town,' and to seal her testimony against them with her life. She was taken and hanged upon Boston Common."

Such were at length the unhappy results to which the Puritan leaders of Massachusetts were driven by their refusal of the right of religious liberty. The public indignation was extreme, and they probably felt, when too late, that their inexorable principles had carried them further than they intended. Strong remonstrances were also sent to England, where a storm was already gathering which was soon to level their enclosures with the dust, and establish freedom of opinion upon the ruins of their self-constituted theocracy.

With the downfal of the Commonwealth, and the accession of Charles II., the Episcopalians rose again into the ascendant, determined no longer to brook that exclusion from political power still jealously enforced by the Puritans of Boston. Threats were held out that unless the latter made the required concessions, their charter would be revoked, and the king resume the government of the province. Royal commissioners were sent over, but were treated with so much evasion and contumely, that they returned to England, loudly exclaiming against the insolence and intolerance of the Bostonian leaders.

Peremptory orders were accordingly sent out for the Governor of Massachusetts to return to England, and answer for this audacious contempt of the Royal authority, but a timely submission averted for a while the threatened punishment.

"Scarcely had the colony recovered from this alarm, when it was involved in another and far more formidable peril. With the exception of the Pequods, whose extermination has been already described, the Indian tribes in the New England territory remained undiminished in numbers, though greatly altered in position, and in the feelings with which they regarded the growing encroachments of the colonists. Many, indeed, under the benevolent exertions of Eliot and his confederates, had been reclaimed from the wild faith of their forefathers, and formed into little communities of so-called 'praying Indians,' scattered amongst the settlements of their Christian benefactors; while other small tribes, looking up with awe to the white men, and acquiring a taste for their habits, remained in peaceful and contented dependence upon them. Not so, however, with the Wampanoags or Pokanokets, and their sachem, Philip. His father, Massasoit, has been honourably distinguished for his assistance of the Plymouth settlers in

their day of distress; but while he had favoured the white men, he had looked with suspicion upon their attempts to convert his people from their ancient faith, and had endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain from them a promise that such attempts should cease. Since the days when the Pilgrims landed upon the rock of Plymouth, the Indians had been gradually but constantly losing ground. With the thoughtless haste of savages, they had bartered their lands for the first trifle that had attracted their childish cupidity; incapable of foresight, they looked not to the hour when, by increasing numbers, their forests should be replaced with fields and houses, until, upon the faith of their own treaties, they should be pushed from the old hunting-grounds of their fathers. Above all, they little dreamed that their lordship of the forest, their free movements, and their ancient customs, should be curtailed and abridged, that they should find themselves feudal vassals where they were before independent sovereigns, and accustomed to a jurisdiction of others, when traditionary practice had so long sufficed them. These bitter vexations festered in the proud bosom of Philip of Pokanoket, yet he was too well acquainted with the formidable power of the colonists to form any deliberate conspiracy against them; but, as in the Pequod war, circumstances trifling in themselves, like a sudden spark lighting upon a prepared train, kindled the fierce passions that lay suppressed within, and hurried him into a hasty act of revenge, by which the whole of the colonists and Indians were involved in a bloody and desolating struggle.

"Philip had been before suspected, though it would appear without reason, of a design against the English, and had been compelled by the people of Plymouth to deliver up his fire-arms, to pay a tribute, and acknowledge his submission to the colony. Not improbably he might have given vent to his disgust in vague and passionate threats against the settlers; at all events he was accused by an Indian informer of having formed a conspiracy to destroy them. This informer was waylaid and murdered by some of Philip's adherents, who, being taken, were put upon their trial by a half English, half Indian jury, and hanged. Philip hastily retaliated by plundering the nearest settlements, while his people, it is said, to his great regret, murdered several of the inhabitants. Thus committed by an act of hasty passion into open defiance of the English, his pride forbade him to recede, and he found himself embarked in a desperate and hopeless struggle against a superior power.

"A body of troops from Plymouth and Massachusetts immediately hastened to Mount Hope to punish the aggressions of Philip, but found that he had fled with his Indians, leaving behind him the burned dwellings and mangled bodies of his unhappy victims. The colonists, unable to effect their principal object, sent to the Narragansetts to demand assurance of peace, and the delivery of fugitives. Forced into a reluctant consent, this powerful tribe was for the present compelled to remain passive. In the mean time news came that the fugitive chief had posted himself in a swamp at Pocasset—a body of soldiers repaired thither and surrounded the place to prevent his escape, but soon experienced the harassing perils of an Indian war. Entangled in the morass, and fired upon by lurking enemies, whom they were unable to discover, they were compelled to retreat with the loss of sixteen of their number, while Philip, breaking through the toils of his pursuers, escaped to the territory of the Nipmucks, who had already taken up arms. Passions long pent up in the breasts of the Indians now suddenly broke forth; which Philip, running from tribe to tribe, inflamed by an appeal to their common grievances and fears, and in a short time, not one of the exposed out-settlements on the Connecticut was secure.

"Panic prevailed throughout the colony. Dismal portents of still heavier calamities were fancied in the air and sky; shadowy troops of careering horses, Indian scalps, and bows imprinted upon the sun and moon, even the sigh of the wind through the forest, and the dismal howling of wolves, terrified the excited imagination of the colonists. The out-settlers fled for security to the towns, where they spread abroad fearful accounts of the cruel atrocities of the Indians. Nothing but the sins of the community, it was believed, could have brought upon them this alarming visitation, the most innocent amusements appeared in a heinous light, and the magistrates and clergy earnestly commenced tightening those bonds of discipline which of late had been so alarmingly relaxed.

"Meanwhile the war spread along the whole exposed frontier of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and even of New Hampshire. To form any adequate conception of its horrors, we must previously form to ourselves a correct idea of its theatre. Except in the vicinity of the larger towns, the whole country was still overspread with a dense forest, the few villages were almost isolated, being connected only by long miles of blind pathway through the tangled woods; and helpless indeed was the position of that solitary settler who had erected his

rude hut in the midst of a profound wilderness, and could see no further around him than the acre or two of ground which he had cleared in the impervious forest. On the other hand, every brake and lurking-place was intimately known to the Indians, and the most watchful suspicion could not foretel the moment of their sudden onslaught. A circumstance which added fearfully to the peril was, that they had gradually come to obtain possession of fire-arms, thus adding modes of destruction which had been taught them by the white man to those with which they were already familiar. The farmer, if he ventured forth to till the fields, was picked off by some lurking assassin, while the main body of marauders would burst upon his defenceless dwelling, and scalp the helpless infant in the presence of its frenzied mother, or consume them in the flames of their own homestead. Unable to cultivate the fields, the settlers were exposed to famine, while the convoys of provisions sent to their assistance were waylaid and seized, and their escort cut off in ambush. Such was the fate of the brave Lathrop, at the spot which still retains the name of 'Bloody Brook.' The cavalcade proceeding to church, the marriage procession, if marriage could be thought of in those frightful days, was often interrupted by the sudden death-shot from some invisible enemy. On one occasion, at Hadley, while the people were engaged in divine service, the Indians burst in upon the village, panic and confusion were at their height, when suddenly there appeared a man of very venerable aspect, who rallied the terrified inhabitants, formed them into military order, led them to the attack, routed the Indians, saved the village, and then disappeared as marvellously as he had come upon the scene. The excited and grateful inhabitants, unable to discover any trace of their preserver, supposed him to be an angel sent from God. It was no angel, but one of Cromwell's generals, old Goffe the regicide, who, compelled by the vigilant search made after him by order of the English government to fly from place to place, had espied from an elevated cavern in the neighbourhood the murderous approach of the savages, and hurried down to effect the deliverance of his countrymen.

"During the leafy summer the Indians, enabled to conceal themselves in every thicket, carried on this harassing warfare to the great disadvantage of the English, who sought in vain to grapple with a foe that, after spreading death and devastation on all sides, vanished into the impenetrable recesses of the woods. But the winter was come, the

forests were more open, and a large body of a thousand men having been raised by the united efforts of Plymouth, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, it was determined to strike a decisive blow. The Narragansetts had given shelter to the enemies of the colony, with whom it was resolved to anticipate their junction. After a long march through the snow, and a night spent in the woods, the soldiers approached the stronghold of the tribe, planted in the midst of a morass accessible only by a narrow and fortified pathway, and crowded with armed Indians. The leaders were all shot down as they advanced to the charge; but this only excited to the highest pitch the desperate determination of the English, who, after having once forced an entrance, and being again repulsed after a fierce struggle protracted for two hours, burst infuriated into the Indian fort. Revenge for the blood of their murdered brethren was alone thought of; mercy was implored in vain; the fort was fired, and hundreds of Indian wives and children perished in the midst of the conflagration; while their provisions gathered together for the long winter being consumed, and their wigwams burned, those who escaped from fire and sword wandered miserably through the forests to perish with cold and hunger.

The losses of the English had been severe, but they were capable of being repaired; those of the Indians were irreparable. Their stores destroyed, their villages burned, and unable to cultivate their lands to obtain a fresh supply, they collected all their energies for one last despairing struggle. Permanently to resist the power of their enemies was hopeless, but ere they fell they might inflict upon them a fearful amount of suffering. Accordingly they fell every where with fresh fury upon the exposed towns, and even approached within twenty miles of Boston itself. They had threatened, in the insanity of their hatred, to carry on the war for many years. But their strength was rapidly exhausting itself; stronghold after stronghold fell before the settlers, and by the approach of the ensuing autumn the Indians were completely broken, and began to fade away from the presence of their exterminating foe.

"The Indian leaders, amidst all the disasters of their followers, preserved an inflexible courage. Canonchet, the chief of the Narragansetts, being taken, was offered his life if he would consent to negotiate a peace. He firmly refused, and suffered death with stoic resolution. The unhappy Philip, the author of the war, had foreseen its fatal termination for his own race. Wandering from tribe to tribe, assailed by

recriminations and reproaches for the misery he had brought upon his brethren, his heart was full of the bitterest anguish. Compelled at length to return to his old haunts, where he was yet sustained by Witamo, a female chief and relative, he was presently attacked by the English, who carried off his wife and child as captives; a loss which filled up the measure of his sufferings: and it was perhaps a merciful release when, shortly after, he was treacherously shot by one of his own adherents who deserted to the English. Thus perished Philip of Pokanoket, who, possessed as he was of all the nobler qualities of the Indian chieftain, was worthy of a better fate. His child, the last of the princes of his tribe, was sold into slavery at Bermuda."

The gun of this unhappy chief, and his letter to Governor Prince, are among the curiosities preserved in the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth.

At length the hour of submission to the Royal wishes could be no longer averted. Peremptory demands were made that the terms of the franchise should be enlarged, and all freemen, of whatever religious denomination (Catholics excepted) allowed to have a vote. Freedom of worship was insisted upon as the inalienable right of every religious body in the state. Singular spectacle! that whilst the English church and government at home were displaying the most cruel intolerance toward Puritans and Presbyterians, they should have been engaged in overturning a system of religious exclusiveness on the distant shores of America. The fathers of the theocracy displayed in this crisis the same inflexible courage and the same bigoted obstinacy in which they had all prided themselves from the beginning. They resolved rather to die than to submit. A day of solemn prayer was held, which only tended, as might be supposed, to exalt their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and to establish their unflinching determination. They might be broken, but they would not bend. "The ministers of God in New England had more of the spirit of John the Baptist, than now when a storm hath overtaken them to be reeds shaken with the wind. The priests were to be the first that should set their foot in the waters, and there stand till the danger be overpast." The result was, that the Charter was declared forfeited, religious liberty proclaimed, and a death blow given to that intolerance which had exhibited such lamentable results.

We have thus briefly sketched the prominent incidents in the history of Massachusetts down to the revocation of the Charter. The observations of an American writer on this point appear to be perfectly

well founded. "It is probably," says he, "a deep cause for congratulation, thanksgiving, and praise to the Supreme Ruler of nations, that England possessed a superior power by Charter over the politic course of the first emigrants to this part of our land, causing them to respect the lives and liberties of those who could not agree with them in every thought in their religious matters; for if we look at the severity of treatment exercised towards their own kindred of pure and pious brethren who differed from them on trifling points, and take *that* as a criterion and a sample of a government it would have been their pleasure to establish here, we cannot be too grateful for the check that was given them; and if the 'quo warranto' was termed by them 'an instrument of death,' the result has worked gloriously for all future generations, by giving to them a full freedom to worship the God of heaven and earth according to the dictates of their own conscience, and for allowing every man to be answerable to his *Maker* and to his Maker *only* for his thoughts in religious matters."

Let it not be supposed that an exposure of the weak side of the Puritans who founded Massachusetts involves any insensibility to the heroic greatness of their character. Without that very feeling of zeal, however mistaken in some respects, for what they deemed the way and will of God; without that high ambition and uncompromising determination to work it out, they would probably never have been stirred up to the task they undertook, or performed it with such success and vigour. In the infancy of such a state, it doubtless required a firm hand to prevent its feeble elements from becoming divided and scattered. The very faults of these men were, therefore, instrumental in carrying out the work of Providence. The tyranny of the Bishops drove the Puritans to America—the tyranny of the Puritans forced malcontents to found fresh colonies, stirred up the spirit of Roger Williams to proclaim the then new doctrine of the non-interference of the civil magistrate in matters of religion, and finally urged those very Episcopalians who refused spiritual freedom to their dissenting brethren in England, to insist upon possessing it for themselves in America, and, by so doing, throw open in that land the gates of religious liberty, which can never again be closed.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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